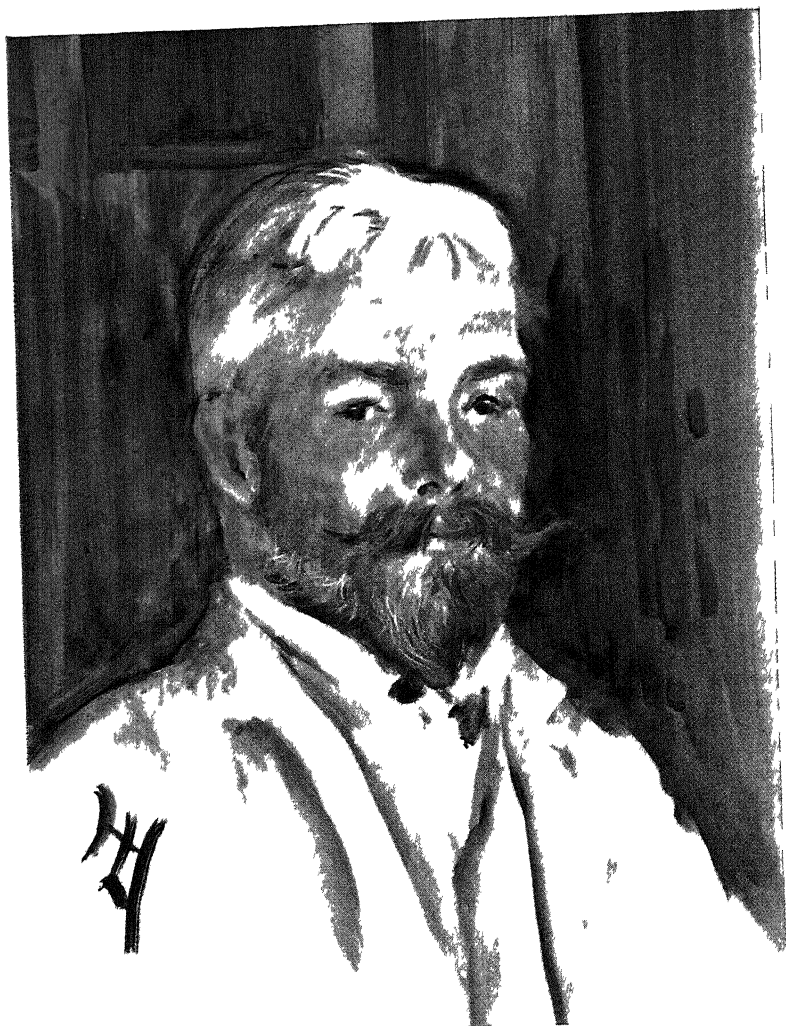


SCOTT OF THE SHAN HILLS



Sir J. George Scott, K C I E.

[Front piece]

SCOTT
OF THE SHAN HILLS
ORDERS AND IMPRESSIONS

EDITED BY
G. E. MITTON
(LADY SCOTT)

The best men, doing their best
Know peradventure least of what they do.
E. B. BROWNING.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

●

First Edition . . . 1936

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AS IT IS

THERE are as many ways of writing a biography as of pronouncing English. This is one of them. The object has been to give a picture of Sir George Scott as his friends knew him, and of his life-work. As a true son of Scotland he never sought the limelight, and he passed almost without recognition, except by those on the spot, certainly without reward.

His strenuous life, full of physical and mental activity, is best told in excerpts from his own diaries and reports, written at the time. There may be something abrupt in the method, and something left to read between the lines, but it makes a narrative characteristic of the man, who, in the thrill of adventure and the clash of circumstance, passed through unafraid, savouring experience to the full.

In following this plan the modern method has been adopted of setting out what is his own with an extra "lead" so as to make it the principal part of the book. My own connecting part is in the same type, but set closer, and the quotations from newspapers and outside sources are set in smaller type.

The name of Sir George Scott will never be forgotten in the East. He interpreted the country of Burma and its peoples to the world. For his services in the field in a political capacity, he received the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General in Council, was mentioned in despatches and given the medal with two clasps.

On his retirement, after 35 years of life in the East mainly in the Burma Commission, the Lieutenant-Governor spoke of his brilliant and distinguished service, and said: "His courage, energy and resource, as well as his sympathy and experience, have been of inestimable

value to the administration, and his guidance of the utmost benefit to the Chiefs and people. . . . He has greatly forwarded the cause of civilization and good order, and has left an abiding monument in the progress and prosperity he has done so much to promote."

With his utter disregard of his own personal safety or comfort, his strong personality, and the gift for winning over untutored peoples to be his devoted followers, he was the right man in the right place. His generosity, humour and sportsmanship won him friends everywhere. The Life as shown by these extracts, is that of an exceptional man. Only his own racy and unself-conscious narration could do justice to it.

G. E. MITTON
(LADY SCOTT),
THEREAWAY,
GRAFFHAM.

July, 1936.

NOTE

The word Report in brackets refers to the Annual Official Reports. The Diary is Scott's own private diary, which he lent to Government now and again for perusal. The letters are those to his mother or brother at home.



CHAPTER I

FROM THE NORTH SEA TO THE EAST

The Boy in Germany—Leaves Oxford—War Correspondent in Perak—Headmaster St. John's College—Burmese Boys and Football—Bladder for Ball—Letters to the "Daily News"—Situation in Burma—Exodus from Mandalay—Scott goes up the River—Visits Pagan—Nearly caught for a Spy—Account of Burmese Army by a Soldier—On to the Wild Kachins—Blood Brothers—Writes "The Burman"—Regatta Races in Rangoon—Goes Home

I

THE wind blew gustily along the Firth of Forth carrying with it the smart chill of the North Sea and raising little leaden lumps of discoloured waves in the harbour of Leith. This was about seventy years ago. Waiting with a handful of other passengers to go on board a small steamer for Rotterdam was a woman with two boys. She was dressed in the swathing and hampering garments enforced on widows by public convention at that date. But her husband, the Rev. George Scott, Minister of Dairsie, Fife, had been dead for three years.

The elder boy, Robert Forsyth, was about fifteen years old and sturdily built, a handsome lad who stood squarely by her, though he did not take her arm, or indulge in any caressing gestures as an English boy might have done. The younger, James George, with a roguish humorous face, had in his bearing that defiance to the world sometimes seen in spirited boys. He was two years younger than his brother. He wandered with both eyes and feet; looking, peeping, straying, taking in everything until called back now and again as a young dog is called who has gone too far for safety.

When I was a small boy—13—we went to Germany. I don't know where my mother heard of the place. She

FROM THE NORTH SEA TO THE EAST spoke a certain amount of French and German, and when she got angry would lecture people in a mixture of both, with a little English thrown in ! We went from Leith to Rotterdam, then right up the Rhine to Mannheim. Bonn was supposed to be more expensive. Stuttgart was the cheaper place. We had a Fräulein first for two or three months before we went to school. We stayed there three years without ever coming home. We would have stayed longer but for the war of 1866 which broke out between Austria and Prussia.

The younger lad, James George, who wrote this many years later, had been born at Dairsie, and in his adventurous, roving life he was never to stay so long in any one home again until the last stretch of his life brought him peace and happiness. He was to be a wanderer, going to and fro on the face of the earth. Linguist, war correspondent, explorer, political officer, and the man who, as much as any other, consolidated and made Modern Burma possible.

Mrs. Scott would no doubt have been amazed had she been told that raw, unpleasant day that both her sons were to win honours from their country by their work in entirely different lines. Forsyth, the elder, had an excellent brain. He spent almost his whole adult life in the service of Cambridge University, and in the end was knighted as a recognition of his services to education.

Mrs. Scott was a Forsyth of the true Scottish breed, and she made up her mind to cut her moorings, and sail out into the unknown world to give her boys a chance of acquiring at least one modern language thoroughly. She built well. That experiment was to give them both a solid foundation for subsequent acquirements. But it was not easy in those days. She left her home and friends and went off into an entirely unknown environment for three years, whilst the two boys worked at Stuttgart, going to the school as day-boys and living with her in rooms. Brave woman.

The boys, as may be imagined, had none too easy a time of it in spite of the Fräulein. "Perfectly

THREE YEARS IN GERMANY

bewildering" it was at first to attempt to learn lessons in an unknown tongue, but "it was surprising how quickly we picked it up." What the three years meant to the lonely woman among strangers can be imagined, but she had her boys.

She had some means of her own, and was not left, as so many ministers' wives are, to drag out a starvation existence. When the period was over and the boys could chatter in German more freely than their native Scottish, she brought them back. George, with whom this memoir is concerned, went to King's College School. With his good start and bright brain he carried off shelves of prizes. From Divinity to Entomology, from Greek to Carpentering, many for General Proficiency, and of course everything to be won for German.

Forsyth went to Cambridge, an easily marked man for distinction from the first, for he had not only a sound brain but good business abilities, which were showed afterwards when he became Bursar of St. John's College and subsequently Master.

George went to Lincoln College, Oxford. But there was a near relative of his mother's, who, by way of making all their fortunes, ruined and lost her property. Scarcer days followed, and it was found impossible to keep both the boys—or young men as they now were—at the Universities, even by the help of Scholarships.

Red House was shared between my mother and an uncle and aunt. He it was who made a mess of things, so that in the end it was sold. I never knew the rights of it. Uncle Robert had great ideas of coal-getting. A surface shaft had been driven in. The property was bought by a firm of lawyers. It was 600 acres. Much built over now. My mother also had some houses in Earlston, they were sold one by one. Also some property in Edinburgh.

George missed one scholarship on which he had set his heart, by one place, being second to a man afterwards a legal light. In another examination for which he had worked hard it was discovered that the printer had given

away the papers, and the whole exam was cancelled. That bad luck which was afterwards to follow and temper him in all material concerns of life, was already beginning the game. Anyway, one of the two had to leave off education and begin to earn something, and obviously it was the part of the younger.

The call of the East, which was to make itself heard during George's whole life, made itself heard now, and off he went to do what he could. What attracted him to the East I do not know, but his first taste of the life he was henceforth to become so familiar with, a life of jungle and hill-climbing amid wild peoples, was in the Native State of Perak. There had been some abortive, and subsequently expensive, expeditions here before, some forty years earlier. Our treaty with Siam in 1826 had provided that the Rajah of Perak should govern the country, but that the British would not stand any interference from Siam. In 1866 the government of the Straits Settlements was transferred to the Imperial Government, and Perak came under the Colonial Office. Rajah Abdullah found himself unable to hold his own against a rival claimant, and an expedition was sent up in 1874 to establish him on the throne, and leave there a British Resident. A year later this man was murdered, and another military expedition was prepared.

It was to this that George Scott enthusiastically joined himself as a special correspondent for the *Standard*. By this time experience had taught the British that they could not run jungle warfare with a haphazard handful of men. A military detachment from Singapore reinforced by a Gurkha battalion from Calcutta, and a naval brigade, made their way up-country, captured and executed the murderers of Mr. Birch the Resident, and dispossessed the usurping Sultan.

Some rough notes for an article by the budding correspondent are to hand. He mentions the main rivers of Perak, adding that the Perak itself

is very rapid and is one of the largest in the Peninsula. Steamers of a draught of ten or eleven feet can navigate it about fifty miles from the mouth. The river is said



James George Scott at ten years old

to take its rise in a lake in or on the borders of Quedah or Kelantan. The stream, though flowing at a speed of at least $3\frac{1}{2}$ knots, is extremely smooth and placid, and on the upper section, where the spurs from the hills come down to the river, the stretches by moonlight seem more like the arms of a lake than the reaches of a fast-flowing stream.

The banks of the river in the interior are extremely lovely. Forests of huge trees in many places come down to the water. Teak, the buttress tree, the gutta percha, and other members of the banian species are found commonly. Creepers stream in cascades of green from lofty trees to the surface. Every here and there some flowering tree breaks the expanse of green. Tropical fruits are here in utmost profusion, the delicious mangosteen, the scarcely inferior rambostin, and the evil-smelling durian.

What a change from the bleak climate of Fife and Germany. Scott was a born writer, and with a little more experience (at this time he was only twenty-four) he took pains to choose the most expressive, and by no means the most common word. He was never happier than when writing and his industry, especially considering he did it all by hand and never used a typewriter, was astonishing.

His humour, disregard of personal comfort or danger, made him always popular with soldiers. In many ways he was a natural soldier himself.

Having thus had his first taste of the East and finding that Burmese was a hard nut to crack, George Scott went to Burma when the fighting ended, and looked about for a means of supporting himself whilst he learned the language. Languages always attracted him, and apparently the harder they were the better he liked them.

Lower Burma was then in the possession of the British, and at Rangoon was established the famous College of St. John, under "that ripe and able scholar" the late Dr. Marks, D.D. Scott became a master there.

His popularity was embarrassing. The Burmese youths, with their oddly mixed maturity and simplicity, found in him a man they could confide in freely, but never take liberties with. Throughout the whole of his life Scott's personal dignity was never lacking. Though he taught them football, for which he was an enthusiast, and played with them, he never let them get out of hand.

The devotion with which he inspired them is seen in many letters from old pupils ; one says :

Nothing in the world could make me so happy as to read your letters. At first I was very much afraid of you to write as I had been so disobedient to you when you were here. Just because Satan was enticing me to do such things. My dear Sir, I can never forget your kindness, how you loved me and how you took care of me, and how you took interest in my study.

Complications with early love affairs cropped up :

I am exceedingly sorry and ashamed to inform you that I am very miserable to stop in the school. I can neither eat nor drink on account of my beloved Mah Phyew. I am afraid to tell Dr. Marks all about it for he might get angry with me. Please tell Mr. Colbeck that I can be a teacher in his school and about my good character, but if he does not want me I think I will die of sorrowfulness. I got a letter from Mah Phyew today telling me to ask you to marry her soon, she says that she is very unhappy to live without me and that she is not well. So please help me asking Mr. Colbeck for us to get married soon. If you do so I will be very much thankful to you, Sir. Your affectionate pupil.

Then comes a sheet in Scott's own handwriting, a plan of a football field dated December 19, 1879 : " This afternoon there will be played the Return Football Match between Putsoes and Trousers. Kick-off at 5 p.m." This is signed J. G. Scott, " Headmaster."

The Burman boys loved football, " because," they said, " it is just like fighting." In one letter from a pupil

absent on leave for a short time, there is an enthusiastic reference to the game. A longing to be back again, and a prayer that they would not have a certain match until he returns. He adds : "I dreamed a beautiful dream last night. I was playing a football match with you, Sir, and it was like heaven." Another says : "I hope that you will not play the football with any club before we come back. It is a wonderful thing." This was Harry Hpo Min, who became the crack goalkeeper for his side.

Naturally the only style of game possible between white men and Orientals was Association, and that was what the lads were taught. It was not easy work either. The ardour was there all right, but to teach them to play scientifically was difficult. "No matter what position might be assigned to a lad he was bound to be after the ball." The forwards had to be taught to depend upon their backs, and not run back on top of them, "many a time a back had no alternative but to knock down a forward of his own side in order to make sure of his kick." The Burmans were practised at their own game of chinlōn, and were reliable kickers even with bare feet, but it was at first a general scramble with everyone for himself.

Mr. Scott acclimatized football in Burma, and we have a lively memory of the first football match played in the Province. St. John's College (of which he was then Headmaster) versus a scratch eleven of Maulmein. In the punt-about just before the match the ball collapsed, and Scott and the present writer got into a gharry and tore all about the town to raise a bladder even should it extend to the purchase and immediate slaughter of an animal. How Scott did bang the back of that gharry-wallah with that "bust" football to urge him to greater speed, would require an epic poet to recount. A bladder was got from some fisherman or other at last and the historical game was played ; it is a detail that I got a rib broken in the encounter, as was found out after it was all over. (*Singapore Free Press.*)

In a climate which hovers in the cold weather from

FROM THE NORTH SEA TO THE EAST

70° to 80° this was no mean exercise, and doubtless reduced weight more effectively than even lawn tennis at the Gymkhana.

A number of Europeans soon began to come up for a game. I recall the names of Andrew Finlay, R. W. Adamson, William Hill, A. O. Haden, C. A. Turner, D. J. Morrison, T. McWhirter, J. G. McArthur, Seton Keith, H. G. Batten, Sancton Brown, Hugh Buchanan, W. B. Whitehead, G. H. Bruce, T. N. Macfie, A. R. Hayes, H. A. Rose, R. R. Wall, who were regular players. Many, as may be judged by their patronymics, were countrymen of Scott's. In the autumn of 1878 three matches were played: "Burmans *v.* Europeans," and well-fought contests they were. In the first, the Burmans got well drubbed. In the second the Europeans were left without the services of Jerry Morrison, their goalkeeper, who was ill. Someone kindly consented to take his place. The change was disastrous. The Burmans, who had the kick-off, secured two goals in less than ten minutes, before it was discovered that the substitute, being unacquainted with the rules of the Association game, thought that the ball should go over instead of under the bar; and under this misapprehension allowed it to pass when he could easily have stopped it. This put both sides on their mettle, and so well did the Burmans play that, do what they would, the Europeans only succeeded in securing one goal.

The end of the struggle was about the fastest thing I have ever seen. Ten minutes before time was called, the Europeans left their goal to look after itself and crowded forward to the attack in the hope of equalizing matters, but luck was against them; shot after shot just shaved the posts on the wrong side, one rebounded off the bar, while several others were stopped by the really splendid play of the Burman goalkeeper, Harry Hpo Min. The Burmans managed to play out time without another goal being scored against them, leaving them the victors, a result which produced a scene of the wildest excitement and wreathed old Marks' beaming face in smiles.

The Europeans took care to arrange for the third match—the conqueror—to be played when Jerry hadn't a tummy-ache

and they won by two goals to nil after a very hard-fought game.

One spectator kindly remarked it was like goats playing elephants.

The way in which the Burmese youths express themselves in English after a few years' tuition under Scott, shows how well he taught them. Many of their letters are written in Burmese on the one side and English on the other.

Scott went on leave to England and there was a rumour that he had been drowned, which was dispersed by the following notice in the *Rangoon Gazette* :

18th May 1881

We are requested by Dr. Marks to contradict the Report which has been current for some days that Mr. Scott was drowned on his homeward passage. Mr. Scott is alive and well in England, having had a prosperous voyage in the *Pleiades*. His friends in England had been greatly excited by this rumour which had reached them, and they telegraphed to India to ascertain the truth. No one can tell how the report originated. It is thought to have been some foolish joke. We are sure that our readers will rejoice to hear the truth, and that Moungh Shway Yoe of St. John's College is alive and flourishing in England, instead of being food for the fishes in the Calcutta river.

No wonder they rejoiced, when, as one of them said, it made them all "feel very weak to hear," that he was ready to go to England.

In the above extract we have the first use of that name which the Burmese themselves gave him, and which was his to the end of his life. Shway Yoe, meaning Golden Honest, or Golden Truth, was indeed a tribute from the race, who know how to give very shrewd names indeed.

II

Scott was not more than middle height, with broad, deep chest development. He was always in good con-

dition, for he was sparing in what he ate, and continually exercising himself. He could ride, wrestle, shoot, play football and cricket, row and swim. His bright brown eyes went questing everywhere. Never was a man more alive. No department of human life but was interesting to him. His broad nostrils, firm chin and high forehead showed his quality both in intellect and pugnacity. He was ever a fighter. His thickly marked eyebrows, and deep reddish-brown moustache, were in contrast with his hair, which comparatively early in life began to go white, and became quite silvery, though still thick to the end of his days. He mockingly referred to it as "my dyed hair," and had a hearty contempt for those who had the more common misfortune of going bald.

Scott was a royal giver ; he gave of himself, and of his substance unsparingly to all who had the least claim. During his most difficult times he kept on sending money to his mother, who at this time lived in rooms in London with her elder son. Her letters to him, written in the thin, slanted hand of her period, with long-tailed and looped characters, are mostly full of tender solicitude for his welfare and pious expressions of prayer for his well-being, but now and then she breaks off to protest against his liberality, and finally ends by saying : "My dear James George, *Do not* send me any more money. I have everything I want. If you do so, in spite of all I say, I shall put it in a Bank in your name until you come home." She died in 1896, which was a sore blow to her sons, for though, like many Scots, they had few verbal endearments, these three were deeply attached to one another.

At this period, while he was at the College in Rangoon, Scott was inquiring, noting, digesting masses of information, taken straight from life. He went everywhere into the homes of the Burmese, and when, which was comparatively soon, he could speak their language, he could learn of their ways for himself. He made hosts of friends who never forgot him. He sampled everything ; the food, the clothes—he used to dress up in Burmese costume—and he even had his upper arm tattooed by the best exponent he could get. This wonderful work, of mythical

beasts and symbols, he destined, in one of his earlier Wills, for the College of Surgeons, to be removed when he was dead and kept as a sample. "All done in one sitting. Didn't hurt nearly so much as I expected" was his characteristic remark about the execution of this work of art.

One would have thought that his days were sufficiently full, but not a bit of it. He was writing long letters to the *Daily News* as "Our Special Correspondent" on the very dangerous situation in Upper Burma, which was becoming more ominous every day.

The first of these letters was dated March 15, 1879, and begins with the words: "Theebaw, the King of Burmah, is going mad with drink and fear."

It was on October 3 the preceding year that the Burmese Government had announced that King Mindōn had "breathed his last," and a proclamation was produced announcing that he had, less than a month before his death, proclaimed his son "the Theebaw Prince" to be his successor. When once asked how many children he had altogether the King "gazed vacantly on the interrogator and then said: 'What a foolish question. How can I be expected to know?'" so choice was important.

It is supposed that Mindōn really died on September 11, and that his death was concealed for a time by those whose interest it was to place Theebaw on the throne. The King's eldest son was a man of about forty-five and Theebaw was only twenty-one. There were altogether some seventy or eighty of them. King Mindōn had had his full complement of queens, "the North and the South, the East and the West," as well as many lesser constellations. The story goes that when Dr. Marks went to him earlier suggesting that it would be a good thing if some of his sons could be educated at the new S.P.G. school in Mandalay, and so learn English, the old king agreed, and asked what age such youths should be. On being told about eleven he called one of his Ministers and commanded: "Send in all my sons about the age of eleven." Thereupon a goodly row of nine boys appeared, and among them Theebaw. Theebaw was

certainly a pupil at the school for two years, but it does not seem to have done him much good. He was run by his wife Supayalat (later known to the British soldiers as Soup-plate) and her mother. He was not allowed any other wives.

As soon as it seemed that the plot was going to succeed and Theebaw be firmly seated on the throne, the massacre of all likely candidates who might give trouble, was begun. Some escaped, and gave trouble afterwards. But many, many were killed, including their wives and children. It is a sickening tale oft-told.

Scott's articles and telegrams continue up to the end of 1880.

It is believed that King Theebaw is about to form an alliance with China.

All the English have left Mandalay except the officials.

The uneasiness in the frontier districts is unabated.

The frontier between Upper and Lower Burma is a parallel of latitude.

Annexation is earnestly desired by almost everyone here, but it is hardly a commendable policy. The frontier line just now is unsatisfactory enough certainly, a mere row of pillars in a flat jungle land, but it is questionable whether it would be more satisfactory if we marched with Western China.

Scott mentions the visit of an American to Rangoon with a glint of that humour which salted him.

We had a visit here from Ex-President Grant. . . . People here seem to think he has improved in conversational powers. Most of them asserting that they got him to speak, if it was only to venture the assertion that Burmese female attire might be made more suitable for mixed society.

So far as I know the only Englishmen now in the Burmese capital are Messrs. Shaw (Our Resident),

LOTTERIES

Phayre (Judge of the Mixed Court), and St. Barbe, with the Rev. J. A. Colbeck of the S.P.G. mission.

Mr. Shaw's position at Mandalay seems hopeless, and it will be a marvel if he and the other members of the Residency escape with their lives.

Mr. Shaw, the British Resident at Mandalay, died this morning (June 16th), it is alleged of heart disease. (This was the consequence of rheumatic fever.)

Colonel Horace Browne was appointed in his place. Shortly after he was recalled, and Mr. St. Barbe was left as *Chargé d'Affaires*. It was not long before Mr. St. Barbe also left, the studied insolences of the Burmese court giving him no chance of remaining with dignity.

By this time the whole of Mandalay was converted into a lottery on a gigantic scale. Theebaw was desperately hard up for money; trade had practically ceased. He knew all about this form of gambling long before the Irish Sweep proved its huge success.

Having hit upon the idea of a lottery to make money, Theebaw is now flooding the place with lottery offices, each of which has a different venture running and draws off weekly. The consequence is that the town is in a state of perpetual excitement. The king, it appears, was told of the stoppage of business. What other business, he asked, can show a return of 10,000 rupees for an outlay of 2 rupees?—There are neither buyers nor sellers to be seen in the bazaar, everyone hovers about the lottery offices and longs for the drawings. The minds of the people are upset, and they are in a state of perpetual unhealthy excitement.

Scott was the last to object to a reasonable flutter. He himself took tickets in the Calcutta Sweep for fifty years or more, sometimes many more than one, and never even drew a horse. This he attributed to his extraordinary bad luck in money matters.

Here is an account by an eyewitness of what Theebaw

looked like at this time. He had granted an interview to the Manager of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company and five other men. The king

was dressed in simple Burman fashion with a yellow putsoe or kilt-like waist-cloth and a white linen jacket. Fixed into his "*yaung*," the top-knot into which the hair is tied, was a magnificent spray of diamonds, and a sapphire ring worth a monarch's ransom gleamed on his finger. In personal appearance however he has greatly fallen off. When he acceded to the throne October a year ago, he was very handsome ; the handsomest Burman in the country it used to be said, with a bright black eye and smooth olive skin. Now his face is puffed out and bloated, his eyes sunken and dead, his whole appearance unwholesome and repulsive. Altogether for a young fellow of twenty-one he is the most satisfactory specimen of a "frightful example" for temperance lecturers that I know of.

It is no part of my plan here to fill in the history of this time, already well known and much written over. But a few personal touches from Scott's letters bring it before us.

Under date February 1880 he writes :

King Theebaw has at last left the Palace and visited Mandalay Hill. This may seem to you a very simple matter and hardly worth the trouble of recording. But when a King of Burmah leaves his palace and deigns to show himself to the world, there is a tremendous to-do. King Mindōn only came from behind his stockade two or three times, during the last ten years of his reign. King Theebaw till this present pilgrimage, had never been out at all. If Golden Foot goes by water, all bridges have to be destroyed, for never can descendant of Aloungpayah pass beneath where mortal has trod above. All houses he may pass must have a wooden grating put up in front of them. A cat may look at a king anywhere but in Mandalay. About ten days ago, mounted on an

elephant, and surrounded by a cloud of horsemen and men-at-arms and Ministers, he wended his way to Mandalay Hill there to worship at the pagoda. . . . Even as it is, Theebaw would scarce venture so far, were it not that the people now firmly believe in his fairy spear, his charmed slippers and his magic looking-glass, and above all in the fact that he has dished the British.

King Theebaw has suffered a great blow, his seven months' old son has died of small-pox. . . . He was rocked in a cradle encrusted with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds of incredible value. His outfit—he was to be dressed *en Anglais*—cost five thousand rupees. All the people living round the palace stockade had to buy new cooking pots lest the smell of rancid oil from old dekcheese might offend the tender nostrils. And now the poor little thing is dead.

Tales and rumours of further massacres sent refugees flying from Upper Burma to seek safety in thousands. It was said that a new monarch usually had a new capital, and the spirits were irritated that this had not been done at the outset of the new reign. The astrologers declared human sacrifices to be necessary to appease them, and panic ensued.

The steadily continued exodus from Mandalay is beginning seriously to alarm the Burmese Government. The steamer which arrived here (Rangoon) yesterday brought away twelve hundred men from the royal city ; its predecessor fourteen hundred. The persons leaving are all men.

But the lotteries still went on.

The royal coffers are very low. The lotteries are filling up but slowly. They have had to resort to larger speculations with higher-priced tickets to keep things going, a fact which would seem to show that all the poorer people

FROM THE NORTH SEA TO THE EAST
are cleaned out. The town and suburbs are infested with robbers.

It was at this singularly wholesome and safe time for a trip to Upper Burma, that Scott resolved to go to see for himself what was happening. He records that the Captain on the steamer on which he made the trip up the river asked him : " Why are you going up when everyone else is coming down ? " Anyway, the boat was stopped for him to land and see the City of Pagodas—Pagan. The only time he did see it except in the distance.

In many respects Pagan is the most remarkable religious city in the world. Jerusalem, Benares, Rome, Kieff, none of them can boast the multitude of temples and the lavishness of design and ornament that make marvellous the deserted capital on the Irrawaddy. Deserted it practically is, for the few flimsy huts that stand by the river, are inhabited only by pagoda slaves and men condemned to perpetual beggary. For eight miles along the river bank, and extending to a depth of two miles inland, the whole space is thickly studded with pagodas of all sizes and shapes, and the very ground is so thickly covered with crumbling remnants of vanished shrines that, according to the popular saying, you cannot move a hand or foot without touching a sacred thing. The Irrawaddy just below Pagan widens out to more than two miles in breadth, and the view of the sacred city from down the river is particularly fine. Towering above the others appear the Ananda and two other pagodas like visions of old-world cathedrals strayed into the desert. Round about them gradually rise into view, hoary round towers like a Border " peel " ; airy minarets as of an underground mosque ; apparitions like the Pyramids chiselled into terraced fretwork and huge bulbous mushrooms with lanterns on their backs.—(*Standard*, later.)

Scott's utter fearlessness as regards personal safety led

him to discount any danger from this trip. He decided to go into Mandalay as a Burman in Burmese dress, for the fact of his being an Englishman would not only lead to his being seized, but would preclude his getting any information. He does not mention his flourishing moustache or whether he shaved it off for the venture, that alone, one would think, would have given him away, for most Burmans have no hairs on their upper lip at all or only a few carefully cultivated ones.

I give the account of this adventure in Scott's own words as it appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* forty years ago.

In the autumn of 1880 I was loitering about the Mandalay silk bazaar looking at the gay turbans and waist-cloths and at the half-Burmese half-Hindu girls who were presiding at some of the stalls. Most of them are very pretty ; but I declare that I was speculating more on the fusion of Aryan and Turanian blood, and the apparent result, than on the comeliness of any individual whatever. Still, it was a pleasing study, I don't deny, but it was presently interrupted in a very unpleasant way. I was suddenly gripped violently on both sides and rushed out of the arcade into a higgledy-piggledy kind of a space, where there were some unused bazaar sheds. My first impression was that I had been seized by some jealous gallant who did not comprehend the study of anthropological freaks. A glance at my two captors when we got outside, convinced me, however, that it was a very different matter. Both of them were naked to the waist, and on the nape of the neck they had a dragon tattooed. They were Palace soldiers. They did not give me time to question them. "If you don't come and take tickets at the Yay-Noung Prince's lottery office, we'll denounce you as a spy of the Nyoung-Oke's and you'll be crucified down by the bund."

It was the height of the lottery craze in Mandalay. The King had given powers to a few score of the Chief

Ministers to open offices for the sale of tickets. The official who sold most tickets was most in favour with His Majesty, and the devices to attract speculators were therefore very numerous. The Mayor supplied tea and palm-toddy and tobacco free. One of the Governors of the Palace gates gave a continual series of ballets and theatrical performances. The "Chancellor of the Exchequer" returned a quarter of a farthing on every ticket. But the Yay-Noung, one of the most ruffianly men of the day, simply sent out his bodyguard as bullies. They seized upon likely people anywhere and everywhere, and usually made some small squeezes on their own account.

The Nyoun-Oke Prince, King Theebaw's half-brother, had recently escaped from Calcutta and made an abortive rising in Burma, burning a village and scouring the country. His insurrection came to a ludicrously sudden and complete end. Never before was an attempt to take a throne conducted in a more weak and shiftless manner. All that was wanting was a little energy and dash. But the pretender's forces were seized with panic. They took to their heels on meeting a royalist force and fled into British Burma. The Prince himself there surrendered to the Superintendent of Police. Therefore Theebaw had got it into his head that the British were in some way responsible, and quite a number of men in Upper Burma had been seized and executed on the ground that they were British spies. My position was somewhat ticklish. The Yay-Noung's men had heard me talking Hindustanee to the bazaar girls. If I were brought up in Court there would be no escape for me ; so I said, "All right ; I was going there."

The Yay-Noung's office was a good way off. On the way thither we passed some drink shops, one of them kept by a Chinese acquaintance of mine. I had now

got the measure of my men, so I suggested that we should go in and have some refreshment. They agreed with an alacrity which showed they were no good Buddhists. I told my friend Swee Gwan to show us into an inner room, ordered some mild gin and brandy, and wagged my head at him. Chinamen are very quick of apprehension and Swee Gwan returned with some samshu (Chinese rice-spirit) and "Eagle" brandy; the latter as fiery as a blast-furnace.

One of the two filled a tumbler with brandy and samshu, drank half of it, declared that he had never tasted anything so good before, and subsided on the floor. The other confined himself to brandy, and grew talkative and facetious about his weak-headed companion, whom he kicked from time to time. He told me a good deal of his history. He was not, notwithstanding the dragon tattooed on his neck, one of the regular Palace soldiery, the hereditary supporters of the Alompra dynasty. He had only joined the Yay-Noung's gang to save himself from trouble on his return from the expedition against the Shans some months before. Oo Thah-oh, for that was his name, properly belonged to the rural levies, and was the son of a cultivator at the big new village down the river. He had been courting the daughter of the village headman. The girl was willing enough but the old man was not. On the contrary he put Thah-oh's name on the roster for military service and accepted all the money that was given to buy the youth off, but objected to all the substitutes provided; so that Thah-oh's father was ruined, and Thah-oh himself was carried off to Mandalay in one of the royal steamers. There he had a helmet and a gun and a pair of trousers and a tunic given him, and had a week's drill from Captain Commotto, the Italian naval officer and Burmese Lord High Admiral.

He had just learned which was the right side foremost

of his trousers and how to form fours and hold his gun, when the regiment was ordered off to fight the Shan hillmen. The King had killed one of his stepmothers, a Shan princess ; and her father had sworn to avenge her death. Another Shan chieftain had been irregular in paying his homage at the Palace on the appointed " beg-pardon " days. When last he came down Theebaw refused to see him, and announced that he would be deposed if he did not mend his ways. The chief spat on the ground and swept off to his hills with the intimation that he would return again. He kept his vow, and so did the bereaved father. They burned and ravaged the whole Ava plain almost up to the walls of the Royal City of Gems itself. It was to punish these rebels that the expedition was despatched. A review was held before the column marched. The regiments were formed up in line in the open space to the east and north of the Palace. There for three hours they remained on their knees till Theebaw made his appearance on the Palace steps. Then they lay down on their stomachs while His Majesty looked at them for a couple of minutes through an opera-glass. That being the end of the review, the regiments marched off. At the head came the Yaw Min-gyee, the Minister of State appointed to the chief command, mounted on an elephant and surrounded by outriders and miscellaneous tag-rag and bob-tail. Following him came the three regiments with a couple of light field-pieces ; and in the rear came the commissariat and ordnance coolies. So they proceeded bravely enough till they reached the Myit-ngè, a small river which passes the old capital of Amarapura before it reaches the Irrawaddy. Here there was a great deal of trouble. It had never occurred to anyone that preparations were necessary to get the army over. The river was too deep to ford and there were only three or four ferry-boats. However, after three days the troops

crossed in safety, but in the meantime their numbers had dwindled down from three thousand to about two thousand five hundred. The rest had run away. Oo Thah-oh thought it useless to desert. He could not live in Mandalay, and if he went back to his native village the vindictive headman would get hold of him again. But the artillery could not be got over at all. The first gun capsized the ferry-boat and went to the bottom of the river. So the Burmese commanders came to the conclusion that it was not worth while waiting for proper means of transport. The artillery officers received orders to wait about outside the capital for some days, and then get themselves back with their guns so that nobody should notice it. The Yaw doubtless comforted himself with the reflection that the Shans had no cannon, and that if he waited any longer more of his men would disappear. So the army set off for the hills and the guns went back. The route taken was between the two rivers which flow into the Irrawaddy here ; and the first day's march brought the Burmese army to a village which had not been burned. It was the annual feast of the local pagoda, so the force stayed to see the fun and acquire merit. They attended the pagoda in the morning and theatrical performances in the evening, and passed two days very comfortably.

When a start was made it was found that a good many more men had deserted. So the General impressed all the able-bodied males among the visitors to the pagoda-feast, and the villagers. Next morning it appeared that though the artillery had been sent back, all the ammunition had been brought on. The Yaw Minister recognized this as absurd and thought he might just as well send back the whole of the commissariat department, coolies and all. They carried nothing but pots and pans, big wicker baskets, rolls of matting, and other symbols of supplies ; but there was nothing eatable in

the whole service. They did very well for show parades in Mandalay ; but on active service they simply ate what might have gone to the combatants, and did nothing for it. So the troops got a few cooking pots served out to them and some sleeping-mats, and then the commissariat department went home again. Each soldier had as much rice as he could carry tied in a cloth and suspended to one end of his gun, his mat and uniform (they marched in ordinary country dress) being tied to the other to balance it ; so they went on.

Thus the march continued for several days more ; they camped in the forest and made themselves lean-to tents of bamboos and the branches of trees ; and whenever they came to a village they cleaned it out. All the time the army was melting away ; so that when they came to the verge of the Shan country there was not more than a half of the original three thousand.

Now, however, they were within striking distance of a large Shan village, perched high up on the slope of a hill. The Yaw Min-gyee encamped his men on a small cleared space on the banks of a mountain stream and sent out parties to collect provisions. The food supply had been very precarious for some time ; and now nothing better than bamboo shoots, jungle fruit, and roots and leaves, varied with some small fish from the streams, was to be had. All the low country was forest, covered with a dense undergrowth ; and the hillsides were almost equally impenetrable, and, moreover, full of tigers. A few Burmese-Shan villages were looted, and some wood-cutters were caught. Half a dozen of these were sent up to the Shan village to summon it to surrender, and the rest were crucified to strike terror into the defenders. After three or four days of this sort of thing, enlivened by night attacks on the camp by the Shans, the Burmese General ordered an advance, and

stayed below with several companies while the troops scrambled up the rocky path. There was some indiscriminate firing, and finally a rush on the village stockade, which was repulsed. Then the regimental colonels returned for orders, and their troops were chased all the way down by the Shans. This operation was repeated at intervals of four or five days for weeks, and at last the Burmese army was reduced to starvation point, and ran short of ammunition. Desertion and death had reduced the force to six or seven hundred ; and they refused to fight any more, making an arrangement with the Shans that hostilities should cease, and that, in exchange for food, the royalists should give up their arms, and settle in the deserted villages of the plain. The Burmese General, by threats and promises, succeeded in persuading fifty men to retreat with him to Mandalay, and they escaped in the middle of the night. The Yaw Min-gyee died of fever on the way, and then this remnant of the three thousand broke up and reached Mandalay in twos and threes. Oo Thah-oh made friends with one of the Palace guard, got himself enrolled in the Yay-Noung Prince's retinue, and now made himself useful in inducing people to take lottery tickets.

By the time my friend had finished his story, he had got well into his second bottle of brandy, and took no more interest in lottery speculations for that day. Shortly afterwards he fell asleep, Swee Gwan and I deposited him after dark in a convenient back-garden on the other side of the street, and put his friend in another some way off. The royal lotteries lost some money that day ; but I did not hang about the Mandalay silk bazaar in Burmese dress any more after that experience.

The Yaw had been to Europe, and saw a review in Berlin, which is, so far as I know, his only qualification for being put in supreme command of an army in the field.

As may be gathered, Mandalay was not a very wholesome place for strangers about this time.

There are numerous monasteries in the town and to ride through the grounds of these is to insult the religious who dwell there. The lay scholars avenge the slight with showers of stones, and the neophytes try to catch your beast and throw you off. And yet the casual sight-seer is never able to recognize the posts which mark the limits of the monastery grounds and forbid the taking of life or riding of animals within the precincts. To walk about is an experiment never tried a second time. Mandalay children are as impish as street Arabs. They call "Hé kala" at all points, usually close behind the wanderer's back. This "Hé" is a simple exclamation; but it is an actionable offence according to Buddhist law. Like the "Hpoi" or "Choi" of the Chinese, it suggests the action of spitting. "Kala" has much the same signification as the Turkish "Ghiaour."

But the little boys or even the men, who were uncivil to the stranger, were as nothing to the Mandalay dogs and pigs. All eastern dogs have a maniacal hatred of white men, and the Burmese dogs are in advance of all others in this respect. They come with sudden rushes from hidden retreats, and make such savage demonstrations at the heels of the passing Englishman that it is difficult for the most self-possessed man to retain his equanimity, still less his dignity. The Burmese, big and little, enjoy the fun which is an added annoyance. To take life is the most grievous offence you can commit among Buddhists, therefore if you attack the dogs you get yourself into trouble. Mr. St. Barbe, late Assistant Political Resident, was walking through the streets when he was attacked by a dog which he forthwith killed with a blow from his stick. There was a frightful row on the spot. Mr. St. Barbe made record time to

the Residency pursued by a howling, cursing, bamboo-brandishing rabble. He got there safely and had the gate in the outer fence closed. Half a dozen of the mob put their shoulders to it and pushed it in. The Madrassi guard was fortunately ready inside. This dog must have been a particularly bold, savage brute, or he would never have been able to touch it, for the ordinary pariah is far too currish a beast to come within six yards of you except with a sudden rush. These dogs do not pursue their prey far ; they do not leave their particular quarter, but they pass the white man on from street to street, delivering him over so to speak to the attentions of the next batch. It is possible to trace a foreigner all over Mandalay by the yelping of the dogs.

Pigs are just as numerous. Theebaw's father used to feed a thousand pigs and a thousand monks every day. The pigs are not so combative as the dogs, but they will not get out of the way.

It can be seen therefore that this venture of Scott's was an astonishingly bold one. It must have been unique for an Englishman in those days before the annexation to wander about alone in such conditions.

One would have thought he would have had enough of it, but no, he went on farther north, in his own character, to see what life was like among the Kachins. It was by the way of this trip he records : " I lost a pony in a dust-storm, whether he was buried or stolen or simply wandered I don't know. I offered 50 rupees reward but never saw him again."

He went up to meet a missionary of the China Inland Mission, Mr. Stevenson, at Bhamo. He, with a fellow-Missionary, Mr. Soltau, accomplished in 1880-1 a most remarkable journey of 117 days over 1,900 miles through China to Wuchang.

A good many people, even some who profess to be authorities on the subject, assume that Bhamo, or Bamaw

as it is properly called, is virtually on the Chinese frontier. This is neither literally nor practically true. Literally, it disregards a matter of forty or fifty miles ; practically it takes no account of several lofty ranges of hills and the hill-tribes that inhabit them. A couple of score miles is no great matter ; mountain ranges are to be passed, even though they may be troublesome ; but the Kachyen hill-tribes are not by any means to be trifled with.

Perhaps an account of an unsought-for adventure I had among these unscrupulous reivers may give a better idea of what the Kachyens are like in their manner as they live, and what are our chances of success in reducing them into peaceable neighbours, than a more detailed discussion.

I had arranged to go with an English resident of Bhamo to the village of Wah-pong, the Kachyen settlement nearest to the Burmese town and least at enmity with it. Unfortunately I missed him and was told he had ridden out by the eastern gate towards the hills. I galloped after him and soon got into the jungle. Here the main path is intersected at short intervals by branch roads, diverging in all directions and one looking quite as promising as the other. Presently I came to the conclusion that I had taken a wrong track. The jungle got denser and higher and all view of the hills was shut out. However I resolved to ride on till I came to a village. There was no sign of one for a long time ; nothing to show traces of inhabitants except the rude bridle track, and the tall, straight wood-oil trees burned at the bottom to extract the oil. At length, after a good deal of scrambling up and down banks where the rivulets had eaten into the plain, I got to a village on the banks of a river. It was Ta-May-Lon and the river was the Taping. I was a good many miles too far north. There was no chance of getting to Wah-pong or back to Bhamo that

afternoon. The villagers were of the hybrid race known as the Shan-Burmese, and quite friendly. So I determined to stay. An old monk offered me a lodging in his house by the banks of the river, and the headman of the village took charge of my pony which could not be allowed to desecrate the ecclesiastical compound. The old monk talked Burmese fluently, and was delighted when I spelt out some of his Shan rituals. He was not at all so strict as a Burman pongyi would have been ; for he accepted a clay pipe and smoked it vigorously. So I passed the night fairly well, in the midst of model shrines, richly carved in wood and inlaid with coloured glasses ; a collection of alms-bowls ; complacent images of the Buddha in every variety of shape and material from metal to mud ; and large chests full of palm-leaf manuscripts. The old gentleman was a trifle too fond of these, for he read them aloud all night through in a dismal monotone, only interrupted when he smoked a quiet pipe. In one of these intervals, notwithstanding the mosquitoes and the *peet-peet* of a tiger that hung about the neighbourhood, I got to sleep.

In the morning, as I was saddling my pony to ride back to Bhamo, there was a sudden discharge of fire-arms, and immediately afterwards a Kachyen, mounted on a mule and recklessly flourishing a long sword, came tearing down to the river. He was rolling in his saddle in a way that suggested a night of debauchery, and I was somewhat disconcerted when he reined right up in front of me and proceeded to load his matchlock. I got near my holsters ; but he only fired into the air and then jumped off his mule and came straight up to me. Drawing himself up, he said : " You are a man ; I am a man. We are not Burmese. You receive the great Empress's pay and keep the peace and drink brandy. I serve nobody. I am a chief. I kill the Burmese and the Chinese and take their cattle and I drink rice-beer.

I am a Sing-paw [the name the Kachyens give themselves, meaning emphatically 'man']. Give me some brandy and we will be friends." I gave him some from my flask and he held it up before him, saying: "You are heaven, I am earth. Rice-beer is good, brandy is better. Your dignity is infinite; your beauty is that of the god of the highest hills; your brandy is divine. There are 364 days in the year, and during that time I eat 728 meals and drink 2,000 times. If you do not believe it come to my village. I am a chief. I am a Singpaw. May you live for ever": and he tossed down the brandy at a draught.

Then he sat down and asked me where I had come from and where I was going. When this was told him—he spoke Burmese notwithstanding his contempt for the people—he repeated his invitation in earnest. We could get to his village that night. He was going there after a visit to his father's place "five hills off." His village, Sehek, was ten times as fine a place as Wah-pong, and I might stay there all my life if I liked. I thought the chance too good to be missed, and the chief seemed as if he would be as reasonable when he was sober as now when he was otherwise. So, after a light breakfast, we got ourselves and our beasts ferried over and set out for the hills.

My host proved a most communicative person. He said he knew the English well. He remembered Colonel Sladen's mission over the hills. So did all the Singpaw girls. They had never got so many beads or gilt mirrors before or since, and there had been many marriages celebrated as a result of that visit. That was the time for silver. The great Englishman who liked the Kachyens so well and was so good-natured with everybody, had scattered rupees about wherever he went. Then there was Colonel Horace Browne afterwards. The Singpaw headman knew very well that it was an arranged thing

between the Burmese and the Chinese freebooter chief, that neither he nor Sladen before him should come back alive. But the Kachyens had saved both of them. Sehek himself [the Kachyens, like the Scotch, refer to themselves by the name of their holding] had fought against the Chinese the time when they so nearly cut off Colonel Browne at Satee.

Whenever he got excited over a statement like this Sehek became a most formidable creature. He fired off his stockless gun and brandished his sword dreadfully. The path was very narrow. He would not let me ride behind him, because that would have been discourteous ; and I did not care to ride in front of him on account of his fusillades. The sword exercise went on much closer than was agreeable, and on the only occasion when I ventured to protest he very nearly became quarrelsome. He was the best swordsman in the hills, he said, and it was necessary to show the spirits of the hills, when a stranger entered Singpaw territory, that he was a friend ; and that could only be done by plenty of firing and vigorous exhibition of cold steel. Whereupon I fired off my Winchester repeater with one hand and my revolver with the other ; and he was charmed and said he would slaughter a buffalo, and we should drink its warm blood together.

By this time we had got into the hills. Kachyen hill-paths are not the best in the world. As often as not they are bare rock pure and simple, with huge boulders blocking the way and thick jungle all around. The roads keep the high ground as much as possible—no doubt with the view of seeing who is on the move and what dangers are about ; for the Kachyens fight among one another like wild cats. The Taping river was in sight all the time. At times we descended to almost its bed, where it rushed past amid prodigious boulders of granite, and again it was roaring far below us. It was

very hard work, and my pony was soon all of a lather. Suddenly the chief said : " We won't go to my village. My people will not expect a visitor. You would not be received with proper honour. We'll go to Nyoungen."

No objection could be made with profit ; so we turned off to Nyoungen and arrived there in the afternoon. At the beginning of the avenue decorated with all sorts of mystic symbols which leads up to every Kachyen village, Sehek told me to wait until he had informed the headman of my arrival. He was soon back again with about twenty men, who fired three salutes in my honour ; and then we marched in in great state.

Like all Kachyen houses, the chief's dwelling consists of a long bamboo shed with very low thatch eaves. One end is open and forms a large portico, where the pigs, ponies, buffaloes and fowls are fed by day and herded at night. The rest of the house is floored with bamboo and divided longitudinally, with transverse partitions on half of one side. These are the rooms in which the different members of the family sleep. They are open in front and do not greatly differ from cattle-pens in appearance. The other side is open from end to end and forms a general lounge.

There was some speechifying in the Kachyen language to the effect Nyoungen, like all the other Singpaws, hoped that the English were coming. Then the Burmese would leave the hill-people alone, and there would be wealth and happiness. Meantime I was requested to consider the chief's house as my own, and to stay several years. There was great feasting that night, and much good-fellowship ; though but very few of the men could talk Burmese, and naturally none of the women. The men smoked opium and drank sheroo, a kind of mild beer ; and the women sang songs and nursed babies ; the unmarried ones crowding round me and begging for beads. Sehek ate fermented rice—very heady stuff

—till he was helpless. We were all very jovial but the young ladies were a trifle troublesome. When at length, fagged out from the day's fatigues and excitements, I fell asleep, there were still three of them making eyes from under the fringe of hair that hangs down over the forehead and marks the Kachyen maiden.

Next day I spent wandering about the hill-top among the houses, making friends with the men, and lavishing among the girls the beads and other finery intended for Wah-pong.

The men were delighted with the occasional loan of my field-glasses, and the gunpowder which I was able to give them by opening a lot of cartridges ; but there was not much conversation to be done. However, by the evening, I was on intimate terms with everybody. We had a convivial dance and swore eternal friendship. When this was over the men settled down to steady smoking and drinking, and the maidens began again. I had four offers of marriage made with much earnestness and many blandishments. I did not dare to go to sleep, matters were so desperate.

Next morning Sehek was more tipsy than ever. My beads and gunpowder were all gone. In Bhamo they would be getting alarmed about me. I had not changed my clothes for four days. So I represented to the headman that I must return to replenish my stores. He protested that I might live with him for ever, but at length allowed me to go with an escort of twenty men. Salutes were fired on my departure ; the women formed in lines, each clasping her neighbour in an embrace at once affectionate and reproachful. My bodyguard took me as far as the Taping river, and then fired off their guns independently till I was out of sight. I reached Bhamo the next day and never ventured back to Nyungen.

The Kachyens are not free from evidences of degrada-

tion which belong to savage instincts all the world over ; but they are kindly and hospitable to a degree when properly treated. A people who drink beer, love rupees, and fire salutes in honour of casual European travellers are neither dead to enterprise, nor dangerously opposed to friendly intercourse. We shall not find them such troublesome neighbours after all.

This account which appears as it was originally written gives the spelling of the tribal name before it was modified to suit our tongues into Kachin. Here is an account from another than Scott of these same people who greeted him with so much friendship :

The Kachyens, the Burmese call these wild highland marauders, whose very name is a terror to every peaceful villager. Last year—[1878] on one of the broad sandbanks five men and two hapless women were crucified alive, guilty of nothing except not being Kachyens,—this cruelty was not unavenged. Their countrymen [Burmese] have destroyed nine villages in the neighbourhood, generally killing the men and carrying the women and children into slavery. Year by year the Singpho clans are encroaching further and further down the river. They are masters of the Upper Irrawaddy and levy blackmail from every village. Away from the hills all the interior country is infested with Shan dacoits, who are even more brutal and aggressive than the Kachyens.

This was written only two years earlier than the trip Scott records with so much zest.

Having now mastered Burmese and made himself thoroughly familiar with the habits of the Burmese people, Scott proceeded to write a book about them. A book which, fifty years after, is still the classic on the subject.

The book came out in 1882 : *The Burman : His Life and Notions*, by Shway Yoe, Subject of the Great Queen. Unfortunately he was not as good in business matters as in most other things, and he parted with his copyright on the half-profit system so disappointing to the author, who frequently finds that his profit is all used in anticipa-

tion of “ a new edition ” or more binding. It was fortunate for him that he fell into the hands of a reputable and well-established firm. Even they, at first, did not realize the treasure that was theirs, and brought it out in two small green volumes at 4s. 6d. each. “ Far too cheap,” as they acknowledged later. The second edition was in one big volume, and in this form the book has remained ever since. Though it sold and went into many editions and is running yet, the amounts the author received were spaced out over many years, and were far from bringing him in the fortune which he had sanguinely imagined.

Of course the Rangoon papers knew who Shway Yoe was and what it meant. The *St. James's Gazette* also knew, for some of the material embodied in the book had appeared in the form of articles in that paper, but the Burmese pseudonym was a stumbling-block to many. The author chuckled with delight when, amid the many columns of praise accorded to his first real literary effort, he read this sort of thing :

The “ life and notions ” of the Burman from the cradle to the grave, it may be said, are here recorded by one of themselves with a picturesque detail and literary grace which betoken not better acquaintance with the country and people than a masterly grasp of the English language.

The Burman is a very remarkable book, which, as the work of a native author, writing out of the fulness of his actual knowledge of what he has to tell us, has claims on our attention superior to those possessed by the narrative of a European observer.

Shway Yoe devotes considerable space to the doctrines of Buddhism, which have so much fascination for many of our Broad Churchmen, and we gather that he is still himself a believer in them though he has outgrown the nats and spirit-worship of his fellow-countrymen. . . . He has apparently had experience of both Burmese and English school-life.

Another goes even further :

Shway Yoe speaks of the Burmese as “ we.” He was

educated in a monastery, he possesses the cabalistic birth certificate, and what is more, the elegant and curious, but painfully acquired pair of tattooed breeches which are distinctive of the native.

This is a distinct touch of imagination.

Shway Yoe, Subject of the Great Queen, ought to be a Burman by birth if the decision rests upon his intimate acquaintance with Burma and the Burmese. If an Englishman we can only say that such thorough knowledge of an intricate and complicated foreign religion, combined with a familiarity with the customs and predilections of an alien race, is very rarely to be met with.

Englishmen who have lived in the country say that there is no native capable of having written a page of such a book. Accordingly, while respecting the writer's incognito, we must consider him to be an Englishman; but whoever he is it is plain he knows the land and its language and ways intimately.

It is written by Shway Yoe, Subject of the Great Queen, that is, we suppose, by a native Burman who has acquired an English education and is certainly able, not only to write fluent and elegant English, but to enter into the ideas of English culture. Accordingly he sees and records Burmese life and habits from a double point of view; as a native who has been born and brought up in them—while he is quite aware also of the very different way in which European spectators must regard them.

The *Rangoon Times* made merry over all this :

The work is in two volumes and is now in the hands of the critics, who are certainly out Heroding Herod in the blunders peculiar to their trade. Most people in Rangoon know who Shway Yoe is, know that he and the late jolly, fiery, football-loving head-master of St. John's College are one and the same person. They know also that Shway Yoe means "Golden Honest Man" and many people have seen

ROWING IN RANGOON

his likeness in full Burmese costume and right well he looked his pseudonym. . . .

How could sober-minded critics write "we are glad to find that Mr. Yoe is still a Buddhist, but that he has given up the debasing spirit-worship of his countrymen." To those who knew Shway Yoe in Rangoon this criticism can only mean that he has, since his return to England, joined the Blue Ribbon army. Though not given to spirit-worship while here, Shway Yoe was yet able to enjoy the *deuch-andoris* of prime *usquebaugh* with his friends, when not in training for a boat-race or for a football match in which he intended to lead the "Spidges" to victory.

Scott had never intended to spend his life teaching, and he was very soon looking out for a new profession. But he was still in Rangoon in January 1881 and, with Captain Wilson, was an energetic promoter of a Regatta on the Great Lakes. Boat-races had been suppressed in Burma under the British administration on the sanctimonious ground that they promoted betting, and the revival of the regatta was warmly supported by fully ten thousand people. Scott not only promoted the races, but with his usual energy rowed his full share in them. He and Mr. Wilson won the Pair-oars, and then rowed against one another.

They rowed almost dead level the whole way, a spurt from the one being answered with energy from the other. When the post was reached the popular verdict was, "Scott by three feet." To everyone's amazement, however, the judge gave it to Wilson by a foot. It was then discovered that there had been two winning posts all through the regatta, and they were not in line!

This shows the sort of persistent ill-luck in winning which dogged Scott all his life.

There were other excitements, a terrific fire in Rangoon which caused a scare about incendiaries. In a town where many of the houses are wood and thatch, a fire is a

terrible business. There was a nasty outbreak of cholera in the villages, and some deaths even in Rangoon. There was an earthquake which "has seriously alarmed some people here and earthquakes seem likely to supplant Theebaw as a topic of conversation, and a source of alarm for some little time."

Besides all this the place had a visit from a tiger. It certainly seems odd that a tiger should choose to make his appearance in a town of some 200,000 inhabitants. This poor fellow had been on the other side of the river, and being annoyed there by too much attention, had most foolishly swum across the mile of water to land himself in a more populous place than that he had left. He did not sample it long. The district superintendent of police got him with a rifle, after he had scared some people nearly out of their wits.

What with fire, and earthquake and tiger there were lively doings. On top of them came the census which scared some people most of all ; censuses being supposed to be terribly unlucky. However, hosts of natives were employed as enumerators and the mistakes and bumbles were somewhat amusing. One of these babus astonished his supervisors by returning the entire grown-up female population of one street as "adultresses." When questioned as to this deplorable frailty, and his data for the assertion, it appeared that he was under the impression that adultress was the feminine form of adult.

Scott left the country before the book was published with very little idea he should return to it and that it was to be the scene of his life's work. He won tributes from all. One of these may be quoted, as it puts in a nutshell what many thought.

Moung Shway Yoe took delight in studying the language of the Burmese, their literature, folk-lore and customs, he loved the Burmans and was beloved by them. He trained and led Burman lads to victory on the cricket and football field against the white troops of the Great Queen. His name, both that which he brought here, and that which his pupils bestowed upon him, "the honest royal man," will live long in their affectionate remembrance.



Scott with his team of Burmese lads



CHAPTER II

UNDER FIRE

Rooms in the Inner Temple—In Tongking as Special Correspondent for the "Standard"—Life with the French Army—Under Fire from the Black Flags—The Pirate Bay—Warnings in regard to our Siam Boundary—A Wanderer in China—In Tongking for another Campaign—A Critical Moment

I

WHEN his book *The Burman* came out, Scott was established in rooms in the Inner Temple. He had always been attracted by the law, and he thought that if he could manage to secure a scholarship he would be able to live until he was qualified. But with his usual ill-luck he missed the prize by a trifle. "I was *Proxime accessit* for the Inner Temple Law Scholarship in 1883 when Mr. C. F. P. Rawlinson took the first place."

Thus it was necessary for him to go out into the world once more and find some remunerative work, for though, with the scholarship, he might have carried through, without it he could not. The question was what he was to do. In spite of the wording of advertisements very few bosses really welcome a man of ideas and initiative, especially if he has abounding energy. Such men do not fit in easily under authority. It is only when they have got past the initial stages, and are themselves in a responsible position, that their real value becomes apparent.

So Scott turned his eyes eastward again. There was quite an attractive little row going on in Further India. In Tongking ten years before, Garnier's gallant but ill-advised dash had ended in his own death and a subsequent withdrawal of the forces, but in 1883, France determined to round out her possessions there by getting

the whole coast-line. A considerable force had been sent out. It was a most complicated affair. There were the Black Flags, formidable pirates and freebooters, a menace to their own country ; there were the Yellow Flags at deadly enmity with them but not so powerful ; there were also the pukkha Chinese who would have a good deal to say if a European nation took hold of a country nominally under their suzerainty, and came right up to their borders. Lastly, there were the native Annamese, of course the least important of all, but to be reckoned with. As pretty a little mix-up as anyone who loved a scrap could plunge into !

Scott looked at it and liked it. He was just the man for a War Correspondent (old style) when such men were not only allowed but expected to be in the forefront of any fighting there was. He got his credentials from the *Standard* as a "Special Correspondent," and plunged in. He arrived there early in 1884. Thenceforth he lived with the French army ; a curious position for one of his race. His conversational French, as he used often to say, was largely modelled on the soldiers' vocabulary ; he had to use their method of expressing themselves or go without information and resources. What he learned was hardly suitable for social intercourse of any polite kind.

However, it came in useful. Once when we were on the Continent, the Head Waiter in a large and expensive hotel annoyed us by his casual manner. Scott blazed out at him in choice "Poilu." The effect was almost startling. The man straightened up as if struck by a shot, and after listening attentively, fairly fled to do his bidding. We had no cause to complain of inattention the rest of that evening. The Head Waiter himself hovered round, ludicrously ready to leap at a hint. Even much later when we encountered him near the lift on going up to bed, he bent from the waist, and addressed Scott as "my lord." Never before had he encountered an Englishman who could express himself so fluently and incisively, who knew the very soul of his language so to speak. His admiration had in it more than a tinge of reverence.

People are extraordinarily vague about the geography

of the East unless they have been there. Few could tell offhand the exact position of Tongking—a name, be it said, which is the same word as the Japanese Tokio, meaning the “Capital of the East.” But for the purpose of this book in which the Tongking affair is a very slight episode, it is only necessary to explain that if you can visualize the whole peninsula from Assam in the north to Singapore in the south, then you may take it that Tongking occupies something of the same position on the east that Burma does on the west. Only it is smaller, and doesn’t stretch so far south.

Here Scott arrived, and at once made himself at home with the French army. Hanoi, where the French had settled themselves in the interior, was originally the capital of all Cochin China. When Scott got here he proceeded to wander and inspect, as was his habit. He went to the great lake north of the City where

Temples and religious houses abound. To visit these religious houses one has to pass through the city wall. It is not easy to find one’s way into the finer buildings, which are situated on islands. Nevertheless, in the early days of 1884, when few Frenchmen ventured outside the city walls, and the monks were not yet scared away, the writer was fortunate enough to see a religious service in one of these Joss houses. (*France and Tongking.*)

He followed through the service in an obscure corner: The old monk who conducted it

became more and more excited, interlaced his fingers nervously, cast his eyes over the congregation, threw himself upon his face and violently rang the bell. Thereupon the crowd, who all this time had been indiscriminately talking, joking, laughing, praying, singing and even sleeping, prostrated themselves on their faces for full a minute. Then apparently all was beginning over again, when someone noticed the foreigner. There was a stifled shriek. The religious scattered in all directions,

the assisting monks commenced putting up the board and the old celebrant came out and begged that information might not be laid against him as a malcontent. A present of a dollar reassured him somewhat, wretched Sramana as he was to touch the polluting lucre, but he could not be persuaded to go on with the service, and when next, two months later, the writer passed that way, the place was empty and half stripped, and bats' dung defiled the wooden benches. Truly it was not creditable to the French.

Scott visited the principal houses in the native villages round ; once, when he was having tea in the headman's house,

the goodman's cocks crowed suddenly. The young men laughed and the girls giggled. A demand for explanation called forth the reply that when cocks crowed at midday it was a sign that the girls of the house would turn out badly. This, uttered as it was with many nods and winks, was such a scandalous revelation of the ordinary native idea of the white man's doings, that an immediate retreat was made.

There was a Chinese garrison in Bacninh

and during the summer of 1883, and the early months of 1884, Bacninh was in everyone's mouth . . . Since Rivière's capture of the Hanoi citadel the Chinese garrison had steadily increased. . . . It was evident that to pacify Tongking the French must take Bacninh. . . . Altogether, when, in the middle of February 1884, General Négrier arrived, the scene was dismal enough, and quite sufficient to suggest a hard struggle before Bacninh was taken. Rumours were flying about that there were 20,000, 30,000, 40,000 Chinamen there ; that the Black Flags were coming, that all the advance posts were armed with Krupps ; that there were 15,000

Annamese troops, and that a veritable descendant of the old Lê dynasty had issued forth from the forests to lead them, mounted on an aged elephant, with the gold rings in his ears, who, for near a hundred years, had waited for his coming at Bacninh gates.

The advance was made in two columns commanded respectively by General Négrier and General Millot. There was a direct road by the canal, and as the cross-country journey was considered absolutely impossible for troops, the Chinese had fortified this road, but General Millot gave them the slip by doing just the impossible. The distance was seventeen miles, but

the greater part of the way lay across paddy fields by the zigzag ridges dividing the patches of rice. This would have been bad enough in dry weather but for the greater part of the time there was a penetrating mist. Now and then passages were made straight across the rice land where it was passably firm, so firm that one did not sink up to the ankle, though at every step the tenacious clay quaked for yards all round.

It took them the whole day to do eight miles. They slept in the open—

the great body of the troops had to put up with the paddy field ridges, and were fortunate if they did not tumble into the water during the night.

There was some firing, but at too great a distance to matter. The next day they lost time by remaining to camp in a village which they reached at two in the afternoon. They were on the south of the canal road, Négrier to the north. They had now to effect a junction. They got over the canal at nine o'clock the next day, in a drizzling rain, and heard Négrier's guns. Three miles from Bacninh there was a big hill, fortified. Here there were many Chinamen and many flags, but they fled when shell was sent over. Seven "forts" were captured

and a score of villages. By five o'clock the artillery was shelling Bacninh from the northern hills.

But the place was already evacuated and at six the troops marched in in column. The total day's loss was 5 killed and 25 wounded. It was a walk-over.

The mosquitoes were the worst plague they found. "Those of Burma run the pests of the Norwegian fjords and the West Indies hard, but they are almost a luxury compared with the merciless hordes of Bacninh."

This was Scott's first taste of fire. He did not think much of it. The danger did not lie there, though he had several other experiences, so much as in the conditions of service. The spiked bamboos, poisonous water, terrific heat and so forth. Sometimes the danger came from one's own side.

The Turcos away to the right were firing wildly, in the thick tall grass and with the growing bamboos concealing one, it was necessary to lie down on one's stomach until matters had quieted down a little.

At one time, with the heat near the ford of the river, nearly seventy men fell out, some with sunstroke and some with exhaustion; curiously enough the majority of these were Turcos, men who could have walked the rest of the column dead over Algerian sands, but who fagged rapidly on the greasy paths of Tongking.

Then they encountered for the first time the celebrated Black Flags.

A huge dark blue flag with a single white letter on it. The wind blew out the flags and showed the Chinese character NI = Justice, and the bray of the trumpets came across the plain. It was barbaric enough, but it was martial. Behind the two solitary Black Flags came a stream of others, red and white, red and blue, white with red Chinese letters, flags striped and crossed, two curiously enough the exact model of the Imperial Flag of Germany.

THE ‘‘BLACK FLAGS’’

As usual, after a show of defiance and some firing, the shells destroyed the enemy's *morale*, and they began to run. A large and wealthy town was taken.

It was said that in ordinary times there was a garrison of two hundred Black Flags here to collect the revenue and squeeze the people. . . .

Farther on a still more considerable town was taken after something of a fight.

All day long the fire went on. Upwards of 800 shells were fired into the town, at the bridge and at the different redoubts. But suddenly, at half-past four, fire and explosions broke out everywhere, for the Chinese commander was evacuating, and destroying all his ammunition before he left. The Chinese carried off all their material of war. They lost practically nothing. They were able to take what route they pleased, and they were left at liberty to commence a guerilla warfare whenever it might seem good to them.

This, because the other General arrived too late for the encircling movement that had been agreed upon.

General Négrier as usual was galloping all over the country. The Algerian has just a little too much eagerness. All day long he is hurrying from one end of the column to the other, encouraging here and chiding there. The fall of this town is supposed to have practically ended legitimate warlike operations in Tongking for the year 1884.

But this was not the end of it so far as Scott was concerned. He was nothing if not thorough. He began to pick up some of the Annamese language, and inquired into the habits and customs of the people; his extraordinary aptitude for getting hold of Eastern peoples on the right side made itself felt. He had the right knack, instinct, tact, call it anything, that saved him

from blunders and led him inside their nervousness or obstinacy. Some men, who have been virtual rulers in the East by commission, have never learned this throughout a long and conscientious service.

All the cultivated portion of Tongking was now in French hands. It was necessary to find the minerals, and gold was reported at My-Duc, a small sub-province which appears on very few maps of Tongking. It was reported that a large number of Chinamen were entrenched near there. They were armed with Spencers and Remingtons, and it was supposed that they would fight for their gold-workings. It was thought by some rather hazardous to send out nothing but native auxiliaries against them, and that without the support of artillery.

They went, however, and of course Scott with them, taking notes of every detail by the way. It was an adventure after his own heart. They crossed the plain and the river in terrific heat, they reached sheer limestone rocks, 1,000 feet high. Eventually they reached My-Duc and found no Chinamen and no gold. After a halt, on they went "prepared for gold at any moment." They marched the regulation fifty minutes with a halt of ten, and even when at last, after a devastating march, they reached the stream where gold was said to be, it was so infinitesimal in quantity as to be almost invisible. The heat was terrible. One of the coolies fell dead. Several of the officers gave up their ponies to worn-out Tirailleurs.

The captain of the escort, notwithstanding his palanquin, was very exhausted. From one he got brandy, from another absinthe, from a third rum, and from yet another more brandy. The results were noisy in the evening and woebegone next morning.

They had marched close on forty miles, most of it in the heat of the day, before they got back. After having

THE PIRATE BAY

failed to find gold, they went to search for pirates, and had but a very moderate success.

But the rains set in, and

the whole of the western banks of the Dai, and not a small portion of the eastern, became alive with pirate bands who ravaged and burnt everywhere ; and in the impassable state of the country it was impossible for the French to follow them.

There follows an account of the rest of the country, including Halong Bay with its myriads of pirates.

Halong Bay is unique in its beauty. One winds about in an apparently endless maze of rocks, some mere bald cliffs, some pierced through and through so as to form natural arches, some eaten away at the base by the lapping waves so that they look like gigantic mushrooms, some covered with a garb of tenacious trees and shrubs, all of them peopled with huge flights of divers, and gannets and cormorants, and sea-eagles. Never had smugglers or pirates grander or more congenial surroundings.

But there was very little money in it for Scott.

In view of what happened later, it is interesting to read of his prognostication as to French action in these regions.

Without being alarmist one cannot help remarking that every Frenchman who writes about Cochin China draws attention to the ease with which troubles may be created for England on the Siamese and Burmese borders. . . . These countries France could easily conquer with her native army, backed at most by a company or so of home troops and a couple of batteries of artillery. It would be decidedly for the good, not only for the Shan States but for Siam even, to be thus brought within the influences of civilization, but it is by no means so certain that it would be to the advantage of our manufacturing

industries. . . . A French protectorate over Siam would mean a hamper on our present existing trade rather than the development of one of those new markets which our manufacturers are looking for so eagerly.

The French were to discover that their own proverb about "le premier pas" was far from being true, their troubles in Indo-China were only beginning. They had to fight a guerilla warfare for many years. It is true the climate was not unhealthy, unlike the southern end of Cochin China where they were already planted. It was a common saying there, that in Saigon a man could only have three friends, and of these, one was in hospital, another just coming out and the third going there ! But the French got settled down in their new possession in a comparatively short time, and then they hungered for more territory. In the years that followed they made an encircling movement gradually spreading around Siam, and this led to the fact that many years later Scott himself was to meet them on the frontier and settle the invisible line between the responsible countries. By that time Upper Burma had been annexed, not solely because Theebaw was a bad and tyrannous king—less drastic measures would have sufficed to restrain him—but because the French would most certainly push forward into it if we did not. It was the encroachment of the French on the eastern borders that decided the fate of Upper Burma.

When these papers eventually came out in book form as *France and Tongking*,¹ Scott was far away. This book was not a very great success, and never attained anything like the widespread notice of *The Burman*. The subject was not interesting to the majority of Englishmen, who knew little and cared less about the French designs in Tongking. But it is a handsome volume packed with "meat" for every subsequent journalist to pick at, and it has Scott's Chinese ideograph on the cover.

In some quarters it is the fashion now to decry Imperialism and patriotism, yet from both have sprung some of the finest deeds known in world history. Imperial-

¹ Fisher Unwin, 1885.

QUESTION OF SIAM

ism is responsible for more pure altruism in action than any other activity of man. Those who have sweated and broken their lives in their devotion to the interests of those more ignorant races under their charge, have done it not for money or promotion but from inherent responsibility.

Scott was a natural Imperialist. He saw and saw clearly far ahead. Some of his concluding words in this book are so prophetic that they must be quoted :

It is not a question as to who is to have Siam ; we would much rather be without it. What would suit us best would be that the country should be independent and firmly established, not wavering and shivering with every fit of indigestion of a Bangkok Consul-General or every utterance of a Saigon Governor. We have no inconsiderable commercial interests in the country, unless however these are increased. . . . Siam is doomed. The King himself acknowledges it. Prince Devawongse, his right-hand man, is anxious to see these measures accomplished. All that is wanted is a little encouragement from the Government of India. But the Government of India is as cold and apathetic as if Siam was ten thousand miles away. . . .

The same callousness prevails with regard to the Burma-Siam railway project. A word from Simla to say that the line was viewed with favour, or even with interest, would be enough for Siam. The government would set about the construction of the line to Chiengmai at once and the magnificent tracts of fertile country thus brought into communication with the world would ensure the speedy introduction of European capital, and therefore the stability of Siam. As it is, the Siamese are afraid to stir lest they offend France and have no one to back them.

It cannot be too strongly urged that the whole French procedure in regard to Siam is as scientifically mapped

out as a game at draughts. Every counter-move has been calculated and provided for, and we are no disinterested spectators. We do not want Siam and have no particular hankering after the Shan States but we do want to keep France out of them.

It is not at all necessary that we follow the French Protectorate system, in fact it would be dangerous even to hint at such a thing. A railway connecting Maulmein with Chiengmai, and Chiengmai with Bangkok, would supply all that is wanted. Siam would then be connected with us directly, and so much capital would be involved that she would cease to be the safe quarry she is now for sinister French designs.

If anything is to be done it must be done at once. In a year or two Siam will be so surrounded she will be unable to stir.

Wise words that were proved true up to the last syllable. Uttered by a young man, but a man who was to have much to do with the frontier, and was to win the confidence and affection of the Siamese court as our Resident at Bangkok.

Can any one doubt that if his words had been seriously considered and the railway constructed, Siam would still be in possession of her Mekhong provinces, and much bickering and unpleasantness have been avoided?

II

This section of the chapter is not altogether a pleasant one, it shows Scott wandering about. He had not yet "found himself" and the corner for which his peculiar gifts were to fit him so signally. These *wanderjahrs* are a very valuable foundation for a man's life's work, if he has the courage to face them, and the personality to profit by them, but most of us are inclined to play for safety from the outset.

Scott's quick observation and retentive mind furnished him during this time with a store of information which

was almost encyclopædic. Much of it came out in later years when he was writing weekly articles in the *Rangoon Gazette* on every imaginable subject, and adorning them with personal reminiscences or ideas. He continually widened his knowledge of men as well as things. He was a familiar figure to scores of people in the East. It was then that he became a citizen of the world. There is a touch of colour in the meeting face to face, on the very top of the big Pyramid in Egypt, with "Sutcliffe, American Correspondent who missed me in Hanoi."

But that was later. When he left Tongking the first time he went to China. There he met Thomas Whitehead, of the Chartered Bank, who had an international reputation. The two became friends from very dissimilarity, which extended to character as well as person. No two men could be more unlike. Whitehead, big and bulky, fair in colouring with pale eyes and that shrewd friendliness mixed with caution which can be described by no other word than the Scotticism "pawkiness." Scott dynamic, short, well-knit, with his vivid brown eyes flashing with humour and insight. They remained friends all their lives and died, fifty years later, within twenty miles of each other, in Sussex. Scott died a poor man, but Whitehead left his considerable fortune mainly to the Boy Scouts' organization.

It was some years before this, in a monastery in Mandalay, Scott had had his fortune told by the monks.

Some of us having been in the habit of rowing and cricketing had an epidermis which rather astonished them, their own palms being as soft as a woman's. I was gratified by being told the line of life was very good ; but I was rather taken aback by the information that until fifty-seven I should be very unfortunate. Riches promised at that distant period were small consolation.

It was literally true, except that the ill-luck persisted a little longer than foretold, but palmistry is notoriously vague as to dates. It was not until about the last twenty years of his life that he had real happiness, and then it was the true "riches," and not money that came to him.

During the rather miserable unsettled period that now set in, he wrote some articles for *The Times*, and quarrelled with Mr. A. Colquhoun, their other correspondent. He was in Hongkong at first, and there he began the habit of that persistent diary-writing which no doubt eased the urge to write that always possessed him. Unfortunately he wrote in hard pencil on very thin paper, and many of these journals are practically unreadable.

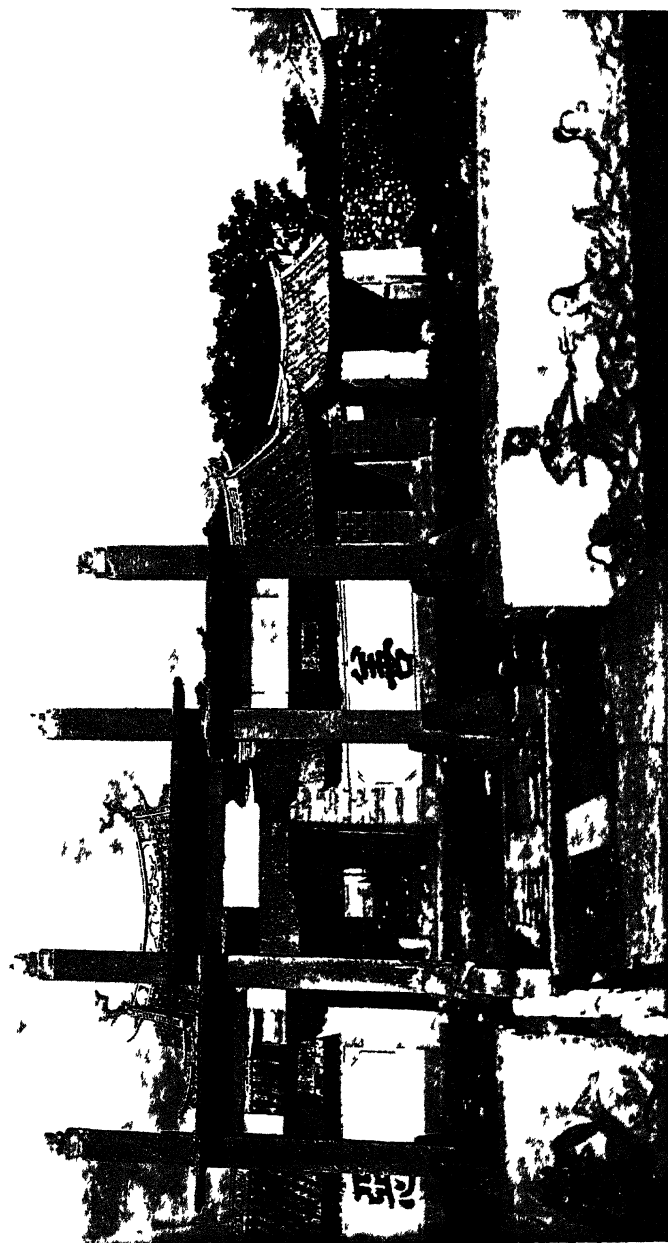
There is a letter from one of his chiefs to whom, later on in Burma, he had sent a part of his journal for perusal. The comment is : "Most valuable and interesting, but oh, my dear fellow, why write with a pointless pencil in a dark room?" It touches the spot.

The reason was partly that he wrote over a carbon to make a copy for reference or for sending home to his mother, and this habit saved the situation, for it was discovered in a flash of inspiration many years later, that some of the most valuable of these diaries, written at the time when the Shan Provinces were alive with intrigue and dacoity, and he in the midst of it all, were blacked on the back by the carbon, and could be read by being set up in a frame with the wrong side out opposite a mirror! A laborious proceeding.

The first I have is dated Hongkong, October 20, 1884. He visited Swatow, Amoy, Foo-choo and Shanghai, and finally went back to Indo-China, and joined the French again for the next season's fighting. He saw some more fighting, and was in several tight corners; however, he wasn't there for his own pleasure but to earn money, and he found he could place but a limited supply of the matter he had written with the English papers. So he went back. "Rather a tight place I have got into," he remarks. Though the book was through the Press and he could add no more to it, some of his adventures on this second excursion make too good reading to be missed.

Feb. 11th, 1885.

Up at 5, stiff with wet, soaked through mattress and dripped from roof. Pony ran away during night. Searched an hour before finding him again. Long



*A Chinese Temple
Showing frescoes depicting souls in the torments of Hell*

DEAD CHINAMAN

delay in starting. Good road along crest of hills which as bare as ever, with coarse rank grass and scrub bamboo. Road afterwards winding about in valley, streams to cross, and heaps of mud. Wounded and stragglers caught and shot all along the road. Descending gradually with ascents in between. At 1 got into a widish long plain with hillocks scattered. Fired on from scrubby hill to left. Bullets whistled all about us. Some twenty Chinamen perhaps. A couple of volleys dispersed them. Artillery firing all the time. . . . Ponies got restless with cannon above them, and shell whistling overhead. Tied them up and went on on foot. Came full in front of Chinese position holding crest in front of low hill, 500 yards off.

Then went back, found a Chinaman crouching on the road, don't know whether he was wounded or not. Made sure that he had no weapons and then told him to clear out in Annamese and Chinese. Didn't budge. Made signs to him to run. Wouldn't. Consequently left him. Back to village. Quite dark. Road utterly filthy. Foot of mud. Search around for Staff. Nothing about the billet. Then spotted empty house. Boned it. Turned out to be a very good one. Started to look for coolies. Couldn't find them. Got over the ankles in mud and filthy water. Lost road and very nearly got shot by the blasted doctor who was searching for the ambulance and took my wideawake for a Chinaman's hat. Complimented him on the accuracy of his fire and asked where the baggage train was. Didn't know. Back to village. At gate stepped upon something soft and wobbly. Struck a match, and found it was a dead Chinaman. Found house. Lit big fire and started eating sardines and corned beef with a pen-knife in default of anything better. Touch of dysentery, which I had this morning, gone with the excitement. Slept splendidly on mud floor. Most comfortable night since I left Hanoi.

Next day :

Bullets whistling about ten to the minute. Rather humbug being where bullets so thick and yet not able to see anything, so went through a swamp up to the knees lugging pony afterwards, up hill to Artillery. Commandant, white-haired man, just been shot through the head, stock dead. Took opportunity of battalion of Turcos going to front to follow them. Met a man bringing back wounded, who said there was hard fighting about a quarter of a mile on. Went on. A hot corner. Lieut. and 5 men fell in quick succession and I had walking-stick smashed six inches from my hand. Right on to front line among Turcos. Six officers and about 100 men fell in the time and I had some narrow shaves but judiciously got behind pony and used saddle as rest for glasses. At last Chinamen dislodged and driven back on some huge hills. "Cease fire" sounded. Went forward along road, thinking there were some men in front. There were, but they were Chinese. However, they were civil enough to respect the "Cease Fire" and stood gaping at me at 500 yards, while I examined them through my glasses. Several in red coats, most in blue with orange at neck and cuffs. Big straw hats.

There is a great deal more of it, but this is enough to show he was in the thick of it. That same year, when he was safely in England reading for the Bar, he says, writing in the *St. James's Gazette* :

The French Protectorate over Annam and Tongking is now recognized everywhere except in those countries themselves.

The French cannot withdraw any considerable number of their regular troops from Tongking, they have no grasp whatever on the country beyond the range of their guns. . . . The Paris papers seem to forget that the column which marched on Langson in February [that

was the one he was with] numbered no more than 6,000 men and that this total was only got together by reducing the delta garrisons to a perilously small number. While the troops were on the march to Langson a band of 400 pirates did almost what it pleased around Hanoi and night after night the capital saw the flame of blazing villages.

His articles on the Capture of Langson appeared in the *Standard*, but when the campaigning was over or the season he went back to Hongkong, and after some wretched unsettled weeks at last got a wire from the *Standard* asking if he would go to Afghanistan, where there was a scare about the Russian invasion and fighting was anticipated. Delighted, he started off at once with his usual impetuosity. He went by way of Singapore and here a dismal check awaited him, the *Standard* wired : "Gave you no orders to start only asked if you could." However, he went on by Ceylon and Madras to Bombay.

Here the *Standard* played up to the extent of crediting him with a hundred pounds, and told him to remain there, but to hold himself in readiness. He was at this time feeling wretchedly ill. All the knocking about he had had, the anxiety and the bad food, had told on him. He made light of it and struggled on with a splitting head and giddiness, though sometimes he was unable to stand. But he responded to the invitations of innumerable friends, and kept on trying to go out, even though sometimes when he got to their houses he found that he could eat nothing, and he got worse and worse. He was very despondent, saying : "If Gladstone stops the Afghan War I shall have to go home little better off than when I started." At last some friend, anxious about him, sent a doctor to see him.

When the doctor arrived at the hotel he found Scott sitting in his shirt-sleeves at the table in his room, with his watch lying before him, and a knife in his right hand. He was wandering in delirium and said he knew that when the hands of the watch reached a certain point he must plunge the knife deep into his left arm to "get

rid of this awful pain." The Doctor examined him, said he was on the verge of jaundice with enlarged spleen. He dieted him and drugged him, and Scott got better slowly, staying with some of his many friends. The Tongking book had come out, and others had seen copies though he had not. There were reviews coming in, and his reactions to them were characteristic. The least conceited of men, who never put himself forward in any way, he yet resented criticism. It did not add to his ease of mind to receive a wire from the *Standard*, "No war. No use staying."

This time he determined he must settle down to reading for the Bar. So, when he got back to England, he did it as he did everything, with his whole heart, and consequently less than a year saw him fully qualified to be a barrister, having passed all the examinations. Meantime he had played his favourite game of football with the Harlequins and London Scottish many times, and kicked some of those "300 goals in first-class football," which were a proud memory. He was located in Plowden Buildings, high up, and spent much of his time writing and trying to place articles. In January, 1885, he was speaking on Tongking at the Royal Geographical Society.

Fate had destined him for the East, and that fate was working itself out inexorably.

CHAPTER III

DACOITS AND CHOLERA

Upper Burma taken over—Scott appointed to Burma Commission—Harassed Officials—He goes to Meiktila—Subalterns and Mail Runners—Assistant Commissioner—Shan States—First Annual Reports—80,000 Square Miles of Country—Terrific Hills—Dacoits turn out to be the Captors not the Captured—Cholera

“**B**ERNARD always called me his discovery, Rosebery was the one who really appointed me.” Thus Scott on his appointment to the Burma Commission. Much had happened since he left the country. Even before that there had been endless discussion as to whether the upper kingdom was to be annexed or not, and how long Theebaw would last, but it was not until 1885 that the end came. The British, under General Prendergast, in a very neat and well-managed expedition, went up the river. The only fighting was at Minhla, the fort first reached on the river after our boundary line. Here one Lieutenant—Robert Dury—was killed, and this was followed by a practical walk-over. Reams have been written about the little campaign.

If anyone wants to read a really accurate, and at the same time a fascinating, account of the Burmese court of those days, he cannot do better than get hold of *The Lacquer Lady*, by Tennyson Jesse. In her preface she handsomely acknowledges her debt to Sir George Scott, from whom she gleaned many details personally.

He was not on the spot when all this happened but he kept up his interest in Burmese affairs, and was writing for the papers on the subject most of the time.

Some of his articles in the *St. James's Gazette*, in the autumn of 1885, show remarkable insight :

French interference in Upper Burma appears to be

going a little too far. True we are told that M. de Freycinet denies the existence of the secret treaty of which we heard a few days ago. "There has been no treaty, no talk of a treaty, no understanding to construct a railway, no intention to found a Bank." But it is with proposals of this kind that the Burmese Ambassador is on his way to France ; and it is M. Haas, the French Consul in Mandalay, who put them into his head. . . .

In England, notwithstanding the notoriety King Theebaw has made for himself, information about Burma is not so precise as it ought to be. It seems to be imagined that when the Lower Provinces of the country were annexed to the British Empire, all that was valuable was taken, and that the portion left to the King was worthless. The entire country then lay in our power, and we might have annexed the whole of it in 1852. We gave back the Upper Provinces but we did not do so unconditionally. They were resigned on the distinct understanding that good order and a good government were to be maintained, and that no molestation was to be offered to us in the annexed provinces. The penalty for a breach of this understanding was that the House of Alompra should cease to reign. The two Burmas are really but one country with no natural divisions . . . the boundary line is simply a parallel of latitude. The tranquillity and prosperity of the two countries are intimately associated.

Under King Theebaw's reign every evil of misgovernment has prevailed. Massacres have been frequent ; gambling has been used as a source of revenue ; the people have been oppressed and plundered ; none dare show any sign of comfort or competence ; the rich are imprisoned and murdered ; the poor are driven from their homes, many of them to become dacoits and robbers preying on our frontier villages. More than this, Upper Burma is now a harbour of refuge for all

the bad characters of our provinces. As the Chief Commissioner in the last Minute on the subject says : “ From the thu-gyi who steals the Government money, to the dacoit who rushes red-handed from murder, they all fly to Upper Burma, and find there all the benefits of exile.”

The inhabitants of Rangoon held a meeting last October, in which they called for the annexation of Upper Burma. It was the largest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held in the city, and the Burmese were the most eager in calling for English interference.

The ultimatum to be sent to King Theebaw is a mild one, but firm and wise. It is not likely to receive a satisfactory reply even if it is answered at all. We have so often remonstrated with the Arbiter of Existence—sometimes softly, sometimes in a strongly worded memorandum—that he has come to look upon these expostulations as a kind of pleasurable excitement something in the nature of homage to his dignity.

* * * * *

Something approaching the actual contents of an ultimatum may be read to him. But it is not likely that he will heed it.

He is weak-witted but he, or rather his strong-minded Queen, keeps the Government well in hand. In Calcutta—where, with Sir Rivers Thompson as Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, they ought to know better—they talk of dissensions in the Ministry, and of an English party in that mythical body. A Burmese Minister never does anything but take the utmost care that he is neither beheaded, tortured or dismissed. All that he ever accomplishes in the way of forming a policy is to suggest that the Lord of the Golden Throne might like such and such a thing done. But even so much as this is only ventured upon by personal favourites. As for the

ordinary run of officials, when they are questioned about their departments, they gather or guess, from the questions, what is expected to be done, and then declare that it is done and afterwards proceed to do it.

The wisest solution of the whole matter would be the annexation of Upper Burma ; Lord Ripon—who is in haste to assert his own success in dealing with Burma—thinks differently ; but the truth is that the establishment of a prince under our protection is a hopeless matter. . . .

Annexation seems the wisest measure. It will be easy and it will be final. There are only two points where there is much likelihood of fighting. The first is at Minhla, about sixty miles from our frontier station of Thayet-myo. Opposite the town, on the left bank, on a hill commanding a long straight reach of the Irrawaddy, there is a fort. It was well built on modern principles, under the instructions of Captain Commotto, the ex-Italian naval officer. With good guns it might offer considerable resistance ; but it is doubtful whether any guns are mounted—or more than three at any rate. At this time of year a corvette of the C class could easily ascend the river, and would probably render an account of the place in half an hour. After Minhla there are no river defences until the angle of the river at Ava, about fifteen miles below Mandalay, is reached. Here there are three admirably placed forts on opposite banks of the river, commanding a point where ascending vessels have to round a dangerous reef of rocks. But these forts are without ditch, without flank defence, with expense-magazines, without traverses to protect the gunners. Mandalay itself has nothing to protect it. It could be shelled by compass from the river two miles off. The Burmese army need not be taken into consideration at all. The Palace Guard are no doubt courageous enough—all Burmans are brave—but they are a simple rabble. They have an assortment of guns,

from modern smooth-bores to antique match-locks ; but they are uncertain as to how they should be fired. When Mandalay is taken the whole country is taken ; for all the weapons except spears and jungle-knives are stored up in the palace.

A man who could write with such foresight and knowledge both politically and in a military sense, from the Temple, could hardly fail to be called to action when the annexation was accomplished.

With the taking over of this large area of new country the Government were embarrassed to find men to administer it. India spared some from her Civil Service, but naturally the men who had attained some seniority there, mostly did not care to sacrifice it ; they wanted the high pay of their rank, and moreover were not ready to start learning a very difficult new language. This sort of thing went on continually :

From the Under Secretary, Govt. of India to the Chief Commissioner, Burma.

In continuation of the telegram from this department of the 19th ultimo I am directed to request that you will be good enough to submit a report showing what salaries and allowances the six Civilians transferred to Burma from other Provinces should, in your opinion, draw. The reasons for your recommendations in each case should be fully stated.

Civilians of course are the kind with a capital C. The reply to this, apparently, did not give satisfaction, for the answer from India comes again :

So-and-so and so-and-so are already Commissioners, and the best men next senior to them are all disinclined to leave these provinces. Would you accept much younger men ?

The harassed Chief Commissioner replies that with only three new Commissionerships it will be a great discouragement to our officers if not one step of the three goes in the Commission.

DACOITS AND CHOLERA

They fell back on Military officers, who did not draw so much pay :

There are more than 60 military posts in Upper Burma, and it is not possible for us to have an English Civil Officer at each post.

They proposed to give an extra allowance to the military officer, if he undertook civil duties. This filled in some gaps, but they were at their wits' end still ; they even went the length of declaring—

Examination rules may for the present be held in abeyance in Upper Burma.

The trouble cropped up in all their official correspondence.

I would rather not have Mr. So-and-So as Civil Officer in Burma, I regard him as too old to begin successfully active work in a new country with a difficult language.

Young untried men would be cheaper certainly, but how could they be put in the dangerously responsible positions now to be filled ? The Authorities decided on the appointment of special men, picked for their distinction, knowledge of the country and language, even though they had not been through the hallowed portals of examination. These were called members of the Uncovenanted Service. They drew the same pay as those who had passed the prescribed I.C.S. examination in youth, but when they retired they were to receive half the pension allotted to the others, instead of, as one might have supposed, half as much again. However, the thought of pensions was far in the future when appointments were offered. Possibly they were not even mentioned, and certainly no attention was pointedly drawn to them. Anyway, most of the men who were selected were men of enthusiasm and insight into the ways of Burma and the Burmese.

“Competitive examinations are to some extent a guarantee of industry and brains, and a safeguard against

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nepotism, but the picked men must be more valuable." So wrote Scott himself much later.

He was invited to join, and he decided to accept. His heart was in the East, and he longed to go back, though, as he often said in later life, "I should have made much more money at the Bar," and so he undoubtedly would.

It was as having passed all his examinations as a barrister but not yet having been "called" that he proceeded to Burma once again in April 1886. The Proclamation taking over Upper Burma had been made in January 1 in that year, and since the end of February Upper Burma had been a Province of British India. Theebaw and his Queen were in durance in India.

Some idea of the actual order of Scott's service may be gathered from a letter of his written to Edward Spence Symes, C.I.E. (Sir E. S. Symes, K.C.I.E.), the Chief Secretary, some five years later, in 1891.

When I joined the Commission in April 1886 my position was immediately below Courneuve, with Ross and Thurston coming immediately after me. This position I now understand to have been only temporary, and conditional on passing the compulsory examinations. If the conditions of examination had been equal for all, this would have been fair. I contend, however, that I was very hardly treated in the matter of examinations.

I may say that I have throughout my service been on what was practically frontier work. I was barely two months in Mandalay when I was ordered to Meiktila. I had applied for examination in Mandalay, but my transfer forced me to leave two days before the examinations began. Meiktila in those days got letters through Myingyan, and was three weeks from Rangoon. I applied for examination again, and received my papers at the end of August. Meiktila was then so much of a frontier post that until a week or two before I left, in October 1886, there were not only no books in the place, but there was not even paper, pens or ink. I

never saw the Civil Accounts Code until I reached Fort Stedman nearly a year after joining the Commission, and was without most of the works necessary for passing in Revenue Law. In August 1886 therefore I passed only in Burmese (H.S.) and Law (L.S.). My next examination was in December of the same year at Wundwin. The examination was interrupted by the Hmawaing expedition, and during the time I was doing my papers in Law Mr. Joseph, then D.C., was trying a rape case within six feet of me, and being ignorant of Burmese and distrustful of his interpreter, got me to interpret frequently for him. Such conditions of examination are neither usual nor fair. Immediately after this I was sent up to the Shan States with Col. Stedman's column. I had no sooner reached Fort Stedman than I was sent to Mobye. A few days after my return from Mobye I accompanied Hildebrand to Yatsauk and Maingpun, and from Maingpun was sent to Monè, where I secured the surrender of the Limbin Prince and reached Fort Stedman on the 20th May. Within a fortnight I was again up for examination, but I had only that fortnight in which to prepare and had concurrently to write the Annual Administration Report for Mr. Hildebrand. Such conditions are again neither usual nor fair. I passed in something, as I had passed in something at the Wundwin exam., but what it was I do not remember.

My next examination was at Mobye early in December 1887. I had left Fort Stedman with the Southern Shan column on November 22nd and reached Mobye after a special tour during which time I had no opportunity of reading. My examination was held in an open Zayat and was interrupted by visits from the Mobye Sawbwa, from Pobyá, and by the perpetual noise of the camp and of Shans who then saw English faces for practically the first time. Nevertheless, I again passed in something,

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and had in fact nothing left to pass in but Civil Law (H.S.). Law is no new subject to me. I think therefore I may assert that it was only want of time to read the Indian code which prevented me from passing then. I was with the Southern Shan column from Nov. 1887 till April 1888 during this period, and in March 1888, a special examination was allowed to all officers in the Commission, the use of books being permitted. I only heard of this on my arrival in Mandalay on the 9th April 1888. I immediately applied officially for a special examination on the same terms. The letter, forwarded through Mr. Hildebrand who went to Rangoon, was either lost or not forwarded, at any rate no notice of my application was taken. In anticipation of this special examination I did not apply for the ordinary June half-yearly papers, and accordingly did not get them. As it was, however, I could hardly have replied to them, for from April 1, 1888, until July, I was never for a week in one place. I left Mandalay three days after my arrival there, marched up by the Natteik Pass to Fort Stedman, left there for Monè (where I think I am justified in saying I had a share in the capture of Tweek nga lu, which was not the smallest). I returned to Fort Stedman in July, learned that there were no papers for me, and applied again for a special examination. I was gazetted to Monè and returned thither, and a few weeks afterwards got the examination papers. I passed finally on this occasion, so that it is unnecessary to insist on the fact that the writing of the long delayed Annual Report prevented me from reading properly for the examination.

No doubt all officers—at least in Upper Burma—had little time for reading in 1886–7, but the majority at any rate had the books to read, whereas I, as I have said above, did not get the necessary books in some subjects for a year after I had joined. Many officers were

stationed in Lower Burma. Those in Upper Burma had work to do which was necessarily on the subjects of the exam. I, on the contrary, except for eight months mainly spent on dacoit-catching, have been entirely occupied with political work. I never saw a Treasury till May 1889, and up to the present time have never been over four months consecutively at any headquarters. I maintain that I have had harder work than any man in the Commission of my standing, and I say this not because I wish it to be counted to my credit, but because it prevented my being on an equality with other officers in examinations which alone determine one's position.

However, he had to resign himself, for the Secretariat had to run on prescribed lines, like all Government departments.

When the Upper Province was taken over, it had been found at first more than enough to deal with the lands neighbouring Burma proper, and the line of the Irrawaddy, and no attempt was made even to investigate the affairs of the warring chiefs of the hills in Shan-land until a year or so later.

There were no maps whatever of any scientific value, and any sketch-maps made by adventurous wanderers were more likely to mislead than help.

Maj.-Gen. White (F.-M. Sir George S. White, V.C.) was commanding the Burma Field Force. Sir Charles Bernard, who had been Commissioner for the Lower Province, became Chief Commissioner for the whole country, but was succeeded by Sir Charles Crosthwaite in March 1887. Lord Dufferin was Viceroy in India; at the end of 1888 he was succeeded by the Marquess of Lansdowne. Thus the stage was set at the time when Scott threw in his lot with the Burma Commission.

The problem was to know how to tackle the Shan States. Even their names were uncertain, much more their extent, population, languages and the habits of the people. Thirkell White, Secretary for Upper Burma

(Sir Herbert Thirkell White, K.C.I.E., Lieut.-Governor of Burma for two periods), writes to the Government of India :

The list contained in the draft notification, enclosed in my letter, was prepared in consultation with the Burmese Ministers and is believed to contain a list of the Shan States actually subject to Upper Burma at the time of the annexation. But further discussions with the Ministers and with persons conversant with the affairs of the Shan States have led the Chief Commissioner to the conclusion that the notification should be somewhat modified.

One state was said to be deserted, there were two others widely apart with the same name. Some had given a divided allegiance to Burma and to China, sending tribute to both at the same time or alternatively. But the real difficulty lay with the Trans-Salween States claimed by Siam.

Over these there was some correspondence with Ernest M. Satow (Sir Ernest M. Satow, K.C.M.G.), H.B.M.'s Minister Bangkok, and with William John Archer (C.M.G.), H.B.M.'s Acting Vice-Consul in Chiengmai. The Siamese Government are begged to do nothing about it until a joint Commission to decide between Siamese and Shan dependencies and their borders can be arranged.

Followed a great deal of writing backwards and forwards, and strong determination on both sides not to commit themselves and give anything away. When the time came Scott was to go out on that Commission, and find that the Siamese had a very convenient habit of vanishing when any decisive question was to be settled. But of that anon. Meantime the states were more or less *terra incognita*, and nothing practical was done.

Scott was at Meiktila for a while before he went up as Assistant-Commissioner, Shan States. Writing many years later he makes some interesting remarks about Meiktila as it was in those days :

I remember the time when a head-man—I forget where he came from—somewhere in the Meiktila district—pointed out two or three places in a dry sandy water-

course to the transport officer, and told him he could always get water there if he dug down deep enough. The transport officer did not seem so pleased as he was expected to be. . . . The time I am thinking of is the end of 1886, when Taunggyi had not even been heard of. Even Meiktila district had not been settled. The mails came over in those days, guarded by Madras Ho-sahib lancers. The average time was three weeks from Rangoon. . . . There were two companies of a British regiment at Hlaing-det most of the year. It is a marvel they did not all die of the badness of the water. Communications between the two places were kept up by weekly mails. The Meiktila-Hlaing-det mail was much more bag than contents—nevertheless, it was always carried by two men, and each of them got ten rupees for the journey. The artless subalterns assumed that these mail-runners were either dacoits having a rest or wild men of the woods. They therefore thought it necessary to feed them on bread and butter and mustard, or sorbets of toast soaked in Worcester sauce. The relish with which these delicacies were disposed of deprived them of all desire to try again, but there was a perennial trickle of chubby-faced new subalterns and a more or less constant deficiency of mustard and cayenne pepper in the mess.

In 1886 there were not merely no carts but there was not even a road. Everything went along the river bed, Sepoys and Tommies, mountain guns and bags of atta, and the General commanding, and much bad language.

Scott schooled himself to the use of the formal terms and phrases demanded in addressing Government departments, but his expressive pen could not adapt itself to platitudes otherwise, and his Reports were a revelation to the department :

The reports are admirable illustrations of how Blue-books need not be dry-as-dust compilations. They contain much

SCOTT'S REPORTS

interesting matter even for the general reader. Mr. George Scott is a master of the art of imparting to solid facts of a report or a history the vitality and significance that hide themselves from the public eye (*Rangoon Gazette*).

Even in the very beginning his work was shrewdly noted.

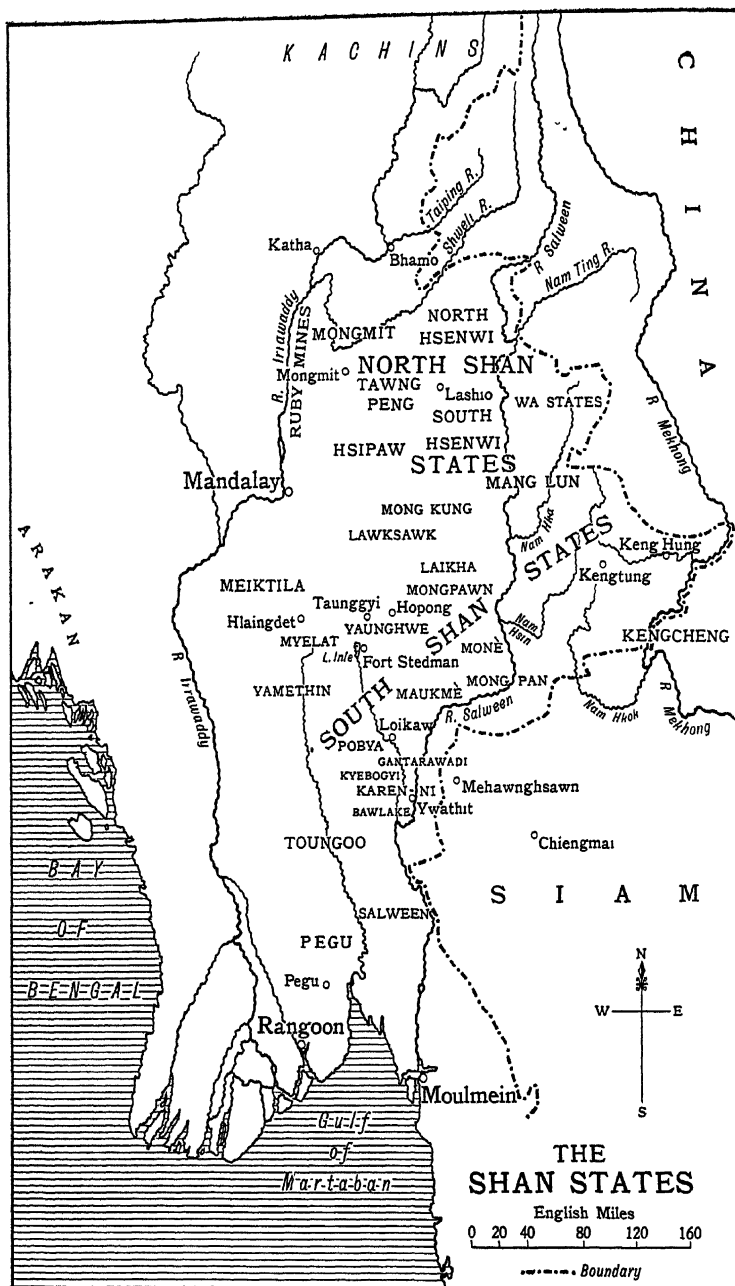
To the editor of the "Rangoon Gazette."

The people of Burma are greatly indebted to you for publishing Mr. Scott's report on the Shan States. Everyone appears to have read it, and everyone is delighted with it. To people accustomed to the familiar type of blue book, and to the average book of travels, it has come as a pleasant surprise, for which they can hardly feel too grateful.

This was one of the letters to the editor.

Here is another tribute :

One day last week I read in the papers that Mr. J. G. Scott had been appointed superintendent of the affairs of the Shan States, an outlandish region which is geographically nowhere in particular, for it is surrounded by Burmah, China, Tonquin, Annam and Siam, and is more or less connected with them all. Why, bless me, it seems only yesterday that he had his hospitable chambers in the roof in Plowden buildings, and dined regularly every Saturday at the Savage ; and he is now a ruler in the Shan States, and has been putting salt on the tails of wily dacoit leaders ; and, as I read in the last administration Report of Burmah, persuading rebel princes and others to come in and surrender ! I have a faint impression, got possibly from a picture-book of my childhood, that in these places the people sleep up the trees. J. G. S. will not think much of this after Plowden Buildings ; but I never knew a man in my life, who, if he were " up a tree " in another sense, would come down quicker or more safely. From Ludgate Circus to Charing Cross there was no man of readier resource, shrewder mother wit, or better nature. He might have reached fame and fortune without going beyond Fleet Street and the Strand had he wished.



But his heart was back in Burmah, and when Sir Charles Bernard was pushed for good men after the annexation of Upper Burmah, he telegraphed for Scott who joyfully went (*The Hawk*).

Very little is known to people in England about the Shan States even now, though Scott in his swan-song, *Burmah and Beyond*, the volume published only three years before his death, did for these heterogeneous peoples what he had done for the Burmese many years before. He put within the covers of that book the experience of many, many years, illuminated by an exceptional affection and insight. These people loved him and respected him ; no man but he could have won them over without bloodshed. As the writer in *The Times* said of him in the last summary, speaking of the pacification of the Shan States,

The work was arduous, but before the end of 1888 the mission had succeeded in transforming some two or three millions of excited and rebellious Shans, scattered over an area of nearly 80,000 square miles of difficult country, into loyal subjects, and had done so without resort to actual military operations.

His name will always be associated with the British administration of Burma, and the interpretation of the history, life and thought of the people of that country throughout the world. . . . The great contribution he made to the advancement of civilization in the Shan States.

How he was regarded by the chiefs (Sawbwass) themselves, when they got to know him, is best told in this simple incident. Many years after his retirement, he had occasion to visit the country again on a business journey. He put up at the rest-house in the country

THE SHAN STATES

NOTE TO MAP ON P. 68.

The Shan States as shown here seem out of all proportion to Burma Proper, because the names are given while the rest is left blank. But it is thought better not to confuse the reader with too much detail. The names of the States are in larger type; towns in smaller.

of Yaungthwe, one of the most influential of the chiefs. When he woke in the morning and went out on to the verandah, there was crouched the ruler of between two and three thousand square miles, with hands upraised in shikko crying out: "You are my oldest friend!" Within the comparatively small area of this mountainous country lying in the great bulge made by Burma to the east, are more diverse races, more spoken and utterly different languages than in any similar area on the world's surface. There are six distinct forms of written character in Shan, and a picturesque description, "like the wriggling of worms," might be applied to the Shan alphabet.

The great hills lying north to south, cleaving the country and leaving deep valleys between, have cut off intercourse between the various peoples in the past, and our engineers have never been able to carry a railway across, though they have connected the plains with the hills.

Arduous work was entailed on the first investigation because the hills lay on this north to south axis; if they had run west to east the work would not have been so difficult, but as it was, almost any march into the interior meant days of rough going, first mounting up and then scrambling down, so that after an exhausting day's work the march might, in linear measure, be about eight miles.

Scott's relations with these people in his comings and goings are full of humour and excitement. Many of the incidents would bear comparison with any out of a boy's book of adventure. In the following chapters some attempt is made to give sketches of these. But as for the peoples themselves and their characteristics, they must be sought in the book above mentioned, for this narrative must keep strictly to the personal, or it would outrun possibility of publication.

In this book I have deliberately chosen to put the names of the various states as established by customary usage, that is to say, they are written in the easiest way for Western tongues. Some are Shan and some Burmese. I have also omitted most accents that are not necessary for pronunciation. When the Commission began its work in the Shan Highlands the difficulty was the great

diversity of spelling, which made even the identification of some places a difficulty.

In his first days at Meiktila, before he was sent up into the more out-of-the-way parts, the work Scott was set to do was extraordinarily complicated. In one of the first of the numerous dacoit cases he had to try, he notes in his diary—"Queer affair. Not very clear that the captors are not the dacoits and the prisoners the victims. Postponed." Then a few days later: "It appears that I was right. The captors *are* the real dacoits." Therefore the case was dismissed.

In the little house in Sussex there still hangs a large bronze gong, 21 inches in diameter, of which Scott wrote :

This gong belonged to either the Shwe da Bo or Maung Gyi, two dacoit leaders who gave us a lot of trouble in the early rains of 1886. Their camps were in the foothills east of Wundwin and the Hentha Lake, and they terrorized the countryside. They killed Captain Forbes in charge of a commissariat party going from Meiktila to Hlaing-det (where he is buried), not far east of where the present Thazi railway junction is. In the rains there was a combined movement to capture these men. I was with the Wundwin party, and when the mountain guns began to fire, my pony, which I had bought only a few days before (he was killed three years later by the man-eating tigress), promptly bolted straight for the dacoits' lines. Col. Swetenham sent four Mounted Infantrymen after me and we went a matter of two or three miles, edging off to the right. Finally I drove the pony into a thorn bush, and we came to a standstill. Then the Tommies discovered a stream of people retreating along the road parallel to the foot of the range and just clear of the jungle. There was an elephant in the middle of them, legging it along for all it was worth. They were a thousand to fifteen hundred yards off. The Tommies opened fire, and the people scattered into the jungle. We rode sedately toward them, and when we

got to the road found the gong dropped there. A cousin of Maung Gyi's, who had submitted to the British Government, said the gong was well known, and the sound of it could be heard fifteen daings (forty miles). I don't believe him, and the experiment has never been made, but it is just possible it might be true over flat rice fields on a damp night. There ought to be a cone of beeswax inside the boss to give it the proper tone.

When Scott was appointed Assistant Political Officer to the Shan States, Arthur Hedding Hildebrand was his immediate chief. Hildebrand was a senior officer in the Commission in Burma. He had seen ten years' service and been on the settlement of the boundary between Karenni and the Shan States, then under the suzerainty of Burma. He had been District Officer in the Salween Hill Tracts, and the Arakan Hills, and more recently Deputy Commissioner of Tharrawaddy. Scott often said that Hildebrand was the ideal chief for him, letting him do exactly as he liked, and always wanting him to take the forward movement and go everywhere. It was frankly acknowledged by Hildebrand that Scott, while with him, was responsible for the Annual Reports. Hildebrand was an able man in his way, but he was of a much more static disposition than his impetuous, energetic subordinate.

In the first Report, issued in the name of Mr. Hildebrand, Superintendent, Shan States, he says handsomely in his preface :

It is compiled by Mr. J. G. Scott, Assistant Superintendent, from special reports and diaries already submitted. . . . Mr. Scott was sent on two special political missions as narrated, one to Mobyè and the other to Monè. He was completely successful in them both, as there has been no fighting between Mobyè and the Karennis since, and he returned from Monè with the most reliable assurances of loyalty from the Sawbwa, and with his earnest of it in the person of the Limbin Prince. I

should be much gratified if some special mark of appreciation is accorded to him for his success.

Writing long afterwards Scott says :

Bold decision and not the writing of letters, was in fact what was wanted. It seems more than probable that the pacification of Burma would have been effected much more rapidly if we had proceeded to occupy the Shan States and the Chin Hills earlier than we did. The immediate result of the marching of British troops into Lawksawk was the surrender of the dacoit leaders, who for over a year had kept the Meiktila and adjoining districts in a state of constant disturbance.

This matter of the Limbin Prince had its humorous as well as its dangerous side, as Scott was quick to see. He explains in the Official Report :

After the fall of Mandalay in 1885 the Shan States were left altogether to themselves for a considerable time. The Shan chiefs were accustomed to have all their inter-state relations managed for them by Burmese officials ; and when the Suzerain power was removed, they were left to get on as they best might. Intrigue at Mandalay and presents of money to the King had caused the transfer of not a few states to new men, some of the reigning family, some with no connection whatever with the State which they thus bought or obtained by bed-chamber favour. The Chiefs dispossessed now saw an opportunity of regaining their seats, and immediately set about it. Prominent among these victims of Burmese misrule were the Sawbwas or chiefs of Monè, Mong-pawn, and Lawksawk, and three minor rulers.

These men had all taken refuge in the Trans-Salween state of Kengtung. To the capital of this state came the Limbin Prince, the illegitimate son of the War Prince

(killed in a Mandalay rising of 1886), and ex-pensioner of the British Government. He was indeed invited by the disaffected party to come. They wanted a leader under whom to rally the other states, so they bethought them of the expedient of starting a candidate for the throne of Burma. Kengtung took up the cause of the Prince, not, it would seem, from any opposition to the British Government, of which he probably knew nothing at all, but from a firm conviction that unless there was some central authority the Shan States would fall a prey to the Chinese or Siamese.

So far the official, now the unofficial :

There are always a great number of princes in the Indo-Chinese countries. When they were small they all played together as if there were no difference between their mothers, no two sides to the blanket.

One of these princes was the son of the man who was heir-apparent to the Burmese throne in the time of King Mindōn. The mother was a dancing girl. The princelet was very good-looking and was much petted.

However, he quarrelled with his half-brother Theebaw :

Consequently when it was known that Theebaw was to be king, he escaped from the palace disguised as a monk. He came down to Lower Burma. Whatever they may have been in Upper Burma, princes were scarce in British territory. He was about twenty years of age, had fine eyes and a picturesque manner.

Shortly therefore the dear prince was appointed a subordinate magistrate on probation. He enjoyed himself very much until it was discovered that he had borrowed money from all the pleaders in his court.

So he disappeared from public view, but still he lived on in Rangoon very comfortably, and nothing was done to him. But later, he responded to the appeal from the

THE CONFEDERATION

Shan States, and while the British were settling in Mandalay he established himself in the hills.

Another prince had also appeared in the Shan Hills, one of less consequence, but he was taken up by several minor states : Legya, Mong-kung and Kyethi-Bansan.

This annoyed the larger confederation, who pounced upon them and overran the two first. There was also the state of Yaunghwe, and there is reason to believe its then ruler was a supporter of the less important prince. At any rate he also was attacked by the Confederation and ran away. They put his half-brother, Saw Maung, on the throne as their own nominee, but another half-brother, called Saw On, tackled him when they withdrew and made himself Sawbwa of Yaunghwe.

This was done by a rather discreditable trick, for Saw Maung was wounded and asked his half-brother to carry on for him, whereupon Saw On seized the power for himself, and would not give it up. As he was established as Sawbwa when the British came in, they accepted him. The whole force of the confederacy had banded against him to drive him out. He appealed to the British. This was in July 1886. His messages became more and more urgent as the Limbin's armies advanced into his territory, burning and devastating all before them. This was the situation when Scott first began to take a real hand in settling the states.

It must be mentioned, however, that after the death of Saw On, Saw Maung succeeded him and it was he who, many years later, proclaimed Scott as his oldest friend.

A force was assembled at Hlaing-det in December 1886 under Colonel Stedman (General Sir Edward Stedman, G.C.B.). There were some companies of the Hampshires, some Gurkhas, fifty Bombay Sappers and Miners. Scott was detailed to go with it as Political Officer, and reached Hlaing-det on December 20, 1886, about eight months after he had joined the Commission.

The following day went out with Mr. Blacker, Executive Engineer, Lieut. Baddeley, R.E., and Lieut. Tinley,

2nd Bombay Lancers, to fix the line of road, which had not up to then been determined. All the roads had been disused for many months, and all roads practicable for bullocks were blocked with felled timber to prevent the driving off of cattle from the plains.

Work on the road and delays in the arrival of commissariat supplies prevented a start being made till the 3rd of Jan., 1887, when 200 Gurkhas under Colonel Stedman marched a distance of 17 miles, and the next day 5 miles further. The road was blocked in many places with timber, some of the trees having been felled that morning only. There were numerous bamboo spikes freshly cut, but no men were seen.

Scott had his work cut out, not only in assisting with the line of road, but in sending out the Chief Commissioner's proclamation to the chiefs. He had sent it to the Chiefs of the Myelat—the sort of intermediate ground between the low-lying Burma and the hills—before starting, and he now wrote letters to seven more chiefs. He already knew some Shan, and was said to be the only man in the Commission who did. Many of the others were still struggling with Burmese, which takes rank as the most difficult language in the world next to Chinese. The letters when written were given to a headman with promise of handsome reward on proof of delivery.

Notes from his diary give the atmosphere :

Hlaing-det, 26 Dec. 1886, Coolies struck. Had the leaders up and threatened to do heaps of illegal things. Got the fear of death on them and extorted promises never to do so any more. 10 pack bullocks.

Then just at dark Beale and Tinley with telegrams.

All Lancers and Mtd. Infantry to go down to Yamethin immediately. Hurried consultation, with the result that after eating a mouthful of dinner I started out at 7.30. Pitch dark. Haze shut out the starlight. Pack of wild

WANDERINGS IN THE JUNGLE

dogs. Villagers doosed skeery about us. Pony fell twice in the dark. No damage. Reached Nyaung-Gaing at 11.30 after a gallop on good bit of road. Stayed half an hour. Sentries a bit troublesome, but got in all right at 2 a.m. Woke up telegraph signaller and wrote out message to Mandalay. Then woke up Bruce; down with fever. Got Boyle's charpoy. Couldn't sleep for cold, being wet up to the thighs and no change and no blanket.

(2 Jan. 1887.) I'm likely to be Assistant Political in Shan States.—Hildebrand coming up to be Commissioner. Doosed hard luck. He'll grab all the credit. [But, as has been seen, he didn't.]

Col. Stedman of the Gurkhas very energetic. Likely to hurry the expedition up. Dined with Tucker in the evening; Vyse and Joseph there. Got on very well. Capital dry sherry.

Doosed cold during night. Up with sun. About 9.30 off to gorge. Very beautiful but most infernally rocky. After a bit, along the side of the hill—the very dickens. Wants a lot of making. About eight miles out, then coolies all unanimous that the other road is the best.

(13th.) Good line for cart road, good deal worn. Then up high ridge past Kubyin gorge. Very fine, about four miles long. Just in at dark. Dinner supplied by me. Slept in little hut. Traces of pig and wild buffalo.

(15th.) Down bed of stream. Then crossing river several times. Thick jungle. About 12 started up gorge. Terribly blocked with trees but apart from that boulders make it impassable. One shot on the right flank; then Gurkhas got sight of them, killed two and wounded another. Evg., bother about dinner. No one knew how to cook. Eventually did pretty well out of tins. Frightfully cold at night. Must have been below 40°.

DACOITS AND CHOLERA

(20th.) Bed not till 11. All wet then. Wounded man says 200 men sent down from Pwe-la ; came by order of the Limbin Prince.

Hildebrand in ; not a bad fellow apparently. . . . My things in too, also puppy. Poor beast, got colic or something. Took him to bed with me. Died there. Hildebrand bossing. Don't see what I shall do if things go on like this.

News that 4,000 men going to fight ; hope they will.

(26th.) In evg. reports of dacoit gangs to the north, Gurkhas after them. Shortly afterwards Hildebrand's elephant carried off by three dacoits. 5 Gurkhas after them. Got the elephant back about six. The seizing of the elephant a great joke. Hildebrand very blood-thirsty over it.

(27th.) Nankōn. They opened fire on us at about 700 yards, bullets about. Yelled defiance at us. Fled at first shell. One friendly killed. I saved a village full of them. Afterwards got the Colonel to give the dead man's wife Rp. 100. Camp dined off my stores again.

(28th.) Some Pwe-la men in, told them to display the red flag showing friendship. Interviewing friendlies all day. People waiting to see how the cat jumps. Brought oranges and sugar candy or rather toffee. Later, some villagers with coal. Evidently been weathered so would not blaze up when put on wood fire. Consequent chaff. Made a very warm fire all the same, burnt to powdery ash. Height 4,400 feet.

(29th.) Pwe-la. Raspberry bushes, peaches and apricots, and apparently cherry trees in flower. Bazaar day. Certain number stayed. Lawksawk Sawbwa's men came running to ask us to help them. Told them the headman must make his submission first.

Another headman in. Hildebrand gave him a chair because he called himself a Sawbwa. Consequently wrath of the others. Pindaya people report that Lawksawk is

DAILY DOINGS

raising a man from every house to oppose us. Will bolt to Monè if licked.

(2nd Feb.) Usual rows. Pongyi had some firewood stolen, got it back for him. Uncle of the headman had 118 baskets of paddy taken. Got that back too. Sent 200 coolies down to Hlaing-det to bring up my things and the D.C.'s. Colonel wrote an official to Hildebrand saying that unless Lawksawk submits he will attack him on the 5th.

(3rd.) Row with escaped mule that came and ate all the bread and then capered round and fetched out the guard. Hoar-frost quite thick. Probably about 8,000 altitude.

(4th.) Went back to last village 40 houses, a thriving place, people rather scared at first, but gassed to them and kept the troops out. Then assembled some fifty men on the banks of the stream and got soldiers round and fraternized. Cantered on ahead of column.

Found headman, Pinhmi and Lwemaw in durbar with Hildebrand. Mistake with chairs again. He had 'em all on the ground. The two last came in with 40 men and two gold umbrellas and a band. They think Moby and Lwelon will fight. Almost certain Lawksawk will. Fight night before last with Yaunghwe.

(5th.) He-ho. Bazaar day. Lots of people. Met the headman. Assured him the troops were all right. Very loud-voiced gentleman. A lot of women wearing blouses. Taungyos and Taungthus. Different language. Bawnin man in on an elephant. As objectionable as ever. Great heaps of people watching all our doings for hours. Hildebrand started a yarn that the Lawksawk man was really the man who was surrounded, consequent complications.

(7th.) Baw-yi-that. Started at 8. Night not so cold as last, but white frost and precious nippy in morning. After half an hour or so Clerk to announce Sawbwa

(Yaunghwe), who shortly afterwards came with 5 gold umbrellas on one elephant, and his son with 4 gold umbrellas on another. Thick-set short man, freckled face. Small half-closed bright eyes, but unpleasant looking. Professed great delight at our arrival. Been fighting for about a year. Lawksawk represented the anti-foreigners, he said. Got Panthays and Kachins in his camp. Against communicating with him. Eventually came round to sending him an ultimatum. This written and despatched by a pongyi (monk). Very fine ruby-studded dha, also a ruby ring set with brilliants. Letters from two other Sawbwas.

(8th.) Went out with the troops on a reconnaissance. Saw Kugyo on other side of valley with stockades, works, etc. The pongyi, who was to have carried the letter to Lawksawk, has definitely declined to do so. Engaged in getting particulars of Kugyo, and got a man to make a mud model in Clark's tent.

This is a very curious little incident about which Scott wrote a fuller account later on. He came across the man by accident, when he was out scouting the afternoon before with a very sketchy map given him by one of the Yaunghwe Ministers. He went "with a mtd. Infantry man as escort and a half-Madrassi half-Burmese scallywag who called himself an interpreter, and spoke many languages and not one of them correctly." He came upon a cattle-man cultivator, who made him a sort of plan of Kugyo fort, where he said he had at one time lived. This plan was so good that Scott took the man back with him to the camp and got him to make a model in clay inside one of the officer's tents.

The man got a lot of mud and made a complete projection of the enemy's position on the hill. It was very cleverly done. I should like to see an English ploughman try his hand at anything of the kind, but this man did it as if he had been at this sort of work all his life.

ATTACK ON KUGYO

He showed the ravines and the paths and the walled monastery at the top, and he even put in bits of chopped grass to show where the ground was spiked. There was a deep trench running round the back of the place where the ground dips and rises again to the ridge behind.

The troops of the Lawksawk Sawbwa occupied Kugyo, which was in Yaunghwe's territory. He had been repeatedly told to withdraw and disband, and that his quarrel with Yaunghwe would be settled for them.

Baw-yi-that (9th Feb.). I went ahead with guides, and after a bit made a variety of excursions, a quarter of a mile ahead of the troops, to warn the friendly posts not to be alarmed, or to make a noise when we passed. Found most of them much more wideawake than I had expected. At one place nearly fired on. Awful third-class funeral business; animals so slow notwithstanding the moonlight. Got on to ridge leading S.W. towards Kugyo about dawn. Then some d——d humbug, skirmishing through a pagoda enclosure where there could not possibly be anybody. Result, rising of sun and firing of a warning gun to our left front. Got guns into position, and wasted a lot of time blazing away shells at different ranges. Lot of men from the fort left, but the rest cheered defiantly and fired guns. Then advanced infantry. Went along with right flank. Stream fourteen feet deep, sheer, nine foot wide channel. Hard to jump it. Up beastly hill slope and into stockade. Beggars bolted. Volleys after them down the hill. Signs of a boss pongyi, said to be the Sawbwa's step-father, but more possibly Sawbwa himself. Had some sandwiches and then went on. Got in at 3 p.m., 15 hours of it.

(10th.) Sawbwa sent two elephants for us to ride in on. Hildebrand on one. The Colonel and self on the other. Rode along bund down strath. Sawbwa met us a mile out with gongs and trumpets. The Gurkha band

struck up to the great consternation of the elephants. Calmed them down eventually.

It is illuminating to add Scott's unofficial view of the position at this time.

There was a hill-chief who was surrounded by enemies. He knew no more of the British Government than any of those who were attacking him, but he was in a very tight place, so he announced his submission to the British Government, and asked to be saved from destruction. He was anything but a respectable old gentleman, but at any rate he was up in the hills and it was necessary to do something there. He knew everybody, and it was convenient to have a starting-off point to tackle the rest of the few score chiefs that were on our eastern front. So a column was formed ; a native regiment, half a battalion of British infantry, and two guns of a mountain battery. The mountain battery was the only one that was well supplied with transport. It had its mules for the guns and limbers, the ammunition and the gunners' kit. The rest had to depend upon a scratch collection of mules to carry the tents and emergency requirements. What remained had to go on pack bullocks. They cannot go more than two miles an hour on hill roads, and four hours is about the limit of a day's march. There is a driver to every eight bullocks and they go loose, so that they straggle desperately, but they are all muzzled so that at least they shall not browse their way along. The baggage guard has therefore a very wearisome time of it.

A party of Sappers cut paths along the hill sides where the native road meandered along the bed of streams, and went over sheets of rocks and boulders. These earth roads however proved a mistake. They looked very nice to start with, but a few hundred pack animals soon cut them up into a swamp, and the beasts preferred the bed

of the mountain streams and the guard followed them. The column therefore lumbered along in a very slow and stately way, and the Political Officer, who had instructions to avoid fighting if it was in any way possible, sent off numerous letters to the nearest and most powerful of the Chiefs, full of arguments, promises and veiled threats. All these proved of no effect. He got a few replies, couched in very lofty language, but most of the letters remained unanswered.

Some of the answers stated that the Chief whom the column had gone to relieve, had no business to be a chief at all, and that was why he was being attacked. He had got himself appointed Chief by a dirty trick played on his own brother. He was a man no one liked and his people were cattle-thieves.

The column marched east, and the country was a series of ranges and valleys running north and south and it was practically unmapped, so that it was a good deal longer than had been expected before the expedition arrived at its destination. The beleaguered chief came out on an elephant with a double row of retainers. They were armed with comic opera weapons, tridents and pikes and spears festooned with horse-hair dyed red.

The Column pitched camp four miles from the capital, near some dry rice beds and a mountain stream. To further complicate the situation, it seemed that the people from the capital had mostly gone over to a village behind the enemy's lines, as it was bazaar day there. It was difficult to know how to fit all this in.

CHAPTER IV

RAIDS AND COUNTER RAIDS

Thumb-nail Sketches of the Shan Chiefs—The Red Karens give Trouble—Scott walks up between two opposing Firing Parties

THOUGH it is quite impossible to give any idea of all the Shan States' chiefs in such a book as this, it is necessary to give some indication of those men who were particularly making themselves conspicuous, in their struggles to oust each other. Scott in writing home said of them at this time :

I don't believe it possible to settle the question finally except by the death or deportation of some of the candidates. They are men of great personal influence and physical strength, and won't be easily disposed of. I fancy there won't be any peace until they are allowed to cut one another's throats. (It is fifty years ago. They are all gone now.)

Of Monè, aged forty, he says : He occasionally takes fits of energy and manages state affairs, but usually devotes himself to agriculture and gardening of which he is very fond. He walks a great deal (a most singular trait in a chief), and affects severe simplicity in his dress and train. Very pious and extremely popular with his subjects.

Of Yaunghwe, about forty-five. Plumes himself on being the first Sawbwa to accept British suzerainty, but his submission was due to a just conviction that it was his only chance of safety. Affects to be Chief Adviser to the Superintendent and is irrepressible and insatiable in his habit of intrigue. Disliked by all his brother chiefs and

very much feared by his people. Has nevertheless shrewd notions of developing his state.

Of Mawkmè, aged twenty-eight. Weak; badly educated, speaks Burmese with difficulty. Loyalty nevertheless undoubted. When he shakes off the trammels of his wife's relations he may do well. This will come about when the ladies lose their good looks.

Of Legya, aged thirty-five. Effeminate and lackadaisical, but anxious to please, and loyal so far as he has energy for anything. Was at one time unpopular with his subjects, but seems to have lived it down from sheer want of colour or idiosyncrasy.

Of Mong-pawn, about thirty-eight. Overflowing with zeal and energy. Mixes himself up in everybody's affairs. When he is present he talks enough for a Women's Rights meeting and no other chief can get in a word. Wishes to travel abroad and would be greatly the better for it. He is an extremely good rifle shot.

Of Lawksawk, aged forty. Personally acquainted with nearly every chief in the states and knows all their recent history and connections. He smokes opium and drinks, but neither to excess. These habits, however, shock some of the more strait-laced.

These are the principal characters, but, it must be remembered, there are in all forty states, including the Trans-Salween ones. They range in size from Kengtung, on the eastern side, with its 12,000 square miles of territory, to such little states as Pinhmi and Namtök with an area of about 20 square miles apiece. The chiefs are Sawbwas or Myosas according to status.

The whole Shan race is fairer of complexion and stockier of build than their Burman cousins, they have been called the Highlanders of Burma. Indeed, if you see a Shan a little distance off, with his wide, short dark-blue trousers, which fall like a kilt, and his bonnet, the comparison is irresistible.

The situation at this time, the middle of February

(1887), was as follows. Yaungwhe had been rescued from his enemies, and the site for the Residency and military Fort chosen and begun in his state. (This was Fort Stedman, so called in honour of the Colonel.) The whole of the Myelat had submitted, and most of the chiefs had come in to make submission in person, others had done so by letter. To the north Lawksawk and Mong-pan might be supposed likely to submit. North of these, three small states had shown their loyalty. Letters were sent to the Sawbwas and Myosas of Monè, Mong-pawn, Hopon, Naungmon, Namtök, Banyin, and Thatōn telling them to consider carefully the Chief Commissioner's proclamation and to submit and live in peace with one another. Letters were also sent to the Karenni chiefs offering friendship (Report).

There was however no sign of the eastern states giving in, and indeed it was announced that the Limbin confederates had taken a fresh oath to stand or fall together. Meantime in the south Moby and Poby (Western Karenni) were fighting, and Moby crying out that the Red Karens were attacking him, and he wanted help. "The Assistant Superintendent was sent to ascertain the feeling and sentiments of those in the world outside the influence of the Yaungwhe Sawbwa, and to settle the quarrel between Moby and Poby.

The party went by water. 100 Gurkhas under Captain Pulley (Colonel Charles Pulley, C.B.), and Lieutenant Battye, with Surgeon Fuller in medical charge. The distance to the capital of Moby where the old Burmese garrison was stationed was 70 miles.

At its debouchure from the lake the Bala Chaung is rather a swamp or huge reed bed with narrow channels through it than a river. The valley however, rapidly narrows, and about nine miles below the lake there is a definite channel with fairly high banks. . . . The small state lying on the river was found to be completely burnt



J. G. SCOTT
DR. R. T. DARWIN

A. H. HILDEBRAND
C. H. BARNARD

W. I. MUNTZ
CAPT. V. C. TONNOLICH
G. C. B. STIRLING

Fort Steadman, 1889

BURNT VILLAGES

out (this had been done by Yaunghwe). In the ten days between the passing down of the party and its return, however, a good many families had returned and run up for themselves temporary shelter huts.

They went on to Saga, where "not a few villages had been burnt, some as recently as three weeks before," and to Namtök, where "Lwelon had burnt all the villages except one." When they reached the capital of Moby the Sawbwa was not there, but soon came in, and was profuse in his expressions of delight at the settlement of the States by British agency.

He said he had hoped for it and urged it for the last thirty years. Now that they had come there would be peace. He used the favourite expression of the common people: "The Thagyamin has descended." Fighting had been going on with Poby the day before the arrival of the troops, but stopped, and was not renewed. The Shans stand in great awe of the Karenni, who make periodical man-hunting expeditions. It is true that since the occupation of Fort Stedman these slave-hunting raids have ceased, but the attitude of Sawlapaw, the Sawbwa of Eastern Karenni, is undoubtedly hostile.

The party had hardly got there, however, when they were ordered back. This Scott thought very unwise, he would have liked to go right down through Karenni to lower British Burma and thus open a trade route. He said that their withdrawal would not be understood and have a very bad effect, which was exactly what did happen. If he had gone on and tackled the Karenni with his sure touch, he would probably have got hold of them and saved the bloodshed at Nga Kyaing, the nastiest episode in the whole pacification, and probably, however, as things were, quite necessary. However, Scott had to obey orders. He walked the greater part of the way back, possibly to ease his feelings.

From his diary :

Karennis still man-hunting. Met Panthays, tried a little Chinese on them. Villages burnt ; different tales everywhere. Most of the population remained till dark glaring their hardest at us. The quarrel with Pobyas began about three bullocks which were sold and strayed back again. Nothing but egrets and paddy birds about. Too many boats for duck but got a couple of coot. Mosquitoes frightfully bad at night. Limbin prince's whereabouts doubtful. Said to have killed two of his men before he left Hopon.

When we got back the 27th arrived in the morning. Played themselves in, Swetenham, Rose, Johnston, Wallace and Smythe. Sawbwa in afterwards, asked me if all the people down south did not call him a blackguard. Said they did. Just what he thought they would. Mong-pawn, he says, a good shot and a brave man, killed seven men with nine shots. . . . I invited the whole lot of officers to dinner, 30 of us sat down. Did not get to bed till 2. Asked the men of the 27th the next night. It was a much quieter evening.

Bustling up bullocks. Sawbwa in, stayed as usual a couple of hours. Wanted to know what hats English merchants wore, heard they were of gold. Said he would buy a Taungthu woman and give her to us for despatch to England as a curiosity.

A letter from Sawlapaw to Pobyas in Western Karenni was sent on by Pobyas to the British. This letter is good enough to print in translation :

Order from Sawlapaw to Pobyas and Bawlachè.

I have not interfered in the struggles that have been going on between the Mobyas Sawbwa and Bawlachè, aided by Pobyas. I hear that Bawlachè and Pobyas have invited the English Kalas to come, and I now send down messengers to inquire whether this report is true. If the Kalas are invited to the Karenni country, all the Karennis will become

slaves to the Kalas. If it is desired that the government of Karenni should be hereditary, the Kalas should not be asked to come. But if the invitation has been sent, the Kalas should be written to to return.

The Kalas are not an ordinary race. They captured the Burmese king and annexed his empire. This is known to Poby and Bawlachè. By all means the Kalas should be asked to turn back.

An early reply as to whether the present order will be obeyed is requested. (Report.)

As a matter of fact, many years before, when Karenni was offered to the British Government, the offer had been declined, and the country was made independent by a treaty between Britain and the King of Burma. A British party under A. H. Hildebrand had come up and marked out the frontier. Hildebrand was now Superintendent of the Shan States, so it was hardly likely that the treaty would be upset.

The month of March was full of rumours and alarms. Great attempts were made to induce the chiefs to come to Hopon to meet the Superintendent. Then came the news that the three chiefs who had made submission to the British, headed by Legya, were attacking Mong-pawn with large bodies of troops. They had invaded his territory, burnt several villages and were threatening his capital, moreover they announced they had done so by order of the Superintendent. Letters were sent off by runners, telling them to stop fighting at once.

On the 23rd April we started for Mong-pawn, camping one night and marching on next day to Mong-pawn itself. The ascents and descents are very heavy, but a good made road runs the whole way, and in most places has been kept in very good order. Ridges exceeding 5,000 feet were passed three times. The total distance is about 25 miles.

Within an hour of our arrival we had ocular demonstration of the activity of the invading forces. A hill village was set fire to on the range east of Mong-pawn

valley. We set off therefore with 40 mtd. Inf. and 50 Punjaubis under Major Swetenham himself. About 8 miles north of Mong-pawn we came upon the opposing forces.

The valley steadily narrowed, and just where it was something like a gorge the chief of Mong-pawn was found. The invading forces occupied two main positions on knolls outstanding from the general slope of either side of the valley. These were held in considerable force, and were protected by earthen parapets, ditches, bamboo spikes and log stockades. Skirmishers were at that moment engaged in burning villages high up on the hill-side.

The Mong-pawn people had also two main positions much more hastily constructed, though one of them was a walled pagoda enclosure. Both sides were carrying on a dropping fire with very little chance of hitting one another, since their guns were mostly flint-locks and old Tower muskets, and the range was what the combatants thought a safe distance. The Chief explained that the invaders had appeared without any warning three days before and begun burning and looting.

Extraordinary situation. Had met the Sawbwa (Mong-pawn) just behind with some twenty men. A stout-built, jovial-looking creature. But got a lot of conceit about him. Went on with us. Hildebrand could not make up his mind what to do. The Sawbwa thought the simplest way would be for us to fire on the invaders. But, as was explained to him, these men were followers of chiefs who had made submission and been received in Mandalay. There must be some absurd mistake.

Mong-pawn was exasperated. He said they had carried off buffaloes, bullocks and rice, also five "guns firing with caps, not mere matchlock guns, and burnt four villages." Hildebrand explained that he had come

up there to stop warfare, and that if he could only say a few words to these misguided creatures he could easily persuade them.

While they were still talking the firing, which had been stopped on both sides, out of curiosity on the arrival of the British troops, began with three or four shots from a point between two and three thousand feet up the hillside to the west, and almost immediately there was a ragged fire all along the line, and a shrill jackal-like howl from the main stockade of the invaders.

"None of my men would dare to go," said the Chief. The Colonel suggested they could get round behind and come down upon them and turn them out. He was much annoyed at the delay because his men had been hurried on and had nothing to eat all day.

Two men just then dragged in a prisoner with his arms tied behind him, Hildebrand seized upon him as a messenger, and wrote a letter saying that hostilities must immediately cease. The letter was thrust into a cleft bamboo and handed to the man, who was released and then crawled off along the main road, and was soon hidden by a bend. Needless to say, he was not seen again.

Meantime Scott, chafing at the delay, had climbed up a small ridge to get an idea of the position, and went on strolling up the slope with no very definite idea of what he was doing. He was in full view of both sides, and after he had gone about a couple of hundred yards the firing on both sides stopped, and a few paces further on he stopped too.

"Have a revolver if you are going on," called out the Colonel.

"They will not dare to harm you," shouted Hildebrand.

"Send me a box of matches, my pipe's out," returned Scott. He had had no thought of going on, but now

that it seemed to be expected of him he thought he might as well do it dramatically.

The matches were brought by an ex-ruling chief, attached to the column to furnish information, check the interpreter and communicate with the other chiefs, all of whom he knew personally. This man was called the Tabet Sawbwa. He volunteered to go on up to the post if Scott went.

"As you please," said Scott. "I'll be very glad if you will come to do the talking."

They forthwith began the steep part of the climb, where the curve of the hill shut out all view of the stockade on the top. They did not see it again until they got over the stair-like, terrace cultivation, with ledges as high and narrow as one sees about the hills of Naples, and in the south of Italy generally.

They were within a couple of hundred yards of the stockade of the allied post when Scott suddenly stepped out into full view. There was not a man to be seen in the stockades.

"Better get under shelter while I talk to them," said the Tabet, cautiously peeping over the edge of the last step.

For answer Scott turned his back on the stockade, and carefully filled and lighted his pipe again. It had its effect. Two or three heads appeared over the top of the stockade.

"Is the Chief there?" called out the Tabet Sawbwa.

"Who are you? Why have you come?" was the answer shouted back.

"Who are your leaders? The Administrator General of the hills has come, and tells you to lay down your arms."

"Is that the *Ayebaing* [Deputy Commissioner] with you?"

"The *Ayebaing* waits below. This is the noble Assistant. He guarantees your safety."

Two or three men had come outside the stockade by

this time, when suddenly there was a shot from far up the hill and the buzz of a round bullet. The men disappeared like rabbits inside the stockade. Scott shook his fist angrily at the party down below, and walked rapidly towards the stockade.

The Tabet Sawbwa kept close behind him, protesting against this impetuosity, and imploring him to beware of bamboo spikes. By extraordinary good luck he escaped these, with the exception of one that went through the side of his putties. While he was pulling this out some men appeared at the gate of the stockade.

Scott said casually as if the matter were of small importance: "Look here, it will soon be dark. I don't know if you are as hungry as I am, but Mong-pawn has lots to eat." His words were repeated from one to the other with laughter and in a few minutes he and the ex-Sawbwa were the centre of a crowd of men, all of them armed and all talking at once. Fortunately the Tabet discovered two old acquaintances, and after a good deal of talk, impatiently interrupted by Scott, a party of ten went down the hill with him.

Then there was more talk, Mong-pawn taking a prominent part, and at last Hildebrand broke in and asked them why they had come into friendly territory burning and slaying. The leaders replied in a sort of chant: "We assist the British Government according to the orders of the Greater and Lesser Secretaries and our lord the Administrator General!"

"But you were told to remain at peace."

"The Lord of the Kalas said to our chiefs: I charge you to assist me and the British Government in every way you possibly can. He told us you were up here and ordered us to assist you. This we did, have we not done well?"

This was unanswerable, and an attempt to show it was a misunderstanding was a failure.

RAIDS AND COUNTER-RAIDS

But Mong-pawn was so jolly, and so pleased over his own prowess, that the matter was tided over. The newcomers buttered him up.

"There are none who shoot like you," said Maing-kaing, to him; "you have an admirable load-behind gun."

Mong-pawn was above all things proud of his skill in shooting. He burst out: "Yesterday I fired at a man behind the stockade. I hit him, did I not?"

"You hit him in the leg. He lies grievously ill."

This put him in high good humour. He found out that he had made two more successful shots with his carbine, and he was almost pleased that the situation had arisen so as to enable him to show off his marksmanship before so large and varied a gathering. He insisted at first, however, that the invaders must surrender everything they had taken. They said they would give up the guns, but the rice and cattle they could not return as they had been eaten. Moreover, they had not food enough to carry them home. The end of it was that Mong-pawn consented to take whatever could be found, and he not only fed the invaders there and then, but promised them two days' rice to take them home. Thus the reconciliation of the chiefs was effected on the actual scene of the fight in the best manner of the light opera stage. (Adapted and curtailed from "Snuffed out," *Cornhill*, August 1906.)

Scott notes in his diary, "Got in just after dark, doosed fagged." No wonder!

CHAPTER V

THE PRINCE'S PROGRESS

*A Journey of Seventy Miles in the Rains—The Brother-in-Law—
The Tabet Sawbwa—The Limbin Prince's Dignity—The Five-
Cubit Potentate dead—Scott brings in the Prince—Buys the Band—
Jubilee Celebrations and Office Work*

MONG-PAWN had really been the moving spirit in the Limbin confederacy. His opinions were therefore worth consideration. The following day he expressed his willingness to accept the first simple form of Sanad after a few points had been explained to him. This sanad is the document or patent of chief-ship conferred by the Government on any chief who has made declaration of allegiance, and promised to observe certain conditions therein set forth.

Mong-pawn was particularly anxious that the state of Kengtawng, which had been taken from Monè by the Burmese king, and handed over to Tweek nga lu, should be restored. He said it was this incident which had led to the revolt of all the sawbwas against King Theebaw. He said also he was sure the Limbin Prince would give in if properly approached, but of course he could not answer for him. He was now at Monè and it was essential to do something about it at once if any good results were to be expected.

The trouble was that Monè was 70 miles away and the rains were just beginning ; anyone who has travelled across country in the rains knows what that means. It was at first suggested that Hildebrand should go to persuade the Prince, but there was an immediate difficulty about rations. The Adjutant said that rations could only be found for a very small force. Scott was always for taking as few as possible ; it made for mobility and

THE PRINCE'S PROGRESS

was not likely to arouse such panic in the native mind as to lead to sudden flight at the last minute. He said, if necessary, he would go alone, or, at any rate, with a very small escort. So it was eventually arranged that Hildebrand should go back to Fort Stedman there to await the return of the party, while Capt. Wallace and fifty men of the 27th Punjaubis accompanied Scott to Monè. Lieutenant Jackson, R.E., and Dr. Manders, A.M.D., were also to go with the escort.

The 2nd of May (1887) we marched over the Menetaung Pass to the outskirts of Monè territory [writes Scott], this is a distance of nine miles. The descent on the eastern side is very heavy and in fact absolutely impassable after rain. On the same day Hildebrand returned to Fort Stedman. The plain here is about forty miles wide and extends almost without break, and with only slight undulations, over to the Kengtawng range. The spur dividing Monè from Manseik falls away into the plain eastward of Banpein, and the same level country runs north to Legya. The altitude is over 4,000 feet.

The only names on the maps had been picked up by men with no ear for tonal languages, considerable eccentricity in the way of spelling, and applied to places which had been burnt to the last stick in the recent fighting.

The party were very nearly brought to grief by their own enthusiasm ; they had no transport except coolies, yet they cheerfully began a 20-mile march over a 5,000-foot range. The unaccustomed weight and shape of the packages wore out the coolies, and they all disappeared on the second night, though with packages made up in the local way they would have gone on for days. This was embarrassing, for the party could not go back any more than they could go forward. While they were discussing it in a branch-and-leaf shelter hastily improvised, the clerk came in to say that the brother-in-law had come in. It turned out this was a man who had married the Monè Chief's sister.

This was indeed fortunate. It appeared that the brother-in-law was at the moment washing himself and changing his clothes in the *pongyi kyoung*. He soon made his appearance and said, having been warned that the British party was coming, he had made a double march to meet them. He was friendly and oddly sophisticated. He had been in British Burma, and there learnt how to shake hands and sit on a chair. He said that he was Governor of the town of Monè and that the Chief did nothing without his advice. He certainly seemed to have some power, for he procured coolies the next day. It was he who explained to the party that one coolie carrying one load balanced on a bamboo would go untiringly, whereas if four men were expected to share a load they would break down. It was explained to him in return that it was difficult to split up a tent into one-man sections. However, that was got over. The brother-in-law was sophisticated enough to ask for some money to pay the men before he impressed them. He got the money and gave a receipt, and the next morning appeared with an army of coolies, who came from no one quite knew where.

There was with the party also the man called the Tabet sawbwa who had made himself useful to Scott in many ways, and had had the pluck to walk up with him between the opposing forces at Mong-pawn. This man (Hkun Nu) was rather a curious character. He had been hereditary ruler of the small state called Tabet, and had been deposed by Theebaw in 1882 because he could not raise enough revenue to satisfy the King's rapacity. After that he had lived in great poverty until the arrival of the British in Upper Burma, when a small pension was given to him, and he had helped in many ways, not standing on his dignity at all. Scott found him both intelligent and trustworthy, and not in the least pushing or peevish, also extremely useful as an interpreter. It was mainly owing to his recommendation some time later, when the state of Lawk-sawk was without a ruler, that this man was appointed Sawbwa. He proved that the appointment was a good one, and ruled his people very well.

THE PRINCE'S PROGRESS

But even though the coolie difficulty was now got over, and they were under the distinguished guidance of the bustling brother-in-law, there were yet serious obstacles. For one thing the rain poured down in a continuous sheet, it was so bad that an enforced halt of a day had to be made at Banpein. This was very vexatious when the essence of the matter was haste and Scott feared to find that when they did reach Monè the Limbin would have evaporated and all his trouble go for nothing.

Rain indeed continued from this time on until the return of the party to Fort Stedman without a break, but so long as it was not absolutely torrential they disregarded it.

The great plain, in the neighbourhood of Manseik, is the centre of Shan silk cultivation. The eggs and larvæ are periodically brought from the Chinese border provinces. The whole district had, however, been ravaged by Legya, and very few villages, and those only a tenth of their former size, remain. Several headmen came in as the British party passed through, and said that the country had been ground down by the rapacity of Tweek nga lu and by his repeated attacks on Monè. Almost all the villages on the route farther on had been wholly or partially burnt by Tweek nga lu's men from Kengtawng two months before.

From the north there is a long avenue-like approach to Monè. The walls of the ancient city still exist in a very dilapidated state. They are about twelve feet high and machicolated. The city is about a thousand yards square and there remain signs of extensive suburbs. Everything had, however, been destroyed. Of 10,000 houses, only 300, mostly recently built, remained; out of 120 monasteries only three were left standing. The Sawbwa himself lived in a bamboo house instead of the former teak-wood Haw. The tents were pitched on sloping ground near the palace. When they arrived the Sawbwa sent round presents of fruit, flowers and rice, as did also the Limbin prince. The former excused

himself for not coming personally on the ground of an acute attack of sciatica. The prince was said to be too unwell to leave the house.

It must be stated here that letters had been received from the senior of the Prince's wives in Rangoon, to the effect that if the Political Officer would only go to him, "His Royal Highness would reverse his flag and hand over to the British Government the hill territories which his mighty army, and the prince's own energy, had overcome."

She had referred to her husband as, "King of the Ninety and nine Gold Umbrella bearing rulers," and signed herself "Queen of the Middle Palace."

The Prince had said he would receive the Political Officer in an "audience" the next day, but Scott had no use for punctilio and went to him at once with the surgeon. He was on a bare hillock outside the town in a mat shed which had been decorated with gilt paper and coloured cloths, and had a sort of canopy over a dais on which he reclined on a German rug with red plush cushions. "He knew me at once and said he would go with me because he knew me." There was nothing for the British to sit on, so they sat down on the edge of the dais, which so disconcerted the Prince that he ordered his "bodyguard" to withdraw.

He talked and talked, wanting to make all sorts of conditions as to the pension he would receive if he once more returned to civilized life, and inquiring whether, if he went, Scott would go the whole way down with him. Nothing could be done that day.

Next day all four officers went to the Prince's quarters preceded by an orderly, two clerks and four chairs. There was wearisome talk, and Scott almost lost his temper at times. He could be very peppery, and he was not smoothed down when the Prince said to him at intervals in English, "Take care, take care!" At length the interview came to an end because they could get no further, and Scott flung away angrily, but had hardly got to his quarters before he received a letter written by the Prince himself, saying it was all right, and that

he intended to surrender, but that the proprieties must be observed. He agreed to go to headquarters, but only if he were allowed to have his gong re-gilt and to ride on an elephant. The privilege of gilding gongs is reserved for real royalties, but Scott had no formality about him, and was not going to let a trifle like this stand in the way, so he willingly agreed. What mattered was to get the man out of the country before he did any more mischief; fomenting trouble and setting one chief against another.

Meantime the Sawbwa of Monè (Kun Kyi) had given in his hearty allegiance to the British Government. He was a delicate-looking man, very pious, and his great longing was to go down to Rangoon and worship at the Shwe Dagon pagoda.

The two states, Monè and Kengtawng (which must not be confused with the much larger Kengtung across the Salween), had always been held together, but Theebaw had practically sold Kengtawng to the freebooter Tweek nga lu. Then he had told Monè that if he paid R.50,000 he could have it back. Tweek nga lu also got a patent for Monè from the Burmese king, and considered he had a right to drive out the Sawbwa, who was not a fighting man. These two patents, probably the last given by the Burmese king, are on embossed strips of gold-foil, with the Burmese peacock seal, and are now in England.

While the British were in this district, the Sawbwa of Thatōn came in and made his submission.

At five, round with the flag to the large open space in front of the palace. The bugle sounded a salute. Captain Wallace's fifty rifles presented arms as I ran up the flag rigged on a rope on a huge bamboo. The Sawbwa's band broke into a triumphant measure. The entire population bowed down and did obeisance to the new flag, and the new Suzerain thus established in the Shan States.

The result was immediate and gratifying. Within three months of the arrival of British troops in the Shan Hills, the whole of the Southern Shan States, hitherward

of the Salween River, submitted, practically without a blow.

After this the next thing was to get the Limbin away. Scott's first idea had been to make a *détour* and visit the state of Mawk-mè, still farther south, on the way back, but the Prince flatly refused to go that way, being afraid of Mawk-mè. So Scott agreed to make his visit there at once and return in a few days, thus allowing the Prince time to get done with his preparations for leaving for Fort Stedman.

The distance to Mawk-mè was over 25 miles, the greater part over rolling country covered with scrub oak jungle. The frontier line between Monè and Mawk-mè falls half-way. Mawk-mè lies in a valley about 20 miles long and 6 broad. The Nanyun River is divided into no less than six channels for purposes of irrigation. On the edge of the height a stand was erected for us to enjoy the view. Abrupt fall of 500 or 600 feet.

On arrival at Mawk-mè the party was told that the Sawbwa had died that morning and all was in confusion.

Early the following morning the (new) Sawbwa came in great state in a gilt buggy drawn by men, with 10 gold umbrellas, ceremonial fans, wands, dhas, betel boxes, spittoons, all gold or gilt. The Sawbwa is about 25. He said Mawk-mè had always wished for British intervention in the Shan States on account of the close connection of the town with Moulmein. He was much interested in the timber trade, even then there were several Moulmein foresters in the town. Mawk-mè is the one town in the Shan states apparently that has not been destroyed in the inter-state wars. There are some very substantial houses in it.

A return visit was paid to the Sawbwa in the evening and the place of reception was a Kyaung [Monks' house] where the body of the deceased Sawbwa (embalmed)

was lying in state surrounded by the women of the palace.

Scott added unofficially :

there was a musical box at the head of the bier which played, "Red as a Rose is She" and "There's nae luck about the Hoose," and another at the foot which repeated, "Don't make a noise or else you'll wake the Baby" and "It's a Pity to waste it," with inexhaustible energy. They both played at the same time to the great pride of the mourners, and there were a number of palace maidens there with fans to keep the flies away.

The man who was dead was known as the "Five-Cubit Potentate" because he was said to have once leaped that height, certainly a very unusual feat for a Shan and still more for a chief, whose idea of dignity it is to take as little personal exertion as possible.

The young chief, through inexperience, pride and stupidity, proved very hard to talk to. He repeated that his one idea was to come under British authority. He repeated this parrot-wise, and had evidently been coached to say it. But though it was good as far as it went, it did not go very far as a subject for conversation. Scott announced that he would be left in charge of his State pending the orders of government, but he must abstain from interfering with his neighbours in any way. This evidently rather got him on the raw, as he looked helplessly at the Chief Minister.

After this the party went back to Monè, and announced that an early start would be made the next day on the return journey to Fort Stedman.

Up at 5. Off to the Prince and rootled him out. Wanted it. Didn't get away till 6.30. Gilded howdah with white cover, and a pony with a silver saddle-cloth, very impressive no doubt ; all this finery was to throw dust in the eyes of the poorer sort and make them think this a Progress instead of a Submission. The Prince

HEAVY RAIN

looked on the sepoys who were put over him on guard as a personal distinction.

His elephant did not go more than two miles an hour. Under these conditions the journey was certainly no pleasure trip. Monè had been careful to have it acknowledged that now the Prince was out of his hands, and that he had no more responsibility for him. The transferred responsibility was not light. There might easily have been some wild attempt at rescue on the road, or the man himself might have changed his mind and tried to get away ; or he might have fallen ill. As it was, Dr. Manders was very seedy, and it rained and rained the whole way.

1st day : Frightfully slippery. No steep ascents, but among rocky hills and rounded summits. Got to Kompot at 12, put the Prince in a rest-house and camped round him. About ten miles of telegraph wire lying on the ground. Limbin wanting food for his people. Distance about 14 miles. Heavy rain during the night.

2nd day : Rain up till 9, got off at 9.30, about 3 miles to the frontier. Abrupt descent into the valley. Very slippery. Prince beginning to find his level a bit more. Long march up. Put Prince in a rest-house where women came and did homage to him. Rained for a long time. Coolies very late getting in. A number of Prince's people did not get in at all. Prince in great tribulation about it. Gave him a tin of corned beef to eat. Sent me a nosegay in return. Distance 16 miles at least.

3rd day : No coolies for hours, except some score or so. We got off at 12. Started up innocent-looking hill, but it became frightfully bad a mile or so up. Huge slippery steeps. Prince frightfully sick over it. Walked up the last mile grumbling like a baby. Camped on the summit, 600 feet. Very cold at first, then rain when the temperature rose. Coolies very long in arriving.

THE PRINCE'S PROGRESS

Then only half a dozen bullocks out of 48. Cut down a pine and had a blaze. Gave the Limbin my tent and slept with the doctor.

4th day : Along ridge for a bit, grand views, then down. Descent much worse than ascent.

5th day : Road very slippery and bad, then up a frightfully long slope to summit of range close on 6,000 feet. Descent not so bad except in one place. Heavy rains just after we got in. Coolies in fairly early but very fagged and everything soaking.

6th day : Rain again in early morning. Off at 9, frightfully slippery and beastly.

The Prince marched in to Banyin with his four umbrellas over him and jauntily wanted to stop. Bridge broken down. Sent the Tabet to bustle up coolies and see about the boats for crossing the river. Wallace had ague, Jackson neuralgia. Three men came to see the Prince at dusk ; so I had double sentries put on.

7th day : Discovered that 17 of Prince's people had bolted. Didn't get started till about 2.30 with about 90 coolies, three of them wounded by spikes in the feet. Mounted them on my spare ponies. Prince very concerned about his people running away. But we got in at 5.30, distance only about 7 miles.

The next day they arrived at Fort Stedman.

The regimental band met them two miles from the station and played them in. The Prince was immensely pleased, and asked that the band and the "guard of honour" should go with him all the way to Rangoon, a good many hundred miles.

At the Prince's own request Scott bought his "band." The flutes, horn and tomtom naturally decayed and went to pieces in the rains or travelling about, anyhow they don't exist any more, but the small and large gilt gongs are still in existence. The big one is a fine

gong, of 20 inches diameter, with a peculiarly rich tone.

The Prince lived harmlessly for the rest of his life in India, first in Calcutta and then in Allahabad, and had a family of eight. Many years later he wrote to Scott,

though there has been no communication between us for the last twenty-two years I have never forgotten you. I remember very well the day [May 8, 1887] I surrendered to you, and also the day I last saw you before leaving Fort Stedman.

Scott's comments on his return to Fort Stedman show the amount of worrying incidental work his job held.

The next day up at 6. Limbin in to see me shortly after about his people; got a coolie headman and 30 men and sent them off to look for them. Then took over money—R.180,000, put it in a strong room. I was interrupted in writing at various times by:—the Pindaya headman, U On, U Tan Ba, U Wang, Pwe-la and Bawnin. Settled Sepoy and Shan quarrel in Pwe-la bazaar. Then Thigyet—there is a lot of dacoity—from Indein, and Pinhmi attacking traders. Ponhmu at Sagwe says that dacoiting is going on there too. Moby is building the place for the troops he hopes are coming. There is a letter from Lawksawk who is bridge-building. The Mangyin pongyi is coming in. There is a list of the damage done in Nga Kyun's attack on Lawksawk. Pinhmi writing about coolies. In the middle of it all came the coolies bringing the chairs and tables from Hlaing-det.

Any official in these regions knows the sort of thing, but then it was all more tiresome because so many factors were still unknown and it was more dangerous to make mistakes.

THE PRINCE'S PROGRESS

On the following day, the 24th, Jubilee celebrations were held with sports, which of course Scott had to organize. In the afternoon a gathering of chiefs and giving of presents.

Rain spoilt it rather. Hildebrand going to apply for a medical certificate. Does not want to stop any longer. Says a man who will sit tight and do nothing is what is wanted. Not a man like himself who goes ahead and doesn't give a damn !

It was certainly gratifying to know that Crosthwaite, the Chief Commissioner, said : " News of the surrender of the Limbin prince and the submission of the influential Sawbwa of Monè have removed some of our anxieties," and that Lord Dufferin had wired : " These circumstances greatly clear the air," though of his metaphor the less said the better. Scott enjoyed it.

It was not quite so amusing to know that both these achievements went to the credit of Mr. Hildebrand. But it must in fairness again be stated that Hildebrand never claimed Scott's achievements as his own, he gave him the full credit, only the strangling red-tape of the bureaucracy prevented recognition of merit getting to any subordinate whilst a senior stood between.

CHAPTER VI

DASH TO CATCH A USURPER

Unusually heavy Rains—Fighting on all Sides—Country burnt out by the Chiefs fighting among themselves—Expedition with the Northern Column—Brush with Bos—Dash to capture the Tweek lu—Complete Success—the Ex-Bo made into Broth—Scott collects Shan MSS.

IN Burma the rains follow the hot weather and nothing much can be done in the way of moving about the country when they begin.

Hildebrand arranged to go to Mandalay to settle about his leave. Scott remarks that if he goes permanently he hopes Thirkell White will be appointed instead, he himself being considered "too junior" in the Commission to hold such a post. But White was far too valuable a man to be spared from the Secretariat.

Just before Hildebrand left,

the Sawbwa produced a request that his forces might be paid for their long resistance to the Limbin lot. Confounded tomfoolery. Hildebrand, however, promised to lay it before the C.C., whereupon the Sawbwa said he would give him half the money if it were granted!

Finished writing the Annual Report. Long official letter also recommending the Tabet for Lawksawk. Five hours' discussion with the Chief of Nawkamaington.

What with all the strange titles now sprung upon them, the officers did not always find it easy to recognize a man's status. First came the Sawbwes Myosas and Ngwegonhms; then there were ministers, in some parts called Amats; after that the Headmen, who were known in various districts as Heins, Seins, Tamons and

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Kyaw. When they got up into the trans-Salween region there were also Payas. All this apart from the Buddhist hierarchy which was led by Tha-thana-paing or Sadaws and came down to Shins. The chief spiritual light in the trans-Salween districts was the Ta fu yè.

Hildebrand says he is leaving "with things established on a firm basis" [remarks Scott]. Find that confounded boy of his has boned all the hens, half of them being mine. The chief I talked to 5 hours yesterday is to go off to-morrow, therefore men with letters must go to-day according to the superstition that people of the same party must not go in opposite directions on the same day. . . . Writing Report about Titles, Honours and methods of Sawbwas. The Viceroy's and Chief's despatches out. Nobody up here mentioned. C. and E. called attention to, as diligent officers. Also Courneuve and Curtis. They'll get the C.S.I. or C.I.E. I imagine a good deal of bad feeling among fellows here. Tremendous number of men mentioned. To be left out is therefore a slur, instead of mention being an honour. All put down to our being so much out of the way. . . .

Message from Yaunghwe that he was grieved to think that though he loved me very much I did not care for him. I should think not, the infernal old ruffian! Told the messenger to tell the Sawbwa that as long as he was a good subject and a good ruler we should be very good friends.

It was a day of this-and-that, mostly small things. "Puppy died. Believe it must have been poisoned. Rather hard losing two in six months."

The wire was broken for a long time, and when mended promptly broke again. The Sawbwas were always wanting to borrow money. One wrote offering to sell his ruby ring for R.200, but there were no buyers. Pouring rain nearly all the time. No wonder the diary is spotted with large marks of mildew. Nevertheless, Scott



Sporting Accessories, Fort Stedman

got up football with the officers, and even a paper-chase. He says that the rain was considered unusually heavy and had destroyed about 1,000 acres of paddy land farther up. The bridges were all swept away, and what roads there were were flooded. There was trouble up north. Kun Sang, the Sawbwa of part of Hsen-wi, was said to have 10,000 men out, "Kachins, Lawas and Chinese."

Long telegram from Secretariat about Hsen-wi business. Have sent an express to Hsipaw to tell him to withdraw on pain of forfeiting all privileges granted to him. Also they tell me to stop Kun Sang. Easier said than done. It is 250 miles off. I am to "warn him of the risks he is running and to get Monè and Yaunghwe to write to him." Writing all day.

There had been a lot of trouble in the northern states of Hsen-wi and Hsipaw. The Sawbwa of Hsipaw had been highly favoured by the Government from the first. He had made his submission at once, being the nearest of all the Chiefs to Mandalay, and the Government had given him arms and ammunition to keep off the "pretender" from Hsen-wi, and had moreover remitted him ten years' revenue. He and Kun Sang had joined forces, and were attacking others. It is not a history of the Shan States we are writing, and this hardly comes in, but it is necessary just to mention it.

On August 22 Scott makes a note that he passed the Revenue examination in the Higher Standard. He took it in his stride.

Letters from Thigyèt, lots of dacoity from Lwelon. Sagwè said to have fled to Ngwedaung. Also Yaunghwe interfering; wrote to him to drop it immediately. No settling these beggars except by getting straight at them. Great deal of information imaginative, I expect.

September 2: Held examination in Burmese. The Inleywa man wants to be reinstated. They are always accusing each other. Letter from Thatōn complaining

that he had had five stallions stolen last month. One of these, valued at R.400, had been seen in the possession of Yaunghwe and the heir-apparent. Wants it back again. Sent the letter to Yaunghwe, who writes to say that the pony claimed by Thatōn was bred by his father and has always been his.

Mr. Hildebrand eventually returned to Fort Stedman, not having secured leave, about the 10th of September. He brought the news that when the rains ceased, two columns, the Northern and Southern, were to make a complete tour all round the States, confirming and upholding the Chiefs who had made submission. The Northern one would have with it Mr. Daly, who, though an Army man, was on the political side. The Southern column, with Hildebrand and Scott, was to go to Moby, thence to Mawk-mè, thence to Monè and then to come back, working northward and eastward to Mongyai, where it would meet the Northern column.

This programme was carried out. The Southern column started on November 22, 1887, and went right up to the borders of Karenni and saw Poby the Karenni chief of the west, but Sawlapaw of Eastern Karenni refused to come in and pay his respects, so the Column went to Mawk-mè and on to Mong-pa, right on the borders of Siam. Here they met the Siamese Commissioners and Mr. Archer, and came on many traces of the work of Tweek nga lu. This man had been ousted from the small state of Kengtawng, which had been restored to the Monè Sawbwa. He had therefore actually had the audacity to go down to Mandalay and lay his claim before the Chief Commissioner. It had been considered and rejected. Thence he had returned, and pillaged and burnt whatever he could lay hands on, until he was driven into Mong-pa, and had at last fallen back beyond the Salween. He was proclaimed a rebel and dacoit, and he, and Sawlapaw the obstinate reigning chief of Eastern Karenni, with a perennial quarrel against Mawk-mè dating from a quarter of a century back, were the two difficult spots left in the

MARCH OF THE COLUMNS

whole area, but neither was an actual Shan States Chief. Mong-pan was almost in as bad a condition as Legya had been.

The column went from there to Monè and halted there in January 1888, when a great many of the Chiefs came in to do them honour, and take part in friendly discussions as to tribute. A Durbar was held here, and sports followed.

Scott writes :

The march of the two columns in the open season of 1887-8 completed the submission of the Cis-Salween States. In a march of seven hundred miles extending over four months, the political officers with the Southern Shan Column visited nearly every capital and met with every chief west of the Salween. All the chiefs unreservedly accepted British supremacy, abjured correspondence with other powers, and received patents confirming them in possession of their states. The conditions of tenure are as nearly as possible the same as those under which the chiefs held from the Burmese kings. Each chief is supreme in his own state and manages its affairs without interference, as long as he does so in accordance with Shan usage and law. Inter-state quarrels, if they cannot be settled by mutual agreements, are referred to the Superintendent of the Shan States for decision ; inter-state war being of course absolutely forbidden. The succession is determined by Shan customary law, which does not recognize that the first-born, or indeed any son, necessarily succeeds his father. Subject to the approval of the local government each chief may nominate his successor. Tribute is paid as in Burmese times and the amount fixed was that last paid under King Mindōn, an assessment which was largely increased by Theebaw. This tribute was fixed for a term of five years, but in nearly every case heavy remissions have been made for the first year owing to

the devastation of the country and the diminution of the population. In not a few cases one-twentieth or even less of the actual fixed sum is paid. These conditions were freely and willingly accepted by the Sawbwas, all the more readily because they are now freed from the "presents" habitually required by the Burmese kings. The difference between British Politicals and extortionate Burmese officials is an even greater relief to the state exchequers. All this was settled by March 1888. A month or two over the year therefore resulted in the complete pacification and submission of the Cis-Salween states.

To fix the revenue was one of the most important, and certainly the most difficult, things that the Superintendent had to do on this journey. The trouble was, that if one chief were let off lightly, his people paid little, and therefore, the moment this was discovered, the people from the next state, which might perhaps be more heavily taxed, left their mat and bamboo huts and streamed across his frontier to settle there. This was the case with Hsipaw. In the beginning, as has been said, the Government, anxious to establish friendly relations with the chiefs, had given Hsipaw the remission of ten years' tribute or revenue. This was hard on the neighbouring states, which gradually but steadily became denuded of population! A chief had no other means of raising the required money except by some sort of tax, and obviously the hut-tax was the natural way. The difficulties may be imagined when it was found that in one state the tax was as much as four rupees a year a house and in another four annas!

Thus the revenue had to be adjusted and re-adjusted. The chiefs were allowed to plead against it, and they did with hardly an exception. Then such circumstances as the cattle plague had to be made allowance for, and various local disabilities. Scott thought Hildebrand too stiff over it, he said in many places, "poor beggars, I don't see how they are going to find it," and he represented his views to Headquarters with some effect.

UNDER FIRE

From Scott's letters home about this time we get graphic touches which fill in the picture :

Lieut. Reid told Forsyth that I carried him off the field under fire. This is pure imagination. The affair happened at Hmawaing or near it last December. We had taken a village, and immediately after occupying it got peppered from the heights above. The party was spread out a good deal. News came round to the left flank where I was that Reid had been hit. It was as safe in any one place as another. So I started off to find him out, get a doctor for him or anything else, for he was reported shot through the heart. After a bit I found him lying under a tree with a bullet just under the knee. The confounded dacoits were blazing away on the point as hard as they could, but Reid had been got behind the shelter of a tree stem, and Wright the doctor was dressing his leg, himself quite exposed to the dacoits, for which and other acts of gallantry he should have got the V.C., but he got nothing but the D.S.O. I stayed with them a minute or two, long enough to see that the wound was not serious, and that there was a dhooly handy to take Reid off to the rear, and then I went to tell Major Rose and the other officers.

Wright is an I.M.S. man, and about a month before this business had to look after a terribly sudden outbreak of cholera among the Munsters. Within three days 36 men were down and 27 died, and during the three days Wright had to be dragged out of the hospital to his meals, and could not be got to go to bed at all. Fortunately the attack of cholera was as sudden as it was severe. I got to the village just when the outbreak was looking formidable, so I know all about Wright personally. This morning the thermometer was close on 37°, nearly down to freezing.

Kyethi Bansan, Feb. 1888. The only man who was

likely to fight, Kun Sang, has met the Political Officer and the Northern Column and is going about like a tame cat. How we are to settle that state now has become the biggest knot to unravel we have had yet, and I don't believe it possible to settle it satisfactorily ; there are too many candidates. If all the chiefs were like this Kye-thi Bansan man it would be easy enough, but they are all so ready to fight.

Mong-Kung, Feb. The Myosa or chief here is a little boy of fourteen, but nevertheless has been some time married. I have not seen the little lady yet but I believe she is younger than he. If he does not get into bad habits I daresay he won't be a bad fellow.

Maingyi, Feb. The expense of the expedition has been very much greater than was expected, and the Government of India is clamouring for us to finish off as fast as possible. If Hildebrand goes on leave they will say that I am the only man who knows anything about the Shans and that therefore I must stay. We have got a very nice camp here on the top of wooded rising ground ; north of us is a big hill that I would like very much to go up, but I shan't have time, it would take four days. There are persons of position from all parts of Hsen-wi coming in nearly every day now, and as usual they are all passed on to me.

The State claimant for Hsen-wi, Kun Sang, came in with Daly, the Political Officer, yesterday. Though exceedingly home-bred, he is yet educated beyond the average of learning usually acquired in the Shan States. He speaks and reads not only Shan, the latter which some of the chiefs can't do, but also Chinese. I gathered that the Chinese merchants with whom he came in contact were disposed to admit that the British were not hopelessly inferior to the inhabitants of the Middle kingdom in general resources, and were particularly noted for a savage ferocity which made fighting with

MEETING OF THE CHIEFS

them extremely unpleasant. This has made some impression.

The mere fact of collecting the Chiefs all together is most beneficial, and after having once met I daresay they will be less likely to fight. But it is great fun watching them. At first they all camped separately, scattered about over the wide paddy stubbles round about here; now they are beginning to gather closer together, and some of them are actually quite chummy. When we have a football match, or when the band plays, they all of course gather round, and then even the most standoffish of them are bound to meet. Kun Sang has already been wheeled into line a bit. He has, all his life, been accustomed to being the chief man wherever he was, and consequently the fact of having to wait for an interview is quite a new sensation, and has opened up a new world to him.

Panglön camp, March. We are about eleven marches from Mandalay, so the end of our wanderings is in sight. Down in Mandalay (or rather in Rangoon, for the C.C. and the Secretariat are there now) they have started a new theory that Kengtung can be brought in by order of the Vice-Consul at Zimmè (Chiengmai, Siam). This would never do. The Kengtung people and the Siamese were fighting only forty years ago, and are as jealous of one another as possible. Thirkell White is now Commissioner in Mandalay.

Maymyo, April. We have to-day come in here. This place is so named after the Colonel (May) who first commanded the post. There are actually two ladies, one of them Mrs. (later Lady) Thirkell White.

When Scott got down into Mandalay he stayed the night with Thirkell White, who was always his firm friend. He met there "lots of old boys," now in various services and doing well. But he had no rest, the very next day he was started off back to Fort Stedman.

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It will be eight or nine long marches, but I shall be in the hills on the 5th day. Hildebrand left for Rangoon yesterday and is to stay there until I can get to the bottom of the disturbances.

Raikes in a great stew about the Myinnin business, which is apparently as bad as it can be.

First day, thirteen miles, rode along the railway line which was being constructed. 2nd day lost my way and made a 25 miles march out of one of 22.

3rd day : Escort missed their way, I came along alone with guide. Eighteen miles. Max. 101°.

4th day : Off at 5. Min. 84°. Climb almost immediately and continuously about ten miles. About six of this over nearly bare rock or boulders. Went up 4,000 feet in the 14 miles. Villagers reported fighting. Found it so. The Nabangyi people behind stockades. Difficult to make out who is in the wrong.

5th day : Off at 4.30. Came on Bo Lan cavorting about with a heap of armed men. Cheeky-looking devil. Expect he is the originator. Ordered him to follow me in to-morrow. Then on to Legya, 16 miles. Some glens to cross at right angles. Max. 85°. Very violent wind. Almost carried off my tent. Air saffron with dust. Not much rain. Thermometer fell 20° in 20 mins.

6th day : Off at 6.30. Met Ngwegonhmu, very cordial. Brought some pineapples. Good deal of sickness. Fighting going on between Yaunghwe and Lwelon. They are all against Yaunghwe, of course.

7th day : Off at 5. Doosed hard to get grass and water. Strong wind again. All the Heho people off to the pagoda feast.

8th day : Fort Stedman. Galloped in in a shower. Sawbwa astonished to see me. Says he has settled the Lwelon business. Not so sure of that. Col. Sartorius to meet me. Gave me breakfast.

TAKES UP PHOTOGRAPHY

Next day : At officials all day. Sartorius showed me some of his photos. Very jolly.

This was what started Scott off on that tack. He sent for a camera, and in course of time took a magnificent set of photos of tribes never before photographed. Many of them have appeared in periodicals, including the American *Geographic Magazine*, as well as in his own books and those of others. He got his huge camera dragged about right up into the hills, and in those days it was indeed a precarious job, for it was all plates and not films. He developed and printed for himself very often, and the results are wonderful. However, he was not to be allowed much time to study this new activity. Unfortunately the traversing of all the surrounding states by the British Forces up to the very limits of Karenni, without entering it, had given Sawlapaw the impression that we were afraid of tackling him. Orientals do not understand withdrawals any more than savages understand apologies. He had seized this chance to spring upon his old enemy Mawk-mè again. And Mong-pan on behalf of Mawk-mè was crying out for help.

Tuesday, April 24th. Fort Stedman. Messengers in. Been 12 days on the way. Came through Mawk-mè. 150 Karenni there. Kun Noi Kya (appointed by Sawlapaw) ruling the place as Sawbwa. Karennis have hoisted a white flag, emblem of royalty, and wore white badges with a stamp round their necks when they attacked. Mawk-mè says he has 400 men and can re-take the town. Wrote telling him to do so. Tweek nga lu with 200 men is at a place in Sthn. Mong-pan.

In evening a telegram saying I cannot go to Koni because I am to go to Mawk-mè. Another month's trip, confound it, and in the rains too !

Meantime he had an intermediate and unexpected little dash.

Yesterday (April 29) letters saying several villages

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have been burnt in Lwemaw. Consequent hustle up to send Lieut. Massy out with fifty men from here. Forty boats. Express messengers to Indein to have coolies ready to-night and general rootle up. Hope he does not go and kill the wrong people.

Next day : Wire from Hildebrand coming up. Wants to know when elephants will reach Hlaing-det. After dinner at 11.30, when everyone had gone to bed but Tully (the doctor), Johns of the Rifle Brigade and myself, letter in from Massy in which it appeared that he came right upon the fighting at Lwemaw. Stopped the fighting, parleyed with the Bos, who were cheeky and eventually bolted, when he shot three. Apparently, however, so indecisive in his action that I determined to go out. Sartorius gave me six men and Tully came with me. Started in canoe at 12.15 a.m. Rained promptly. Not much, however. Landed on banks of river at 4.30, and walked up in the dark to Indein. Got there at 4.45. Found some confounded Yaunghwe rabble cooking their breakfast. Kicked half a dozen of them to get men and a pony for Tully, who was seedy. Off at 5.45. Beastly long climb, up all the way. Tully got more seedy. Left him behind with four Sepoys and went on with two. Met some men, from whom it appeared that the dacoit lot had bolted. Caught up Massy. Apparently not so irresolute as we had all thought. Found from prisoners that the crowd were all dacoits pure and simple. Had something to eat, and then on to Thigyet. Some shots fired at us, and we took the village at the point of the bayonet. Men did not stand, or it would have been nasty. Had some long shots and a lot of running about after them on the far side. Then on to Lwè-e. Whole population there on the run. Did not go into village, as we had a beastly crowd with us, who would have looted the place, which I did not want. Two men only dropped during the day. Then we went

back. Got a lot of very good yellow raspberries on the road. Climb over range to Lwemaw the very devil. Awfully fagged. Walked about 34 miles and been 16 hours going. Found Tully all right again. Slept well, though in clothes as I stood, and frightfully hard boards. Lwemaw headman awfully pleased. Jammed the men up with toffy and gave them a bullock.

Next day back again : Shot some partridges on the way and caught some fish in the river. The Myosa gave me plantains and I gave him a lecture. Got in about 12. Told the General. Message that Hildebrand is not to be up until the 8th. Infernal. Not very clear where he is. Inlè Myosa writes somebody has attacked Taungdo. Wants ten sepoys to drive them out. Told him I was aware ten sepoys could take the whole of the Shan states, but I would be obliged if he would make some effort to defend his own territory, and give the sepoys an occasional spell. At the same time he was not to cross his own frontier and tackle anyone outside. Sawlapaw has got very cheeky and swears he won't leave Mawk-mè. We'll see about that. (Diary.)

Here it is advisable to bring in some part of a letter, written a little later, to show the temper that Sawlapaw was in.

Minwè the Sawbwa of Mawk-mè with his sons, during the years 1228, 1229 and 1233 (1866-67, 1867-68 and 1870-71), repeatedly committed raids into Kantarawadi with armed men and carried off from the forests 184 elephants and 52,000 logs of timber. Redress was sought at the hands of King Mindōn. When King Mindōn died and Theebaw ascended the throne, I sent again to demand the return of my property . . . Mawk-mè refused to give satisfaction and I have ever since been at war with Mawk-mè. . . . Subsequently I applied to Kun Hmon (Mawk-mè) for satisfaction of my claims. A reply was sent me saying that my property would not be restored but that I should get cannon shot

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instead. I have been fighting since the time of King Mindōn. The British Government and my state of Kantarawadi have been at peace and on friendly terms with each other ever since the time of our grandparents.

I shall be obliged if you will kindly remove the troops which you have stationed at Mawk-mè in case that when our troops are engaged in fighting Kun Hmon they may not accidentally harm your troops.

Very lofty.

By May 3 the party got off from Fort Stedman. There were 100 Baluchis and 50 of the Rifle Brigade under Colonel Sartorius.

Off at 4.20. Road same as Southern Shan column for five miles, then east. Rocky and waterworn in places but no great ascents or descents. Been a lot of rain here yesterday. Distance about ten miles. Lots of mosquitoes. Flights of white ants. Beetles and centipedes at night. Bed at 10.30. Max. 96°.

From Scott's letters home we learn :

I am perfectly certain I can finish off this Mawk-mè business in a month, and, if they would only let me stay at Monè with a hundred men, I could settle the Karenni business also. But apparently there is no chance of having a post at Monè. We shall go straight on to Mawk-mè or to Monè first. There is a troublesome rebel sort of man there who is giving Monè a lot of trouble, and we may have to go and scare him away or catch him if we can manage it. You see the British flag flies at Monè, and it won't do to let that be pulled down by a wretched creature like Twek nga lu. This is the man the Siamese said they would catch for us, but so far from catching him, they do not even seem to have prevented him from collecting followers in their territory to come over and attack us.

TWEK NGA LU'S WORK

May 6th (1888). Off at 4.30 again. Took short road straight east, descent not any heavier. Just at top met a whole lot of refugees from Monè. It appears Tweek nga lu took it on the 3rd, Sawbwa bolted north. Down the slope people with bullocks and buffaloes the whole way. (Next day), No getting any definite news about the Monè business. Very violent storm between three and four. Had to hold on to my tent poles like grim death. Managed to save it, but most of my things wet. Sepoys' tent and Commissariat tent blown down. Koni and Kanglu have been looted by Tweek nga lu. (9th May), Dawdling for baggage again. Not off till 5.30. Kanglu deserted by everyone but an old woman and a pig. The Tommies killed and ate the latter. Arranged that I should go on with some mounted men to-morrow, and make an attempt to bottle Tweek nga lu if he is in the place at all, which I am inclined to doubt. (Diary.)

Tweek nga lu's work had been seen when the Southern Shan column made their historic trek. He kept on crossing the border into Siam, and coming back, and making himself a terror to everyone. The difficulty was to catch such a slippery fellow. Scott was quite sure that if the column marched "ponderously" up to the gates of Monè, there would not be a chance of catching him, and after an interval all the harassment and difficulties would begin over again. He therefore suggested to Sartorius that he himself should go ahead riding fast and make a surprise attack. The difficulty was to find enough ponies to mount the few men to go with him. There were six men including a corporal, officered by Lieut. Fowler (Maj.-Gen. Francis John Fowler, C.B., D.S.O.). Fortunately it was raining so hard that nearly everyone was kept in their huts, and no one was there to carry the news of their approach to Tweek nga lu.

On the 10th of May this plucky band set out.

Heavy shower of rain just after the rouse. Did not get off till 6 and then with soaked tents. Road beastly

slippery. Raining nearly the whole way. About six miles out I started off with Fowler and six Rifle Brigade men, also a Baluchi (Diary.)

They had about two miles to go after leaving the column. Scott knew the road, and guided them so as to enter by the north gate, which he hoped to find open. It was. It must be remembered that Monè was surrounded by a high wall with crenellated top and holes for muskets. The gateway was narrow, and they might well have galloped straight into a trap, but it was no good stopping to think of that, they had just to take a chance. So they galloped in in a group.

Monè is a big place with scattered houses. The people had begun to come back under the peaceable rule of their own Sawbwa, but unfortunately he was not a fighting man, and when his old enemy, the ex-dacoit Tweek nga lu, had descended on him once more, he had fled to Mawk-mè.

In the centre of the great space was the Haw (palace), a teak building, from which the British flag had been allowed to fly, though it flew there no more. The party galloped straight on towards it. The Haw itself was in a square enclosure with four gates. Into one of these they went, still on pony back. There were very few people about and the whole thing happened so quickly there was no time for a crowd to collect. A man, disturbed by the noise of the ponies' hoofs, looked out over the teak balustrade of the verandah.

Scott knew him, and exultation filled his heart. Here was Tweek nga lu at last! He dashed up the wooden stairs and with his own hands seized the astonished bandit and held him until the Tommies got at him. A Winchester rifle with a sixteen-cartridge repeater lay by the bed on which he had been resting. They tied him to his own bedpost.

Asked afterwards if it was not a very risky business, Scott said: "Oh, it's not easy to hit galloping ponies, and it's a much more difficult thing for a man to fire with a rifle at anyone close to him than with a revolver."

Scott left two of the men there on guard, and posted



The Gate at Mone

Through this galloped the gallant little band to secure the usurper
Haw grounds looking out to the pagoda

Taken from inside the

four other men of the brigade at the gates of the palace enclosure. He ran out again followed by Fowler and the Corporal. They explored the guard-house. No one there. Out of the gate they went and met the body-guard ; at least twenty ruffians, all armed, coming up at a double.

I walked straight up to the first man (who proved to be the chief Bo), and told him to kneel down. He did not do so, so I promptly knocked him down. The men behind half raised their guns, whereupon I shouted that they would be shot if they did not lay their guns down, and grabbed the nearest man's. It was pure cheek, but it settled them. Fowler and I collected the guns and threw them back to the corporal, while he knelt, and covered them, to shoot anybody who looked as if he might be inclined to pick his weapon up again.

Fowler and I then went about seizing weapons from everybody we came across.

The Baluchis came up twenty minutes later. They had been shooting several people on the road, supposed to be men with guns running away. Not too sure of that. Colonel very chirpy over the whole affair, though he personally contributed nothing to it. Lot of looting as usual by followers, bullock men and others. At last got them off to the old camping ground. Sartorius wanted his men in houses as usual, and went into one himself. Will get him out of that fast enough when the owners return. Did not get breakfast till two. Sent off telegrams to Hildebrand and the Chief Secretary. Shortly after a number of men came towards the town across the paddy fields to the east. Apparently these were men who had gone out to loot in the morning coming back with the day's plunder. Sartorius, unfortunately, let his men fire at them. They of course began to clear. We sent out the 12th Rifle Brigade, and mounted a good many men again, but could not catch up the main body, of

which there must have been several hundreds. Raikes, however, got into the rearguard and killed three and scared off the others into a run.

Did not have much time to read Tweek nga lu's correspondence. Heaps of flies at night." (The next day he read a lot of this "Correspondence" and gained a vast amount of useful information as to who had been helping the bandit.)

Sartorius showed me his letter to the General. He mentions me, of course, but writes as if it were his show, which, I suppose, is natural. I'll slightly astonish him with the Civil Report, which I also will show to him. (Diary.)

Here it may be mentioned as showing the usual trend of Government action, that Hildebrand got the C.I.E. at once, though he was miles away, and knew nothing of the matter until it was all over. Fowler got a well-deserved D.S.O. Sartorius got the C.B. The men were suitably rewarded. Writing to Symes in 1891, three years later, Scott casually mentions at the end of his letter that out of the whole eight who took part in that raid, he was the only one who had not received recognition. They took a year to think about it, and in 1892 gave him the C.I.E.

When Scott got down to Fort Stedman later he congratulated Hildebrand and observed with amusement, "like everyone else who gets the C.I.E. he professes to be indignant over it and not to want it. It is the fashion." But neither then or at any other time, even in his private diary, did he say a word about the absurdity of bestowing a decoration on Hildebrand for a deed done by himself.

However, on the spot the Chief Commissioner wired his thanks and congratulations to Scott and Fowler for their "pluck and energetic action."

The sequel to this was that Monè returned to his capital. It was decided that the dacoits were to be tried by the Sawbwa himself. He sentenced them all to death, and they were consequently shot. All except the arch-rogue Tweek nga lu, who was sent to Headquarters at Fort Stedman for trial. It was not until the 19th of June

the sentences were carried out. Scott, greatly to his sorrow, had to be present. The brigands were

quite calm and collected as usual with these people. Read out sentence. Wretched business. Got Fowler to serve out ammunition beforehand so as to be all ready. Settled them within two minutes. Very glad to get away. (Diary.)

The same day they heard Tweek nga lu had escaped on the road and was shot before he got clear and killed.

It was some time after this that Scott was asked to go and examine the place where he was buried to make sure that he really had not got away. Scott was not well himself for a while, which is hardly to be wondered at, and when he did go on this gruesome task, he found nothing but a long lock of hair in the shallow grave. It was discovered afterwards that when the soldiers had gone, after burying the dacoit, a party of Shans had come and disinterred him, cut off his head and sent it to Monè to be exhibited directly the Assistant-Superintendent had gone. All the talismans inserted under the skin by way of charms had been removed, and were greatly prized as being productive of valour. The body was boiled down and made into broth or physic, sold at a great price in phials. Some was actually offered to British officials! This was the wholesale end of this remarkable man.

In later years Scott remarked: "I twice saved the Government about £60,000. Once when I went up in the rains with about 50 men in a friendly way and persuaded the Limbin Prince to come in, the other time when I captured Tweek nga lu. Both of these would otherwise have meant cold-weather expeditions of the military and cost quite that."

To Scott's satisfaction he heard that a Post was to be established at Monè; for this he had been asking for some time. The party went on to visit Mawk-mè, whither they had been bound before the dash for Monè, and the Red Karens melted before them. At Mawk-mè "brought two rather swell MSS. for Forsyth."

It must be noted here that Scott, with his delight in

tongues, was keen to acquire a collection of Shan MSS. which could in time be properly studied. His brother at Cambridge backed him up, and from time to time MSS. were sent to him to form a collection. A note in *The Academy*, 4 Feb. 1889, says :—

Mr. James George Scott, of the Burmese service, has found time, in spite of the arduous duties of his frontier post, to collect and send home to his brother, the Bursar of St. John's College, Cambridge, a very valuable selection of Pali, Burmese and Shan MSS. Among the former are the Patika Vagga of the great Digha Nikaya, complete, with a commentary in Pali; a complete copy of the Yamakas; a portion of Buddhaghosa's Sumangala Vilasini, and the whole of the Attha Salini his first work; and a copy of the Sarattha Dipani Tika, an important medieval treatise on Buddhist Canon law. Besides these well-known standard works, there is also the MS. of a considerable treatise on Buddhist Ethics hitherto unknown, entitled the Mari Sara Manjusa. Prof. Rhys Davids and Prof. Carpenter have issued the first volume of their edition of the Sumangala. With that exception all the above works are unedited. Among the Burmese books is a translation of the celebrated "Questions of Milinda," in which the Greek king Menander discusses Buddhist ethics with the elder named Nagasena.

Many more works were subsequently added after Scott had been up on the Borders of China. This splendid collection was eventually presented in the names of the two brothers (the elder having helped financially) to Cambridge University. To return after this digression.

May 27th, I especially want to live at Monè as being a real Shan place whereas the Myelat is neither Burmese nor Shan. I am staying on here to arrange for the building of the post. Sartorius, with all the officers but Fowler, went off this morning. We have 100 men here now, and fifty more are coming, which is three times as strong as I said was necessary. For the present we are living in tents. The weather is very wet indeed. But

H U R R I C A N E

I have my tent pitched up on a huge brick platform built round a sacred tree. (Letter.)

June 2. Three days ago I had a rather unpleasant experience. There was a hurricane which passed straight over the camp. It came on very suddenly; there was heavy rain for about half an hour, and then came a wind-storm which tore my tent to pieces in 30 seconds and scattered everything all over the country. There were boughs of trees flying about all over the place, and it was lucky that nobody was hurt. I have lost a good many things. What annoys me most are my horse-shoe links. I always wear them in the evening and the shirt, which I was going to wear, was hanging over a chair, a light canvas thing; the chair was picked up afterwards about a hundred feet away, but I have not been able to get the shirt yet, and consequently the links. I have offered fifty rupees reward, but in vain. Everything else I have is pretty well ruined, my clothes are all soaked and steeped in mud, and everything breakable is broken. My table with my despatch-box was blown over, and was half full of water when it was got under shelter. A whole lot of official and confidential correspondence had to be dried. I was soaked to the skin in less than a minute.

Some time soon I shall have to go into Fort Stedman again and settle up accounts there, and get papers for the Yearly Report, which I am to write for Hildebrand again. I fancy it will take me a whole month to write. During the last two years there is not a man in Burma who has had so much bucketing about as I have. (Letter.)

The Mawk-mè Sawbwa had been reinstated, and as the Karens seemed to have quite settled down again, Scott went back to Fort Stedman to take over the office. He arrived there 28th June.

Lieut. Fowler had been left in charge of the detachment. Mawk-mè was only 25 miles away from Monè, toward the south. Fowler stayed at first one place and then the

other. He had moved to Monè, leaving 25 Rifles to defend Mawk-mè, when the news of Scott's departure became known to the Karens.

On the 3rd July, in the evening, a body of Karennis attempted to rush the town, failing in which they retired to a distance and continued firing at the Baluch detachment till long after dark ; the Baluchis replied to their fire, well seconded by the Sawbwa and his armed rabble, and when ten of the enemy had been shot they again retired. Mr. J. G. Scott, so soon as the news was received at Fort Stedman, hurried out there, and running away from his baggage, which the state of the road and river prevented from moving rapidly, it being the height of the rains, he arrived half starved and dressed in a change of Shan garments he had picked up *en route*, to find that Lieut. Fowler had in the meantime again encountered the enemy, and storming their entrenchments within a day's march of Mawk-mè at the point of the bayonet, had obtained a brilliant victory, the enemy losing some 60 to 100 men, though one sepoy slightly wounded was his only casualty. (This is Hildebrand's report.)

In his own account Scott mentions that when they came to the river, Pon Chaung, it was in full flood.

No boats, and no answer to my letters to the Headman. Started the men cutting bamboos for a raft. Well I did. No boats could come down. Started ferrying over at 2.30. Current very strong. It was 4.30 before the mules were saddled up on the other side. Twelve miles then to be done over the Menetaung. It took me two hours to the top of the hill, and two hours down. In at 8.30, but saw nothing of the mules, and had to sleep on the bare boards of the rest-house (with company). The coolies and the Shan clerk came in an hour after me, with my luncheon basket fortunately. Mosquitoes very vicious as well as the other tenants of the boards.

A RUNAWAY MARCH

(15th.) Breakfast of tinned coffee and plantains. At 10 o'clock no signs of anybody, so started, thinking the mules might have missed the place and gone on in the dark. Very hot march over the range. Got in in four hours, about ten miles. No mules nor news of them. Very fagged. Fortunately a new pongyi kyaung was being built, so I got shelter.

(16th.) Heavy mist in early morning. Off at 7. Met almost nobody. When I reached Monè, a sepoy, of whom there are only ten left, told me there had been a big fight with the Karenni. Confounded luck my missing it. Up to house. Rummaged out some tins for breakfast. Found the rats had played havoc with the clothes I left behind. After a time the Brother-in-law up with water, and a doose of a lot of Indian corn and pineapples. Also a pair of Shan trousers, as he had heard of my misfortunes on the way. Into Mawk-mè at 4 p.m. Fowler all right. On 12th, attacked with 80 men. Karens stood for a bit, but cleared when he charged. The Sawbwa round almost immediately. Slated him for not backing up Fowler.

The Myosa for Thatōn writes that he wants to buy street lamps such as they have in Mandalay. Told him he might start several gasometers if he wanted to. Wonder what the blazes he proposes to do with them.

Old Mawk-mè churchwarden round in the morning with some fruit and a petition that he might be allowed to look at me! Had come back to the place four months ago, and has never had a good look at me. Would like one now. Indulged him accordingly, and then sent him to scrutinize Fowler.

A great slab of the Report lost in the missing mails. Started writing it over again rather against the grain. Also a note on the transliteration of Shan names.

CHAPTER VII

DEATH OF THE MAN-EATER

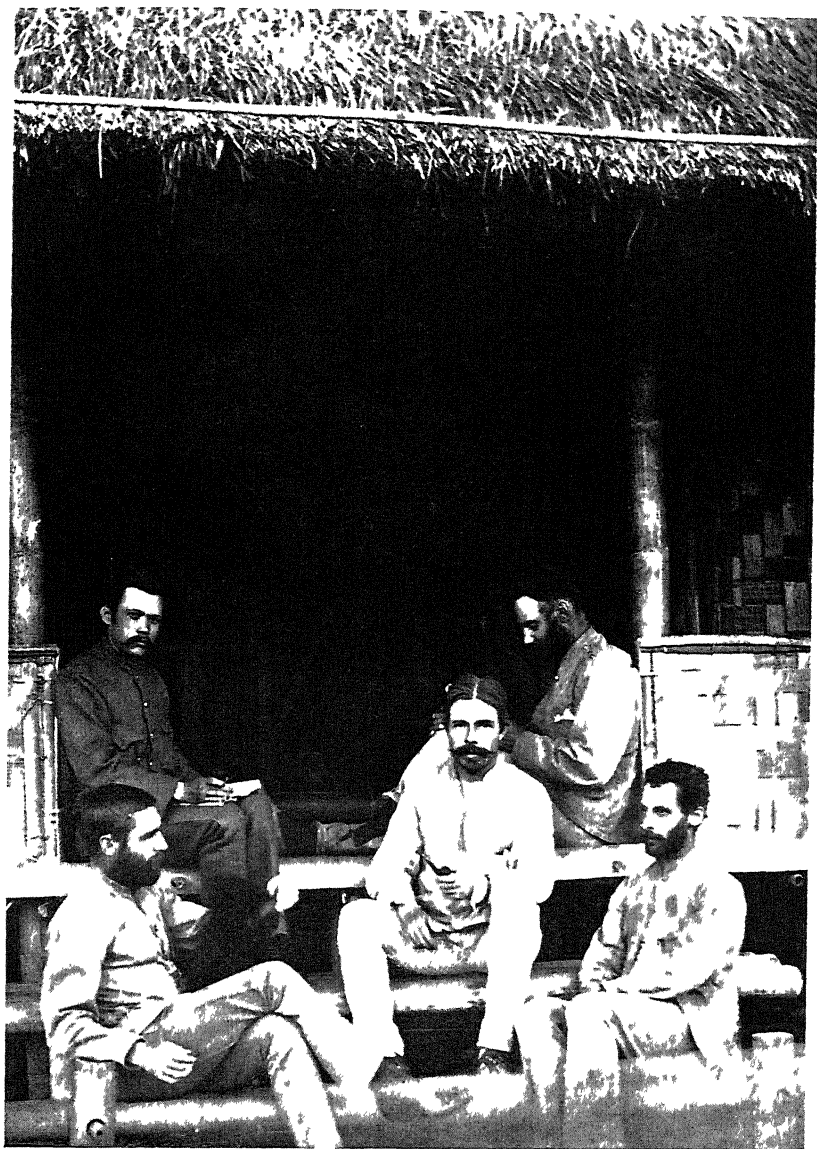
Scott at Monè—After the Man-eating Tigris by Moonlight—Sawlapaw and the Red Karens again—Expedition to Kengtung across three Main Ranges—The Sullen Young Chief—Panthays attacked—A Close Shave—Firm Handling of a Dangerous Situation

I

THE Northern Shan States were made into a separate division under Daly. Scott was left comparatively undisturbed at Monè. He began with his usual energy to get his house built and the barracks. "Set men to clear the jungle. 60 dhas and a lot of coolies. Killed a cobra as a sort of start." He foreshadows his appointment to the Siamese Border Commission in the cold weather.

My business is almost certain to be on the frontier with Archer, and I fancy it will be rather a pleasant trip. The party will be quite small, which is an advantage, for a big military party is no end of a nuisance and Archer and I will have the Siamese commissioners all to ourselves, and will be able to march when we like and where we like.

Aug 4, Monè. Ever since last Saturday it has rained day and night, sometimes heavy, sometimes only a drizzle, but wet all the time; every mortal thing gets covered with mould. There is nothing for it but charcoal fires and big bamboo wigwam sort of frameworks. In the middle of this I have been rather seedy. This is the first time since I came out that I have been out of sorts.



Scott, with his beloved pipe, on the steps of the newly built Post at Monè

ANNUAL REPORT

I had a smart attack of fever, and was quite bowled over for three days. It was the old malarial fever and I was rather bad up to Wednesday, since then I have been pulling round. It is nearly certain now that in November I shall have to go out to the east of the Salween, and take over the four states now in the occupation of the Siamese, about which we had the conference last January. The Shan Sawbwa won't be able to manage it, so I shall have to go and do it for him. The people down below are getting in a great state of excitement over the Report. I finished it yesterday and am going to send it in with an armed guard to-night. I rejoice to say the other section, which I sent off from Honam a fortnight ago, arrived safely, so that I hope I am done with it at last. Hildebrand has to get it copied out and then it has to go down to Rangoon to be printed.

These are pen-pictures :

Lawksawk Sawbwa's father round. Old nuisance. Gave him a tin of corned beef, four empty beer bottles and 25 rupees, and handed him over to be taken back to Lawksawk. He has not long to live. What time he has to do so I want him to be somewhere far away from me.

Brother-in-law up. Wants a suit of European clothes "with the Govt. Stamp" for the Sawbwa. I know of no Government stamp but the broad arrow.

October 17 : There is a horrid man-eating tiger about here just now, who has killed four of the people of the town and injured another, I hope to get a shot at him soon.

This is how he did it.

My headquarters were at Monè, and this beast of a tigress (as it turned out to be) had been terrorizing all the neighbourhood for some time, carrying off both cattle and people. I had gone over to Mawk-mè, about

25 miles off, when I heard that she had got my best pony, a vicious, ill-tempered beast he was certainly, but he could beat any other Burman pony I ever saw for pace, and showed the way to most Indian country-bred ponies of two or three more hands. I am not likely to get so good a beast again in a hurry, and the pecuniary loss is not small, besides what he would have won racing. The pony was in a mat stable, with the sais sleeping beside him. The odd thing is the tigress did not go for the man. She broke the pony's jaw, and it had to be shot, but the noise that followed drove her away.

I had had cases to try at Mawk-mè, and could not get back to Monè until night. There I found the whole place in a state of siege. The inhabitants had decamped into the jungle and climbed into trees. All except at the gambling hell, and a few men on guard. Some spring guns had been set. One old woman was wailing down the street. I had my clerk with me, and we asked what was the matter. At last we got out of her that her daughter had been ill, and earlier in the evening, as the mother and daughter were lying down together, the man-eater had come and, passing over the mother, had tried to drag away the daughter. You know their thatch houses have long eaves coming nearly to the ground, and steps to go up, and the beast had actually pushed herself in there. She had been driven away by the screams of the old woman, who had beaten her head with her bare hands. But the girl meantime had fainted. She was so badly mauled she could not have lived anyway. The mother had got up and gone out to get some water for the girl, and when she came back, found that she had gone, been dragged off ! We went back to the house with her, and asked in what direction to go. It was pitch-dark. She pointed to a sort of tunnel path not far from the house, between thick jungle bushes, and said that was probably the way the tigress had gone.

My clerk had a double-barrel gun and I a rifle. We crept along the line indicated. Presently we heard a crunching noise within a few feet of us on one side, but screened by the jungle growth. No doubt the man-eater was there devouring her prey. I told the clerk to let off his gun, then, if the tigress leaped out, I could shoot her. He did fire one barrel, but the other flashed in the pan. The noise ceased. We could do no more that night. The next day I went back with two sepoy to the place where we heard the sounds coming from. Sure enough we found the poor girl's mangled remains.

From there the sepoy tracked the tigress to a sort of thicket where they said they could see her eyes gleaming. I could see nothing. However, I told them to stand on a sort of knoll and fire, to bring the beast out into the open. This they did. She sprang out, and, leaping into the narrow glade or lane, began running away stern on from where I stood. I was just thinking I should have to try a raking shot, when she turned at right angles to jump into the thicket that lined the track. I fired, and by great good luck got her clean through the heart. The skin was dried, but of course man-eaters are usually worn-out old tigers, and the skin was a bit patchy. She measured nine feet with the tail. The natives secured the whiskers and ate the liver raw, sort of Tweek nga lu business over again. I only managed to get about eight of the claws, the rest vanished. She seems to have accounted for some sixty or seventy people in different parts of the valley.

The people of Monè made a tremendous fuss about it and burnt a huge pagoda in my honour. This is the sort of festival pagoda made of wicker and tinsel, which is wheeled about before being destroyed. The sepoy were nearly as wild about it as the townspeople. And the Sawbwa himself came down on an elephant.

On the envelope of one of his letters home he wrote :

"I have just killed the tiger." As if the postal clerks wanted to signify their approval they had carefully surrounded this—the back of the envelope—with post-marks : Hlaing-det, Fort Stedman, Rangoon, Bombay, and finally London.

This year a wave of cholera which began in May passed over the western states. Some of the troops, both native and European, died of it and hundreds of Shans. In Yaunghwe town alone there were 300 deaths, and all over the State probably three or four thousand. Then, when it was abating, cattle disease appeared at the end of the rains in October ; a most virulent and horrible form of it, and many of the cultivators were ruined. Buffaloes died more than oxen, and buffaloes are largely used for ploughing the rice-fields and cannot be replaced by oxen. Apparently the wild animals suffered too, for dead deer, hogs, hares and even birds were found in the jungle without apparent cause. All the baggage mules and not a few of the ponies at both Fort Stedman and Monè died suddenly. This entailed a great deal of harassing and anxious extra work on the officials.

Sawlapaw was on the rampage again. The headmen brought in yarns of his terrible ferocity and strength. "He is a devil of a man," said one. "When he smokes, the bowl of his pipe rests on the far bank of Nam Kong." "Told him that is just the sort of pipe I wanted," remarks Scott.

The name of Ton Sang, the Wa chief, comes in too (not to be confused with Kun Sang of Hsen-wi.) He says he will not submit either to British or Chinese. He is independent.

It was obviously quite necessary that Sawlapaw should be firmly dealt with. The trade between Moulmein and the southern states, such as Mawk-mè and Monè, was now practically dead, because traders dare not come up through the Karenni country.

So a really formidable expedition was planned for the cold weather. Scott could not be in it this time, as he was off to bring in the chiefs of the trans-Salween states. Hildebrand, who could not yet get leave, had to go with the column.

The force was under General Sir Henry Collett, K.C.B., of whom Scott says :—" He was a good man, a man who made up his mind at once. He did not make it up either without knowing all the facts." It was quite a successful business from the military point of view. Surgeon Crimmin (Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel John Crimmin) got the V.C. at Nga Kyaing. About 500 of the Karens were driven out of cover into the plains, and run down by about 75 Mounted Infantry, who inflicted heavy loss. It was a sharp lesson but necessary.

When they at last reached Sawlapaw's stronghold, Sawlon, in January 1889, it was found that he had fled. He was an astute man and had realized what he was up against. There was no more trouble with him. His great-nephew, Sawlawi—a very good ruler—was installed in his place and agreed to pay the indemnity demanded. It was he who went to the Delhi Durbar and was made Sawbwa instead of Myosa as he had heretofore been. Sawlapaw settled down not very far off, but made no attempt to interfere again.

Scott says :

As long as we kept on merely writing letters, our sincerity, or our ability to act, were doubted. The most conspicuous instance perhaps was the case of Sawlapaw and the Red Karens. If, in the first year of the occupation, the Shan States column, instead of skirting round Eastern Karenni had marched to Loikaw, Sawlapaw would have come to meet it, and all might have been peaceably settled then and there. Instead of this invitations were sent to the old savage to come and pay a visit at places where his people had for years been in the habit of making raids to capture slaves. Of course, he did not come and remained a bogey-man.

II

The Anglo-Siamese commission Consisted of Ney Elias (from India), J. G. Scott, W. J. Archer (later C.M.G.), with Major E. G. Barrow (Sir Edmund Barrow), Intel-

DEATH OF THE MAN-EATER

ligence officer, Captain F. J. Pink (Brigadier-General F. J. Pink, C.B., C.M.G.), and Dr. J. K. Close.

Ney Elias was an explorer. He had been with the ill-fated expedition to Yunnan in 1875 which ended so disastrously soon, with the death of young Margary, near Bhamo. He had also written *An introductory sketch of the History of the Shans*.

The Siamese had been invited to co-operate in the suppression of Sawlapaw, who had been as much of a nuisance to them as he was to our side. But they had not come or not come in time. A settlement as to some small states lying across the Salween, bordering Siam, was necessary, because of the very rich timber rights concerned. It was over the timber rights of the Bombay Burma Trading Corporation that Theebaw first made his mistakes too apparent to be overlooked. By claiming an altogether overwhelming fine for faults which had not been committed, he put himself completely in the wrong. It was concerning timber now that the trouble of the Siamese frontier arose. At the moment the Siamese Government were actually holding four small states east of the Salween, though there were no Siamese living in these states, which had long been held by the Karens and were vital to them. The only way of getting the timber down to the market was by floating it down the Salween. There are duties levied on these logs and every log is marked. The Siamese had been seizing these logs. They really belonged to the State of Mongpan, and Mongpan had many Karens among his subjects. Scott went over there and installed the Sawbwa of Mongpan in possession, and came away again.

Archer wired to the C.C., "Scott has completed arrangements for administration of the four states without opposition." This was re-echoed on to the "highest" at Headquarters in India. It was all felt to be very satisfactory. But unfortunately Siam was not above playing the game so dear to uncivilized people, of withdrawing before a show of force only to become active again when the force disappeared. So they re-occupied the territories and once more began to collect the timber.

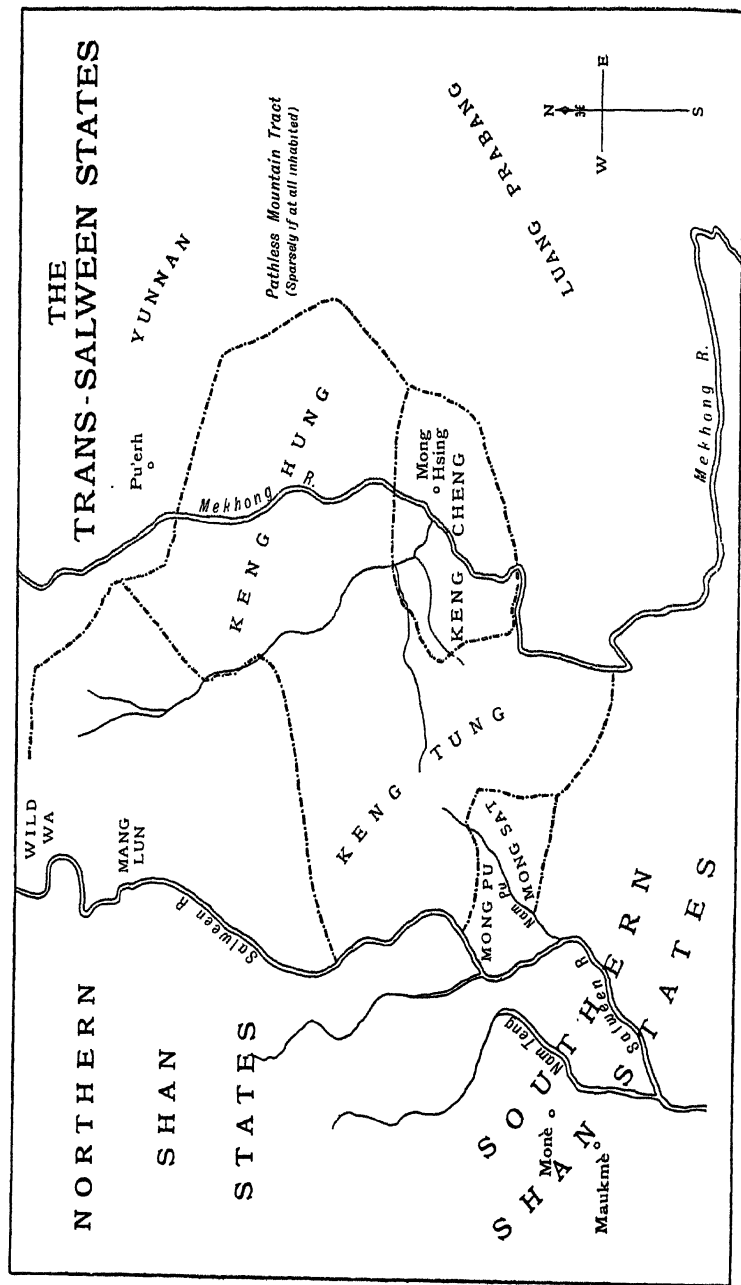
The Commission marched in 1889, after all the

arrangements for transport and so forth had been first made by Scott. It was accompanied by an escort commanded by Major Clarke, O.L.I., with two companies, two guns of a mounted battery and a few rifles of the Shan levy. There had been some talk of meeting the Siamese commissioners at Moulmein, Rangoon, or elsewhere, and thoroughly discussing the boundary line to be chosen. But the Siamese commissioners had declined to come. As a matter of fact they did not come at all, not even to see the line they claimed. So finally the party of British split up into three, and demarcated as best they could, subject to these drawbacks.

Further north was the large state of Kengtung and, still further east, Kenghung. The Kengtung Sawbwa, though he had written civilly, had never yet made submission or received his *sanad*. He was very young, his father having died not long before, and he had temporized. It was considered advisable that someone should go now and see him, and have this important matter satisfactorily cleared up. So Scott was deputed to act, and went only too willingly. Meantime Ney Elias visited the four states which had been declared by us to be Mong-pan's. He found there an official of the Siamese with a force of some one hundred and fifty men who seemed prepared to make trouble. It was a difficult position certainly.

Mr. Elias "sent them an order to quit, under threat of being ejected." He gave them twenty-eight hours and they only took three! It was very late in the season when Scott went off on his extended mission, and he had to return to Monè to get transport. It was 34 marches from Monè to Kengtung, with pack bullocks, but with mules it might be done in twelve. Scott decided to take mules and go as fast as he could, though he could hardly hope to rival the Panthay carriers, who march from daylight to midday and then after a couple of hours' rest go on again until sunset.

He had with him two other white men, Captain Pink, and Dr. Darwin, a civil surgeon. He was accompanied voluntarily by the brother-in-law of the Monè Sawbwa, who made himself useful. There were also eighteen Sikhs of the Shan levy who were trained men, and as



A TROUBLESOME MARCH

many untrained recruits. A few Burmese clerks, servants, camp followers, and the Panthays with their mules and baggage.

Our march to the Kaw ferry (on the Salween) was by a route hitherto untraversed by European officers. The distance is $88\frac{1}{2}$ miles and the road excellent throughout, with the exception of the last descent to the Salween, where a little reversing would make the at present very abrupt slope comparatively easy. At the Kaw ferry we were advised to travel by the Mong Pu Õn or southern road.

However one goes it is certain that three main ranges have to be crossed between the Salween and the town of Kengtung, and it does not seem likely that a better road will be discovered (than that we took). There are only two parts of the road where the difficulties are really serious, and these are common to both roads.

The first of these is the march from the Takaw up the Nam Long which cuts through the riverine line of hills. The path here winds, often at a height of as much as 500 feet above the stream-bed, along the face of a 3,000-foot hill, so sheer that it is almost a precipice. The track is so narrow for a distance of two or three miles that animals cannot pass one another, and foot-passengers only with care; it is in parts bare rock and elsewhere slippery clay, and in wet weather must be exceedingly dangerous for loaded animals. Nevertheless, a mule track or even a cart road could be cut at no very heavy cost, and with very easy gradients. The other difficulty is the passage of the Nam Hsim. This is a very rapid river about forty

TRANS-SALWEEN STATES

NOTE TO MAP ON P. 138.

This shows as simply as possible the Trans-Salween States. Kengtung is included in the Southern Shan States and Manglun in the Northern.

This map also illustrates the Anglo-French Boundary Commission and shows how the Mekhong cuts across some of the states.

DEATH OF THE MAN-EATER

yards wide with about three feet of water in February and March when it is at its lowest. During the rains it is an exceedingly dangerous torrent. Apart from these difficulties there are no others. The Loi Pang Mong, the Loi Pamin, and the Loi Pe Mong, crossed at heights of 5,200, 5,900, and 6,050 feet respectively, are all approached by long spurs which make the ascents and descents very gradual.

The moment Scott got over the Salween he was in territory subject to, or claimed by, the Sawbwa of Kengtung. Here were several small states, which had not always been included in Kengtung territory, and some of whose people wished to change their allegiance. Scott afterwards gave it as his considered opinion that they should belong to Monè. The first of the Payas, or headmen, was very useful and helped them at the Kaw ferry with boats and rafts, and "this was the more creditable to him because he had received a letter from the Paya at Mong Pu (another of the small states) ordering him to prevent our party from crossing."

The party passed through Mong Pu Õn (which is not to be confounded with Mong Pu), and came eventually to a Palaung village. "The man in charge of the village, a hawk-nosed old gentleman, spoke a good deal of Chinese and was very friendly." There were acres of opium cultivation.

The Chinese condemn opium-smoking because they think they do not get their fair share of the profits. Europeans damn it because they have no mind to it and because it is a fine theme for imagination to body forth horrors unknown. A victim to opium smoking is a great deal rarer than a dipsomaniac.

This was, of course, long before the prohibition of opium export.

They took fifteen days altogether on the journey, and at length came within sight of the important town of

ONE - TREE PAGODA

Kengtung, ten miles off, with the curious "One-tree pagoda near it," a pagoda from the top of which grows a tree, known all over the country.

The town is surrounded by machicolated walls four and a half to five miles in length. There are probably about a thousand houses inside. The Khön, as the Shans of Kengtung are called, do not differ in feature or stature from the Western Shans, nor is the spoken language so different as to be entirely incomprehensible. They use, however, a written character which is entirely different from both Shan and Lao. Of this I have secured an alphabet and a few written books.

The State of Kengtung has an area nearly twice that of Wales.

Messengers had been sent from Kengtung to meet the British party, but missed them by going out on the northern road ; they hurried back and reached the camp late at night. The next day they formally presented the customary gold and silver flowers representing tribute. This curious custom is rather interesting. "The flowers are square pieces of thin gold or silver, slightly nipped in at the sides, so as to represent a rudimentary flower, and fixed on a short stem of gold wire."

These quaint and picturesque forms of ancient tribute are most interesting and very little known. I am able to show a photograph of these flowers which are really not at all badly made. Twice in three years Kengtung had to pay the King of Burma five gold sprays each weighing so much, and five silver sprays. Among other things mentioned in these tributes are "dried squirrels," though for what purpose they could be used I don't know. Also "cots, musical instruments, fire-arms, elephants, ponies and travelling bags." The party were met further by nearly all the chief ministers, as they neared the town, and asked to camp at the old Burmese Military camp just outside the Palace gates.

All the Burmese buildings had long since disappeared,

with the exception of an exceedingly dirty house which was now crowded with refugees from the western states. I therefore engaged the Ministers to build sheds for our rations, a durbar *mandut*, and shelter for the escort and the clerks. All these buildings were run up at the Sawbwa's expense in a very few days.

We had barely got our tents pitched when the Sawbwa and the heir-apparent came in state to pay us a formal visit. They came in separate parties, riding on gorgeously caparisoned ponies and shaded by numerous gold umbrellas. Each had his own body-guard of several hundred men. Most of these were armed, but they drew off and did not come up to my tent. Half the town followed, and we were surrounded by a half-moon of 2,000 or 3,000 people. The Sawbwa was obviously very nervous. He is sixteen and well grown for that age, but his appearance is far from prepossessing. The ordinary Shan type of face is not handsome and it requires a pleasant expression to make it even passably engaging, rather than brilliant-hued satin coats, gold-bespangled trousers, with a dado pattern round the bottom, gorgeous slippers with the toes turned up mediæval style, and diamond rings and ear-cylinders. The Sawbwa has the usual heavy jaw, the extremely prominent cheek-bones, lips more than usually protruding, nose more than usually sketchy, eyes set nearly flat with the forehead, and with an expression which is instantly repellent. Very deep traces of an attack of small-pox add, altogether unnecessarily, to these ill looks. On this face the struggle between conceit, which had never before met anyone not an inferior, a desire to presume, yet a fear of consequences, and a natural dullness of brain, which rendered ideas scarce, produced an unpleasing effect. He hardly said a word except yes or no. The heir-apparent is a bright little boy. He looks two or three years younger than his brother. He has a rather pleasant face. His mother was



*The Camp just outside Kengtung
Where the affray over the Panihay muleteers happened*

a lady of the house of Keng Cheng, the Sawbwa's a Kengtung woman.

The Sawbwa has any quantity of self-will, and as he seemed to be growing more and more irritated at the prominence of his brother, who asked a number of questions, I cut short the interview.

I paid a return visit the next day.

A good deal of business was talked, this time with the ministers, the Sawbwa himself taking no part. The interview was prolonged by a heavy thunderstorm which prevented the return to camp.

Next day was Sunday, and nothing was done. But the following day an incident, which might have had very serious consequences, occurred. It must be remembered that the British party were completely cut off from any possibility of help, that they were in the midst of swarms of armed men, that they were at the mercy of a young autocrat too stupid to realize what he was up against. The story is best told in Scott's own words as he wrote it out in detail many years later under the title of "Settling a Frontier State."

When you are marching in the jungle the best way to get a bathroom is to stick your bamboos in the ground, put a black bazaar cloth round them and pour water over yourself. If you are a photographer you line the black cloth with Turkey red and put a lid of the same material on the top, and you have a dark-room.

I happened to be developing a plate in this fashion when I heard shouts in the camp, and the steps of someone running towards me. I shouted out: "I'm in the dark-room. Whatever you do, don't lift the flap. I'll be out in a minute."

My clerk yelled out in great excitement from outside: "There is battle-fighting, there is murder. Muleman have come in with bullet in his inside. He make declara-

tion that he and friends went looking for strayed mules. On their return unsuccessfully, they wanted to alleviate disappointment. Therefore they went to the Chief's compound where there was play-acting and music, and the usual lot of stalls selling varied liquors. Just as they were buying they were seized and dragged off. Then immediately there were shots fired, and deponent says that he turned and ran, and that when he looked back there was his friend, Lao Pan, on the ground, and his back being vigorously fired into by miscreant with pistol. Muleman was hit himself."

"Any signs of pursuit?"

"No, your Honour. All was silent as the grave up to my departure which was hasted."

"I expect it's a drunken spree. I'll be out immediately." A few minutes later I came out, put on a coat over my pyjama suit and met Captain Pink with a revolver in his hand.

It was obvious he also had heard the tale.

We called the clerk again, and asked him where the mulemen's camp was. It appeared to be some way off. They had taken the mules out on the plain to get grass.

"We'll have to go down and inquire about it. It's a blasted nuisance," I said.

Pink added: "The band down there has stopped playing, that's rather ominous. Perhaps they're getting ready to attack us. We've only got eighteen bayonets, and we're in a nasty tight corner here. I've got a man on guard on each of the roads but a rush would swamp us."

At that moment the ear-piercing scream of trumpets and cymbals, with the din of the tom-toms in the band, broke out again.

"There you are. I shall have to go to the mule camp. I still think it's only a drunken squabble, but I must find out at once. They're a tolerable high-grade savage lot

here. I'd better take the doctor to see the wounded man. Where is he?"

The doctor was just behind; he also had heard the tale and had been unpacking the mule-load which contained his surgical case.

Five minutes later we met at my tent. The clerk had brought a double-barrelled shot-gun, and the doctor had the hospital orderly armed with his rifle. Pink wanted to send him back, but the doctor, who was really an apothecary of the first class, and Civil surgeon with the rank of Hon. Lieut., would not hear of it. He had a good deal of stubbornness in him derived from a dash of Gurkha blood.

"You'd better take your revolver, Scott," suggested Pink.

"Not a bit of it. I'm much more afraid of snakes. There are a lot of Russell's vipers about here."

The clerk showed the way.

When we got within range of the Panthay camp we could see it had been made into a sort of lager, with the pack-loads ranged about it, and the dogs tied to the frames of the wooden saddles. There were about a dozen muleteers gathered round the wood fire in the centre.

The head muleteer came forward on seeing us and hearing the dogs. He explained that the wounded man was pretty bad, and that of the other, Lao Pan, they had no news at all. "They all unite in saying he has been put to death. Never has this happened to your mean servant before, and he has traded to this town for not a few years."

"How did it all begin?"

"It did not begin at all. Our men went to buy tobacco, as even the humblest might, and the guards began firing at them."

The wounded man was lying on a blanket under a

shelter made of two saddle frames. The doctor examined him and found that the bullet had hit him in the shoulder-blade, run round his body and come out over the ribs. He had an opium pipe beside him, and had evidently just finished a smoke. He had lost a good deal of blood, but the wound was not dangerous.

I questioned the other muleteers, who had been in the bazaar, and they maintained the attack was absolutely wanton.

When the wounded man had been attended to, he also answered to the same effect. The clerk meantime made notes.

At length I said that I would hold a formal inquiry on the morrow, and we went off. We had only got about half-way back when the lantern went out. The moon had gone down below the hills to the west some time beforehand, so we had to grope along with the utmost caution. It was not far off daylight when we got back to the camp.

Before I turned in I composed a letter to be delivered to the Sawbwa first thing in the morning, stating that our men had been wantonly attacked, and one was seriously wounded and another missing. These men were in our employ and as such were regarded as British subjects. Such violence could not be tolerated and I requested that the Chief would ascertain the guilty men and hand them over for punishment. As the matter was extremely urgent, I requested an immediate reply.

The letter was sent off just before sunrise and almost immediately afterwards all the muleteers arrived in the camp with their animals. They were afraid to stay by themselves, they said. The Headman said that he had ascertained that the man who shot the missing Lao Pan was the Chief himself, and that the body had been secretly disposed of in the night.

This was very serious. Pink wanted to remove the

camp farther off; we were right up against the city wall, and houses came up to the tents on two sides, and, from a military point of view, it was quite indefensible.

I negatived this at once. We were 300 miles from any possibility of help. We were 400 from the railway. We had not even heliographic communication. The party was absurdly small and could be rushed by numbers anywhere, especially if we were moving. The only thing it seemed to me was to carry off the situation with a high hand. Prestige was everything. The slightest hint of nervousness would be fatal.

"That's all very fine," said Pink. "But I'm responsible for the protection of the lot of you. Why can't we move out to that place the Panthays were camping at and say it's for the convenience of grazing or letting the men wash their clothes?"

"Too thin. Besides, I must negotiate with the Sawbwa. I demanded the surrender of the men who shot Lao Pan; do you think he is going to surrender himself?"

At that moment the clerk came up and said the Chief Minister of Kengtung had come and begged to have access to The Presence.

As I got up to go to him, I added: "See that your men don't go into the town, Pink."

"They're pretty well all on sentry-go," he retorted.

The Minister was a white-haired old gentleman with a soapy manner. He said the Sawbwa had received the letter of His Excellency, and was sorry that a wrong idea had been formed of the events of the evening before. The Panthays had come turbulently in a body into the palace precincts. They wore arms and their behaviour was menacing. There were some jungly ignorant people in the town and they had rushed forward, and unfortunately shots had been fired. It was forbidden to wear arms in the palace precincts, therefore the muleteers were

undoubtedly in the wrong. Inquiry had been made, and it was found one of them had been wounded purely by accident. It was also asserted that one was missing. Some hill villagers had seen a man running back along the road. He was a Chinaman, and was in such a hurry that they thought he must be a criminal. The Sawbwa was convinced this must be the man mentioned in his Excellency's letter. The Minister concluded by saying that in the unanimous opinion of the Council of State no wrong had been done by anybody, except the Chinamen, and in the interests of good feeling and friendship they were prepared to overlook this indiscretion.

To this long tirade I replied that this explanation only made it the more necessary that the question should be settled by a formal inquiry, when the muleteers, and the guard who fired on them could be confronted. The mulemen, if they had arms at all, had only the dha which even children carry, and this was just to cut food for their mules. They did not go up close to the palace, but only to the food-stall near the gate. We could not allow that men in our service should be wantonly attacked, and until the affair was settled I could not pay the return call due to the palace.

The Minister was taken aback at this. He said that would be a public slight on the Sawbwa, his master. I said it was a still more serious slight on me that my men should be assaulted and killed. Lao Pan must be produced dead or alive.

The Minister was nearly surprised into perturbation. This was not at all the sort of language the Sawbwa, his master, was accustomed to, and he did not see how State affairs could be conducted on such lines. I said State affairs must wait until this apparent insult was explained, and the Minister was so taken aback that he abruptly asked permission to retire.

Nothing more was heard for the rest of the day, but

next morning came a letter from the Chief. It repeated very much what the Minister had said. Meantime we set underground influence to work, and discovered that undoubtedly it was the young Sawbwa himself who had shot Lao Pan as he lay on the ground. The Headman of the muleteers held that as the Sawbwa could not possibly be tried, it would be better to get a money payment, as is often done in such a case. It was reported that the Sawbwa had often shot men merely for his own pleasure or to test a new rifle ; he was, as the Clerk remarked, "unacquainted with the Penal Code."

Of course it would obviously be quite impossible to prove guilt, as no witnesses would come forward, so on consideration I thought that to ask an indemnity really was the only thing to do. I sent for the Chief Minister again, and asked if there were any news of Lao Pan. The man stated that they had consulted the "Guardian Nat of the town" as to where the man was, but so far had had no answer. So I announced, that having thought over the matter, I had decided to accept money compensation. I explained that though this was, as I understood, their custom, it was not ours. Human life was much too sacred to be compounded for by money. But still, for this once, I would follow their own custom. R500 must be paid to the wounded man, and R1,500 must be paid to us for the relatives of Lao Pan if he were not produced in eight days.

The Minister was obviously horrified at the amount, but greatly relieved at the conclusion. After this, things went on rapidly. The Sawbwa agreed to the payment. In another communication sent at the same time he said he had heard a great deal about British military exercises, and would be gratified if we brought the troops over, and gave a display in the palace grounds.

I thought this would be a good thing, and suggested that I should take down nine sepoy and their native

officer, and that Pink should stay in the camp, ready to pounce if any tomfoolery were started.

"I'm going with you," said Pink. "I'm in command of your escort. We can leave the doctor in charge here. He's been treating a lot of the people for sore eyes and goitre and boils, and if the worst came to the worst they probably wouldn't hurt him."

"But look here, don't you think you'd best stay here? If anything happened to us, you could explain things if you got back."

"I'm not good at explaining why I didn't back a man up."

So it was settled. I took no weapon, but the Pathan orderly, who was to stand behind me, hid my revolver in the folds of his flowering draperies.

There were thousands of people all round the open space of green when we arrived. I went up on to the verandah, and sat beside the Sawbwa, and my Pathan stood straight up behind me ready to put a bullet through the chief's head at the first sign of treachery.

The sepoy skirmished and charged, and prepared to receive cavalry and went through bayonet exercises. All the time I told the Sawbwa of cannon so big that men could get inside them, cannon that could throw shell incredible distances, shell that burst and killed everybody over acres of ground, more than the size of the ground where the sepoy were drilling; and of machine-guns that could mow down crowds just as a reaper cut paddy. Also about bombs, with half a dozen or so of which one man could settle a hundred in a few minutes, and they were easy to carry into the most distant places. The Sawbwa expressed a great desire to try one. He said it wouldn't matter at all so long as the right people were killed, apparently there were plenty he could spare.

I told him that we hadn't brought any to the parade

GETTING THE CHIEF IN HAND

and that they were awkward things, and no respecter of persons, he might get killed himself.

He listened stolidly and presently seemed bored, and I called out to Pink to tell him to wind up with a general salute.

He agreed, adding, "As to the salute. We'll salute you and not that savage, so mind you take it."

Thus the whole thing went off without accident. On the way back Pink reminded me that rations were getting short and we should have to get back.

I had not been able to say anything about the Lao Pan affair at the display, but wrote immediately I reached my own quarters. In reply the Chief said he would come around the next day. He did so, and in order that there should be no sign of fear of treachery on our part, but that we might have some security, Pink arranged that his men should be "cleaning their arms" in the vicinity of my tent.

The Chief came with a smaller escort than the first time. He treated the question of British suzerainty with imperturbable nonchalance. He had nothing to say against it, and saw no particular advantages in it. I had to argue in every way I knew, until at last, out of sheer boredom, he agreed that a covenant should be drawn up. Then I asked about the mule-driver. The Chief said the Nats had not yet answered, but there would probably be an answer on the day of "preparation before the full moon." That was about four days ahead. Then he flung himself off.

The money was paid over at the expiration of that time, then I held a sort of durbar in the large audience-hall, and presented the Chief with his sanad. The brother-in-law came too, and, with the exception of one other, he was the only "foreigner" present, besides ourselves, but there was an enormous number of people from all over the state. I made a speech and, as is usual,

DEATH OF THE MAN-EATER

a running commentary was kept up by the audience nearly all the time, which is a little disconcerting. But complete agreement was arrived at, and this was more than I had ever dared to hope after the affair of the mule-drivers.

At last this large and prosperous state was bound to us in regular form though it was more than three years after we had taken over Upper Burma.

We left on 1st of April 1890.

Some years later, when the Chief was handing round cakes to the ladies at a garden-party at Maymyo, he mentioned casually that it was only because of the intercession of his wives that he had not massacred the whole party. On the whole, knowing what he now knew, he thought that the ladies had been right.

I might add that the Sawbwa died when he reached the age of twenty-one, and the younger brother became Chief; his son, Saw Kawng Tai, succeeded him recently.

Though Scott was not to be allowed any special recognition on account of what he had done, yet in a private letter to him, Sir Charles Crosthwaite, the Chief Commissioner, acknowledges his value handsomely :

We have received your message giving an account of the affray in the Sawbwa's enclosure. I consider that you took exactly the right course, and that your promptness and courage deserve much praise. If you had hesitated you might have had a bad time of it.

In the same letter :

The stealthy aggression of the Siamese is due solely to the appearance of weakness and indecision caused by the dual government of the Home and India Foreign offices.

I have not yet made any formal recommendations to the Government of India on Elias' letters. I was anxious to consult you and get your opinions before writing.

If Mong-pan is unable to maintain himself in the states,

REVENUE

what is to be done? I wish, if possible, you would come down here and discuss these matters with me.

The revenue fixed by H—— is in many cases too high and I am quite prepared to suspend the demand to such extent as you advise.

The question as regards those four states is one of internal administration. Here again E—— should either have consulted you or left you to make the arrangements.

It is most important that you should be here to take part in the final settlement—I should be inclined to advise that you take your leave now and return in time for the Commission. If you are not there our interests will certainly be neglected. (Government House, Rangoon.)

CHAPTER VIII

JOURNEYINGS IN THE JUNGLE

Frontier Work—Second Siamese Commission—The Siamese Commissioners—Measles on the March—Kengtung again—More Gold and Silver Flowers—Scott Superintendent Northern Shan States

IT was on his journey to Kengtung that Scott began to collect material about the Wild Wa, those strange peoples who live on their razor-backed hills to the north of Kengtung. He longed to be able to penetrate into their fastnesses, which none, not even the Burmans during their governorship, had dared to do. But the time was not yet.

A friend writes to him : " I hear the Was have been found, I began to think they might be a myth."

Scott's activity, both mentally and physically, was astounding. During a great part of his time he was moving from place to place in a country of such natural difficulties that about 13 miles was considered a good day's march. He was harassed by the delays of transport, and by constant accidents, so that he had often to sleep anywhere and without any comforts, because the mules had failed to come up with the baggage. Sometimes he had been in torrents of rain, and was wet through, and without a change. This, in a temperature which varied as much as 40° in a day, and was mostly, at midday, somewhere about 80°. His working days ran from 5 or 6 a.m. to 10 or 11 at night. Because, though he often arrived at his destination by midday or earlier, he had then to interview the Headman (under whatever title he went by) in a strange tongue. Interpreters were difficult to get. Nothing is more exhausting than pumping information out of an uneducated man through an inadequate medium. Then there was all the informa-

tion he obtained both on the march and on arrival to be collated and written down. Preparations had to be made for the next day. Usually there was "official" correspondence to be attended to. His diary, and the weekly summary of his doings for the Secretariat, had to be made up. Yet in the midst of all this he found time to scribble down on any odd sheet of foolscap words in whatever language the people spoke around him.

The enormous length of the Annual Report also necessitated a great deal of mental as well as physical work. These reports of his are often monographs on the habits and customs of the strange peoples now brought within the sphere of British influence; they are spoken of by the Chief Secretary as "valuable and interesting." To add to all this work he was constantly receiving letters from various Sawbwas, evasive or friendly, and these had to be translated and copied out for the Appendices of the Report. In the early days such letters were often written on the large sheets of whity-brown paper, home-made from bamboo pulp. Replies, made up in queer languages, had to be not only tactful and correctly phrased, but so unmistakably firm that their import could not be misunderstood.

Scott was certainly spared the nervous anxiety which afflicted some officials in these difficult circumstances; for wherever he went the people of the country were all friends to him, and it was this spirit of friendliness that carried him through so many difficult places successfully, whereas others often came to grief or were refused information. With all this, which might be supposed enough to fill any ordinary man's time, he had his hobbies; his excellent results in photography, when once he had got over the initial stages, are well known to everyone who knows anything of Burma. He had besides numerous side-lines. He collected stamps all his life; even to the end of his days he could never see a stamp, the least out of the ordinary, without purloining it and hiding it away as a squirrel hides nuts. His collection of match-box labels is rainbow-hued.

It may be mentioned here, too, that he had a horror of bromides. There were none in his conversation or

JOURNEYINGS IN THE JUNGLE

writing. He never answered any question with the obvious reply, but had his own ways of phrasing. His answers were always part of his strong and enduring personality. No man was more free from conceit, and he never used the first personal pronoun if by any means it could be avoided. Even his outstanding adventures were told, when he could be persuaded to write them down, in the third person under a disguised name. This was so in the story told in the last chapter which has been translated back again.

After his journey to Kengtung, Scott did not go straight back to Fort Stedman, even though Hildebrand had at last got his long-desired leave, and he was to act for him while he was absent. Barnard, another assistant, was there to attend to daily routine. So Scott took the chance of passing back through the states previously handed over under his authority, to Mong-pan, which he found fairly settled.

Here are a few notes from his diary by the way :

The Nam Hsim is a formidable obstacle. There are no boats and the ford is so deep, even at the end of the dry weather, that several of our smaller mules were washed off their feet, and the baggage was only recovered a mile down the stream.

Doose of a place for snakes. Killed three. Pan [his dog] a nailer at rootling them out. Squirrels chattering all day long in my nat tree [under which he was encamped]. Thundering big centipede tootling around after dark. Pan spotted him and I settled him.

Heard a cheetah roaring on the other side of the stream not more than 150 yards off, but could not see her. Did not mind us a cuss. Roar rather like a saw worked by a powerful man, cross between that and a donkey, but more like the saw. Lots of jungle fowl, pea fowl, pig and deer.

The river (Teing) plunged into a narrow gorge between hills averaging 2,000 feet above us. Road scrambled along the steep face. Has not been used since March

IN THE BED OF THE RIVER

last, and was therefore blocked a good deal by fallen vegetation and still more by the same growing. After getting into the hills the channel narrowed to 20 or 30 paces and gradually became one continuous rapid with lashers in between. Got to the junction with the Salween in a little over three hours' going.

Teing goes straight on due south, Salween coming in at nearly a right angle and running due west. Comes out of a gorge with hills about the same height as those along the Teing. The village site almost an impassable tangle of jungle, a few skeletons of houses remaining. Camped on a big oval sandbank about half a mile long. Trees and grass growing on it, but signs of flood about ten feet above my head on the tree under which I camped or rather bivouacked.

Salween about a hundred yards wide. Current about six knots. Hills as bare as the devil, mostly rock with thin layers of earth. Wish I had had the camera. Had a swim in the Salween. Water doosed cold and the strength of the current an infernal nuisance, the bed being all stones and nasty to walk on. Saya Hein built me a little hut of bamboos covered with plantain leaves. No candle, therefore fell asleep about 8.30.

Next day : Went straight off at a steady marching pace, and got to the village (Ta Kon Pein) in 3 hours 20 mins., only one of the four sepoys lasted with me.

Scott spent Christmas that year at Loikaw in Karenni, where he royally entertained all the officers and men at his own expense, as was his wont. There is a letter from the officer : "I assure you we shall always remember you and Christmas, 1889."

He found Kengtawng, the state belonging to Monè, and really the most valuable part of Monè's possessions, in a deplorable condition ; and made arrangements for it to be looked after. He came back through Lawksawk.

He did not reach Fort Stedman until July 1, 1890.

JOURNEYINGS IN THE JUNGLE

I had been absent for frontier work for the whole of the open season, and except in the course of rapid marches from place to place, visited no part of the Shan States which formed the subject of my Report last year. During my absence Mr. Barnard moved from Monè to Fort Stedman, and took charge in headquarters and in the Myelat.

He remarks, among other items, that English law has now been established in the Myelat and the head-men have been invested with the powers of second-class magistrates and provided with copies of the Penal Code and the Code of Criminal Procedure—

a source of joy and pride to them at first, which now weighs on them like a nightmare. It seems to me that if English law is to be extended to the Shan States it will have to be done very gradually.

He mentions Mr. Stirling, who had charge of the Eastern States through the cold weather, and made a tour of the Northern States. This was G. C. B. Stirling, C.I.E., whose character was in keeping with his name. A first-rate, dependable man, who afterwards accompanied Scott in one of his most dangerous tours, and eventually succeeded him as Superintendent of the Southern Shan States. He was a lifelong friend. In retirement he settled in Jersey, and died while on a visit to Australia.

While Scott was away on his mission to Kengtung a durbar had been held at Fort Stedman by Sir Charles Crosthwaite, which showed the harvest of the careful work that had been done. Throughout the year the States had been garrisoned by the military police of the Shan Levy. Neither Fort Stedman nor Monè had proved very good as far as health was concerned, and now for the first time the new post at Taunggyi is mentioned as a possibility. Scott is all in its favour. It was there he was subsequently to live for some years.

The altitude of the place was 5,200 feet. The site is

SHAN STATES' PROGRESS

really a plateau, and there is no hill station in India where there is so much room, not merely for house-building but for race-courses, polo-grounds and public gardens.

He concludes his Report :

The progress of the Shan States may not be very fast, but I think it may fairly be claimed that it is very steady. It is at any rate certain that peace has been undisturbed through the states for considerably over a year, and there is every reason to hope that this peace will be maintained. The submission of the Kengtung Sawbwa has added from 15,000 to 20,000 square miles and many exceedingly wild subjects to the charge, but the submission has, to all present appearance, been so unqualified that it has really strengthened the hold of Government on the Cis-Salween States.

Scott was now Officiating Superintendent of the Southern Shan States. The Government could hardly do less than put him in charge during Hildebrand's absence, though in an official letter the strangling effect of red-tape is boldly set forth.

The Lieut.-Governor has pleasure in acknowledging your distinguished service, but I am to tell you that it would arouse much discontent and would be contrary to the usages of the Service to promote you on that account to a higher place among Deputy Commissioners than that assigned to you in the Civil List.

The marvel is that Government departments ever get subordinates to act with enthusiasm at all. The rigid system of promotion by seniority alone irrespective of merit is the salvation of the lazy man. He simply sits tight within the frame-work and is pushed on and up by the slow accretion of time.

Scott's energy and firmness were appreciated, even if not by those in the Secretariat. Yaunghwe told him :

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"the people are much more afraid of you than of Mr. Hildebrand, because you make up your mind in such a hurry and are so stubborn about it." Most forceful if unintended testimony!

All eastern peoples find our western names a trial to pronounce; there was not one among the chiefs even who could properly pronounce the teasing test of "Hildebrand" properly. It became "Idle-bran," then "Eelde-bran," and finally "Eel-prawn," a nice name quite Kiplingesque, by which Scott always humorously referred to his old chief in later years.

The work done on the Siamese boundary in 1889-90 was not all wasted in spite of the fact that no Siamese officials had appeared to confirm or dispute it. But it was clear that the matter could not be left in that state. In November 1890 it was seen that something would have to be done about it. For the French had taken a hand in the game and swallowed up much of Siam; it seemed likely that they would become our neighbours on that side, a very different matter from having a nation like Siam on our flank.

In December 1890 Scott was up on the border again, where he met Mr. Archer. There was also with him Lord Lamington, who was exploring on his own account. He kept with the Boundary party for some time, and eventually went over into Tongking. The escort was under Captain Fulton, Gurkha Light Infantry. The Sawbwa of Kengtung sent a man to meet them at Maingthat, and on January 1, 1891, they started the real business. This time the Commission was met by some Siamese officials. The Siamese Commissioner arrived, "with 14 elephants and twenty Lao soldiers in great array." But nothing was finally settled, and in the end the matter was left to the bureaucrats to deal with.

Mr. Archer is inclined to recommend conceding the entire Siamese claims—it surrenders between two and three hundred square miles of territory, all of which is settled and a great part cleared by Kengtung.

HOT SPRINGS

When the party went out we marched in the earlier stages along the banks of the Nam Kok.

There was nothing but an ill-defined track. We had therefore to cut and, in a good many places, to dig out our own road, for not far short of a hundred miles in all. For a distance of about 12 miles below the town of Maingthat, the Nam Kok runs in a narrow channel between hills, and the stream is rendered quite un-navigable by constant rapids. The river averages a hundred yards wide and is unfordable.

They came across many queer and interesting things, including hot springs :

There is a considerable deposit of sulphur. The water bubbled out from fissures in a reef of rock. We had no apparatus to test the temperature, but it seemed close on boiling-point. A still more singular circumstance was the existence of similar springs of hot water in the bed of the Me San which flows a short distance to the south. The stream is quite deep enough to suggest a bath, and the springs in its bed are hot enough to the bare foot to cause the bather to jump.

In all the streams flowing from this range quantities of gold dust are found both in the sand of the water-bed and by digging along the banks.

The state of Keng Cheng is cut in two by the Mekhong, and so also is that to the north, Keng Hung.

If the further bank of the river were to remain in the hands of Siam, the Mekhong frontier might pass, but unfortunately Siam is a country rich enough to inspire cupidity, weak enough to tempt ambition, and foolish enough to court embroilments.

Lord Lamington and Captain Fulton went out shooting. They also tried fishing but got nothing. Lord

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Lamington "was distinctly a curious object, fishing in a lungyi tucked up over his knees."

They hadn't been long on trek when Scott developed measles. He had a peculiar weakness in taking them, and had them no less than four times in his life. He used to say that if anyone with measles came within a mile of him he was done for. "A confounded nuisance anywhere, but absolutely disgusting on the march." Long after, in conversation, he said :

When I had the measles for the second time I was on the Boundary Commission. Couldn't stop for that, besides, the camp was in an abominable place. It was for me to say "go" or "stay," of course. I said "go on." My tent was "isolated," i.e. pitched 100 yards away from the rest in the middle of some flat paddy fields. The only two men who hadn't had the measles, Lord Lamington and another, insisted on coming to see me.

In his diary of the Commission he writes :

The road was absolutely horrible all the way. The pioneers had to cut niches in the side of the hill for foothold for the mules.

The Kengtung Headman round in the evening to say he was so dilapidated after his march to meet us that he would like to have some whisky. Gave him a bottle, with instructions not to drink it all at once.

No small item, a bottle of whisky carried all the way up here ! Scott was always liberal with his stores, though he was most abstemious himself. It was he who provided cherry brandy on New Year's Eve for the whole party. It was, however, only a few days later that the Headman came again. "Poor old beggar, looking more baked than ever. Asked me for another bottle of whisky. Declined to pass over this time."

A scientist wrote asking Scott to preserve any strange frogs or reptiles in spirits. "Told him we want all the spirits we have for nightcaps."

A COLOURED SNAKE

A snake 10 feet long was killed, and no one knew what it was.

Black with faint light bands. The doctor cut an iguana out of it half digested, and then its heart. This continued beating for a long time. Skinned it for dispatch and identification. One of the surveyors produced an illustrated book on snakes in Persian ! A sufficiently extraordinary thing to turn up on an expedition like this in a confounded jungly camp. The Indians ate the snake !

Hedin Singh was the Havildar Surveyor attached to the party, and his route traverses were incorporated into the sketch-maps of Mr. Kennedy, the sub-surveyor. The Havildar made long marches, for a man who had to pace all the way, but his work appears to be very accurate and full (Annual Report).

Besides the snake there were constant tiger alarms.

One night gongs sounded and elephants stampeded all on account of a hovering tiger. This was repeated several times ; the din being made to scare away the tiger.

In one Jungle camp

at night an alarm of a bullock carried off by a tiger. Crossed the river and fooled about for an hour trying to track up the beast. Found where the bullock was seized, and saw drops of blood, but could not track it. [Just as well perhaps.] We were camped in rather cramped ground. A great row broke out between the sepoys of the quarter-guard and two of the Panthays. One of the Chinamen called out " Save life ! " and a whole crowd of others rushed up. The sepoys were doing the same, when the doctor and I got there and stopped it, the doctor by saying " bus," and I, by catching the two culprits, a naique and a Chinaman, by the throats and hauling them separate. Captain Fulton

JOURNEYINGS IN THE JUNGLE

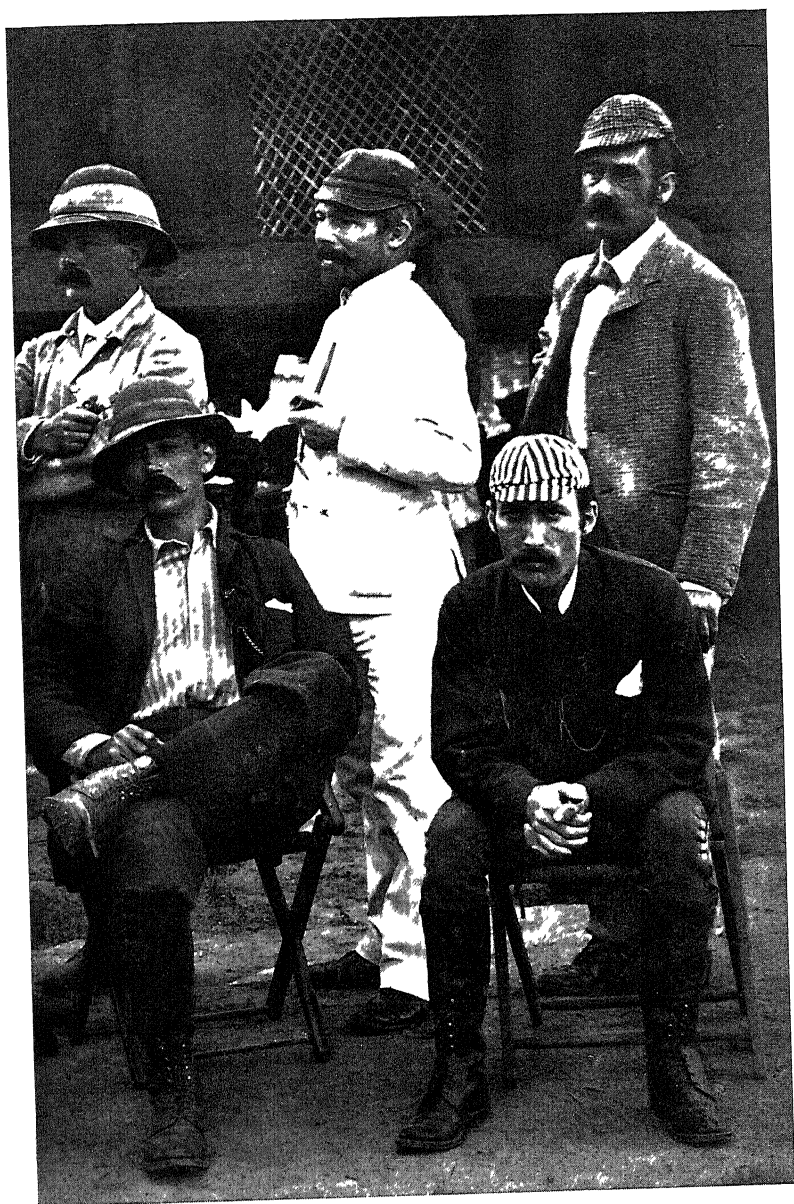
afterwards investigated the matter, and gave the sepoy seven days "cells" and fined the Chinaman R10, neither party satisfied.

They moved on to Keng Cheng, the state which Lord Salisbury eventually handed over.

To the west a high range, growing steadily higher northwards, separates the strip of plain land from the Mekhong, and to the east hills, range beyond range, tower up to heights of 6,000 or 7,000 feet, shutting off the Siamese country beyond so completely that there is absolutely no communication except by toilsome foot-tracks from one village to another. The villagers will tell you that there is no passage east at all, and it is only a stray man here and there who can tell you of "a man's path." Lord Lamington, who was on an exploring expedition, and anxious to move across from Mong Hsing to Tongking, spent a week at the capital of Keng Cheng endeavouring to find a route and eventually had to go north before he could find any road practicable for animals going eastward. Mong Hsing, the chief town, also gives its name to the eastern part of the state. A very wild country this, and the furthest out-flung frontier east of the British Empire.

The Myosa came out to meet us in the usual Shan fashion, riding at the base of a sort of pitchfork formed by two lines of men carrying guns, spears, green, white and red, and white and brown pennants. The display was rather paltry compared with that of most of the Cis-Salween chiefs.

The Siamese were three days making up their case, and delayed us considerably in Mong Hsing. The Siamese case is so very weak that it may be at once said that the future of Keng Cheng lies entirely in the hands of the British Government.



The Anglo-Siamese Boundary Commission, 1889-90
Standing : Capt. F. J. Pink, Scott, Ney Elias
Seated : Capt. H. M. Jackson, W. J. Archer

CHIEF OF MONG HSING

In an article written long after this Scott makes the matter plain :

Our most sorry and humiliating experience in the matter of the frontiers of Burma, after the annexation of Upper Burma, was in regard to Mong Hsing. The state lies on the other side of the Mekhong River from Kengtung, and used to be a sort of demesne and training-school for the heir-apparent to the Kengtung state. It was five years before we had anything to do with Kengtung beyond telling the Chief he was to consider himself a British subject. When he did submit, to the first officer who went to his capital, he immediately insisted that Mong Hsing should come under the British flag too, all the more because the Siamese, flown with their success in Chieng Sen, were making efforts to win over Mong Hsing also. Accordingly, a joint Siamese and British party, which was making a report on the Burma-Siam frontier, went on across the Mekhong to Mong Hsing.

The chief, who was an uncle of the Kengtung Sawbwa, declared Siam had nothing whatever to do with his territory, and immediately proffered the gold and silver flowers which had been the customary tribute to the Burmese Government.

These, however, were declined, on the representation of a member of the Siamese Consular service who accompanied the party, and proved to be the only coherent advocate of the pretensions of Siam. After a good deal of timorous vacillation the Government of India decided, that since the submission of Kengtung had been accepted, Mong Hsing could not be abandoned, so the Siamese Government was informed accordingly, and accepted the intimation with philosophic calm. They had only been making attempts to find out how far the British Government would go in drawing in its frontiers. The Siamese thought they had discovered the limit of British

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complaisance and were prepared to be satisfied with the unexpectedly easy acquisition of the derelict Chieng Sen. Then, however, came the abandonment to China of our concurrent rights in Keng Hung and a cold fit came over the Indian Government. It was thought that the occupation of Mong Hsing would be taken for earth-hunger, and a defiance to the French Republic, known to be then a matter of 150 miles away. So the Siamese Government and the Mong Hsing chief were informed, somewhat to their astonishment, that Britain abandoned her rights in Mong Hsing. The Myosa very reluctantly betook himself to Siam to do homage. He had hardly done so when the French picked a quarrel with the Siamese and forced the Menam River. The resulting treaty of October 1893 gave the French all Siamese territories and rights on the left bank of the Mekhong. The French therefore promptly claimed Mong Hsing and sent agents there to hoist the French flag and build houses painted red, white and blue.

Lord Rosebery, who was Foreign Secretary at the time, had the extraordinary idea of forming a buffer state. Lord Kimberley, who followed him, courted a snub by ordering the immediate occupation of Mong Hsing, and then came Lord Salisbury, who was, without exception, the worst Foreign Secretary we ever had for matters east of Suez, and he gave the whole question up.

This article has been quoted to show in a nutshell the position, but the actual evacuation did not come for some years, and before that Scott had once again been sent up to the Border.

Meantime Mr. Archer and Captain Fulton went back, and Scott went on further north.

Before starting on the Commission Archer had written to him saying that if he wished to go on to Kengtung he must do so on his own responsibility. Scott certainly never shirked responsibility. He replied promptly :

My return by Kengtung would be of service, not so much politically as geographically. I therefore entirely accept the responsibility of the further march.

It was about here that the party met many of the Muhso people. There were various "septs."

The Yao women wear an extraordinary bamboo platform of leather, covered with red cloth, supported by struts at a height of two feet above the head. The hair is carried up in a column to this, and fastened down with gum or lai on the flat piece of leather. This coiffure naturally cannot be done up every day, and the misery of learning to sleep with this roof projecting above the head can only be equalled by that of the Padaung women with their foot-wide brass tube collars.

This shows how Scott was noting and observing as he went, but all details as to the weird collection of peoples in the hills can be better found in abundance in his latest book, *Burma and Beyond*.

North of Keng Cheng is Keng Hung (see plan, p. 138). This is the state which has also the extraordinary name of the Sipsong Panna. A panna is an area, and there are supposed to be a dozen small states within the larger area subject to the Sawbwa. But opinions vary, or perhaps facts vary, as to how many of these there are east or west of the Mekhong.

Writing long afterwards, Scott said :

The connection of Keng Hung with Burma, which had already begun to be feeble, disappeared altogether in the first four or five years of our occupation of Burma. We might have secured the six western panna in 1890 when some British officers visited Keng Hung but the opportunity was lost owing to the decision of Government that the neighbourhood of the French was full of danger and menace.

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Scott, as was his habit, went thoroughly into everything and enjoyed himself exceedingly. From the eastern side of the state extended the vast tea-gardens of the tea known as Pu'erh, which is supposed to be a very special dainty.

I once sent Queen Victoria some Pu'erh tea—beastly stuff it was—when I was on the Boundary commission. I wrote and asked permission from the Private Secretary first. Pu'erh should be only about three miles within the boundary of China if Lord Salisbury hadn't made a mess of it. It's 60 or 70 now. I sent the tea in a silver Burmese box and warned them it was very pale. It was acknowledged and the silver box too.

He found a good many most interesting MSS. at a monastery here and a curious little Chinese gilded wooden Buddha with an inscription "in what is called the diamond character."

The monastery was deserted "except by hosts of fleas." There was nothing to be gained by a stay in Keng Hung, so the party went on to meet the expedition under Mr. Daly, which was coming in from the north-west.

On the road they passed the gorge of the Nam Ha.

This is the most extraordinary stream, and, for its size, I should imagine unique. In a crow line of perhaps twenty miles, it falls upwards of 2,000 feet in one continuous torrent, as far as could be seen, without one single cascade, and when it reaches the plain it is fifty feet wide. The channel is choked with boulders and pointed rocks, and, for the distance of five or six miles, throughout which the road follows its banks, the roar of the water is so great that it is almost impossible to carry on a conversation.

At Mong Hai they met Mr. Daly; this was across the Mekhong on the western side, but still in Keng Hung. He gave them particulars of the fighting that was going on between a recalcitrant chief of one of the smaller

states or pannas, and the Sawbwa, who was "a very weak young man."

This Sawbwa called on Scott the next day when Daly had left, and said he would like him to settle the dispute with the subordinate chief, "but I told him that Mr. Daly, to whom the question belonged rather than to me, had decided to leave it for settlement by the Chinese official."

Scott and his party went on to Kengtung, where everything was in fairly satisfactory condition. The Sawbwa came round almost immediately, and presented the gold and silver flowers. "He also serenaded us with his private band, and sent a theatrical troupe to the camp every night, a compliment better intentioned than it was gratifying."

The two brothers had been having rather a serious quarrel, and came to Scott to patch it up.

At first I declined to have anything to do with such a question of domestic politics. But I was told if I did not one or the other brother would certainly be killed. There are faults on both sides. The Sawbwa is too stingy and the Heir-apparent too ambitious. I came to the conclusion that the only way to prevent murder was to get the two brothers apart. Maingthat had been assigned to Kengtung, and therefore I told the Sawbwa that Maingthat was to be given to his brother to administer.

After this he left to make his way back to Fort Stedman. Daly retired from his position in the Northern Shan States in 1891, and Scott was appointed Superintendent to succeed him; this, at last, gave him opportunity for gratifying his longing to see something of the wild tribes on this frontier, including the Wild Wa.

Daly was subsequently Resident in Mysore, India, and Chief Commissioner Coorg. He became Sir Hugh Daly, K.C.S.I. and K.C.I.E., but all his decorations, except the C.I.E., were given him for services elsewhere than in Burma.

CHAPTER IX
IN CHARGE OF THE NORTHERN
SHAN STATES

The Gazetteer of Upper Burma—Languages—Dr. Cushing—Intermittent Malarial Fever—Graham's Enthusiasm—Drives off Kachins

IN this year, 1891, a huge new job was sprung upon Scott. He was told to "do" the Gazetteer for Upper Burma; that was to compile it from original sources.

I didn't want to do it. Was ordered. Had no choice. They said they would give me 2,000 rupees. All the Deputy Commissioners were ordered to send me in details of their districts. Many of them left it to their clerks. Much of it consequently came in in Burmese and had to be translated. After I had worked this out, I reckoned it would take me ten years. It had all to be written out by hand. Then they sent me "on special leave" to Rangoon for six months, so that I got on better, but it was a stupendous task. When I had done it, all the names had to be considered, and the spelling—then Sir Hugh Barnes, who was governor, said they couldn't give me the 2,000 rupees as I had been on special leave! They never even thanked me.

By the way, in the middle of it I was sent off to Bangkok and then on the Mekhong boundary. I found it impossible to read the proofs while moving from place to place, so I got Hardiman, an Assistant Commissioner, and an I.C.S. man, to do that. I stuck his name on the title-page too. They said I shouldn't have done that. Thirkell White was quite annoyed about it.

When one turns up one of his letter-books dated from "Lashio 1891," and finds page after page taken up with copies of letters in his own hand-writing to various Deputy Commissioners asking for information as to Boundaries, Forests, Climate, Archæology, Agriculture, Details of Roads, Public Buildings, Municipalities and the complete series of Circles, Townships and Villages, one begins to get some idea of the labour and ability involved in handling all this stuff.

When one looks at the finished work, in five large volumes, and dips into them, wonder grows. The first volume is History and Ethnology, written almost entirely by himself with quotations and references from any known authorities ; the next volume embraces such trifling subjects as Religion, Native Rule, Geology, Agriculture, Industrial Arts, Revenue, Government and Administration.

Maps, illustrations, and sketches of the various handicrafts, had all to be collected and selected. Many of the photographs are his own, supplied by himself, though his photography was a private and very expensive hobby. It is a monumental work, even if it had been done by a man who had nothing else to do.

At the end of the first volume are tables running to over a hundred pages, with every language and dialect in Burma represented so far as it is known. Across the page we read as headings : Shan, Siamese, Lao, Wa or Vü, Hka Muk, Palaung or Rumai, Riang or Yang Sek, Mon or Talaing, Karenni, Yintale, Mano, Taungthu, Taungyo, Danaw, Chingpaw or Kachin, Asi or Szi, Lechi or Lashi, Maru, Pwun or Hpon, Lisaw, Lahu or Muhso, Chinbok, Kadu, Akha or Kaw, and many more. Not only the equivalents for the most common words such as bread, meat, water, are given, but in some cases short sentences, so that if you find yourself in the Wild Wa country, and want to ask, "How far is it from here?" or "How old is your grandfather?" you will be all right if you happen to have with you a copy of this great volume.

The other day I came across an old MS. book, folio shape, well worn, ruled in uneven pencil lines with the

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names Burmese, Shan, Kachin, Hotha Shan, Lisaw, Palaung, Chinese, Pali, Tasoru across the top, and many of the commoner words and their equivalents filled in, showing that Scott not only classified and arranged the matter sent to him, but actually collected much of it himself.

When he first went up to Kengtung he met that remarkable man, Dr. J. N. Cushing, D.D., who was sixty-five when he died, and had spent forty of these years in Burma. He calls him "the only real authority on the Shans." Cushing was attached to the American Baptist mission. He will be remembered no less for his scholarship than his missionary work. His grammar and dictionary of Shan were for many years the only books of the kind, and everyone who learnt Shan had to learn from them. But there are now others, including that of Major Bigg-Wither, though Cushing's will always hold their place.

This is a digression. The second part of the Upper Burma Gazetteer is in three volumes, containing a real gazetteer of every town and village in the upper province, and when you remember that these names can be spelled usually in half-a-dozen different ways, and don't seem the same place when referred to by a Burman or a Shan, and that all this has to be sorted and collated, and drafted and edited, you realize you are up against some work.

All this time, except for the six months in Rangoon, Scott was carrying on his administrative work, and now, as Superintendent of the Northern Shan States, he had to deal with an area with which he was not nearly so familiar as the Southern States.

Except for Tawng-peng the states of the northern charge are all considerably bigger than those in the south and Tawng-peng makes up for its inferiority in area by the value of the tea which it grows. Kengtung, it is true, is nearly twice the size of North Hsen-wi, but it is very remote, and has more of an unprofitable hill population in proportion to its total than any other

WILD KACHINS

state except Manglun with its Tame Wa population. Apart from Yaunghwe none of the southern states has anything like the revenue that falls to the lot of those in the north.

Scott did not take over charge until the end of May. He was given very little help from subordinates. Mr. Lightfoot was called an Extra Assistant Commissioner, but he was also Treasury officer, and could only be away ten days at a stretch when the Treasury was shut. The Civil surgeon, Dr. Bradley, went out of his way to do what he could, but he also was fully occupied. To quote from the *Rangoon Gazette* :

The attempt to rule all the petty potentates of the Northern Shan States by means of a Superintendent and a myook is certainly a piece of splendid audacity when one comes to think of it . . . to govern such a country under such circumstances needs both tact and audacity of the highest order.

This is true enough. The borders of this charge ran up to China and included a mixed mass of the wildest tribes. Half the population of North Hsen-wi are Kachins, of whom Scott says, "they care for nothing but stealing cattle as an interlude to the monotony of growing hill-rice and opium sufficient for their needs."

Beyond this were the states of West and East Manglun where lived the dreaded Wild Wa.

The Annual Report was late in being sent in, and no wonder. Scott says in excuse that he suffered from intermittent malarial fever which prevented his working at it every second day on his return from his tour. He also mentions that the papers which he left behind in his house at Lashio during his eight months' touring had been sodden

into a mass with many others of my papers. The rain there came through the roof like the quality of mercy and fell impartially on official papers and personal

property. It was only by prolonging the touring season far into the rains that I was able to do even so much as I have done. Only the states of Manglun west and Hsum Hsai have been completely inspected, to finish the rest was a physical impossibility.

He had done a great deal, and his mere presence had a quieting effect. He succeeded in restoring order in North Hsen-wi where discontent had been aroused by the putting of a Shan Headman over the Kachin section of the Sawbwa's subjects.

This year was indeed a full one, and his great ambition to visit the Wild Wa in their own homes had to be postponed until the following autumn.

This journey, which is one of the most exciting and best-known episodes in the history of British Burma, is worth recording more at length. So far no one had ventured to tackle the Wild Wa.

Mr. Daly, describing his tour round the outskirts in 1890, said :

I wished to proceed northwards by the most easterly route possible. One suitable line was the road leading north-north-west from Weng Manglem to the great silver mines and thus through the heart of the Wa country. It is doubtful whether any guides could have been obtained to accompany us beyond the mines, and the idea of following the route was abandoned.

From Meung Ma I had thought it probable that we might find a route up the east left bank of the Nam Hka, but in this I was disappointed. Such a route probably exists, but the country is described as very difficult and almost pathless ; it is never entered by caravans ; fear of the Wa Hai and Muso Hai is so deep and general.

They got as far as Loi Lon, where the petty chief refused to come in, as he did later with Scott.

I gather that he is almost as wild and savage as most

of his subjects and it did not appear worth delaying in order to secure an interview [writes Daly].

The Kyè (Kyemmong) boasts that he and his are the only Shans who can travel freely and without fear among the savage Was and Muhsoes. He volunteered to guide me to any part of the Wild Wa region I might wish to visit, and declared himself able to guarantee us a peaceful reception. Time would not have permitted of my availing myself of this offer, even if I believed in the Kyè's ability to make good his words.

They did not go, and the distinction of being the first to go right through the Wa country was left to Scott.

Even the Burmese in their time only once ventured into the heart of "darkest Wa Land," and they did it in search of gold.

They went up in strength, but, the rains coming on, withdrew all but 25 men, who were attacked by the Was and compelled to go away.

In the Northern Shan States meantime, before his great trek came off, Scott had W. A. Graham as Assistant in place of Lightfoot. Walter Graham, who was most popular with all who knew him, had afterwards a distinguished career in administrative work in Siam for which he obtained the order of Knight Grand Cross of the White Elephant.

At this time he was learning his work under Scott, for whom he had an enthusiastic admiration. Graham had a great disinclination for the bureaucratic methods, and disdained continual copying and re-copying. He could not be got to keep copies of his official correspondence. Action was more in his line. Once or twice Scott had to rebuke him on this score. At length, annoyed at not finding a copy of some paper he wanted, he wrote sharply and added: "I think you had better come up and see me about it." A wiggling was clearly indicated. In reply Graham wrote enthusiastically: "Of course I will come. I should love to. I should like to see you every day."

This was disarming.

CHARGE OF NORTHERN SHAN STATES

When Scott was out on tour in his first year as Superintendent the Kachins, who had waited until he was well away, made an attack on the Sawbwa of North Hsen-wi. It was the Kachins who had enabled the Sawbwa, Kun Sang, to attain his present position, and since then he had done nothing but offend and flout them in favour of his Shan subjects.

Scott writes :

I was 100 miles away when I first heard of the attack on Hsen-wi town, and under ordinary circumstances would have ridden through to Lashio to ascertain the nature and extent of the rising ; unfortunately, however, I had been stung by some poisonous plant or insect in both legs, a number of ulcers formed, and I was unable to stand for three days, to walk for ten days and to ride for an entire month. Mr. Graham, however, notwithstanding his very recent arrival in the states, was able to save the Sawbwa, and the country within a thirty-mile radius of Lashio, to enforce the obedience of the Kachins to the proclamation, ordering them to lay down their arms, and to arrange for their meeting me when I returned from beyond the Salween. For this he deserves very great credit.

This was in December. Graham, with a number of sowars under Naib Commandant Gopal Singh, relieved the Sawbwa, who was practically besieged in his own capital, and next day destroyed a stockade where the rebels were established.

They later promised to submit to arbitration, but directly the British had withdrawn, they attacked again, and the Sawbwa, who had about a thousand of his own men with him, put up no resistance but fled to Lashio.

One humorous incident happened about this time. When the Kachins were first attacking Hsen-wi the Headman of a small outlying place appealed to Mr. Kennedy of the Survey of India, who was in the neighbourhood, for help against the Kachins. Kennedy,

thinking it no business of his, sent the letter in to Lashio. The only European left there was Mr. Gabbett, Assistant Engineer and a volunteer officer. Nothing daunted, Mr. Gabbett rose to the occasion, selected 30 of the 100 men left to guard Lashio, and out he went. On the third day he reached his objective, Manmauk, which was full of Kachins, to the number of at least 200. They shouted abuse until the soldiers came near, when they fled. In trying to cut off a man's retreat Mr. Gabbett was himself wounded with a spear, his pony having chosen that ill-timed moment to shy. The Kachins had destroyed the village, but had built about 20 forts; they might have stood their ground quite well, which would have been awkward. Mr. Gabbett showed a full understanding of his responsibility by forbidding the Sepoys to fire at the flying crowd. After this the brave little army went on up into the hills, routed the Kachins every time, and burnt their villages. When he thought he had done enough Mr. Gabbett went back to Lashio, handed three prisoners to Mr. Graham, who had returned, and quietly took up his civil work. Surely the only instance in which a civilian has commanded regular troops at a moment's notice.

All this makes it plain that Scott had a good deal else to do than to attend to the Gazetteer. In this year, too, the Hsipaw Sawbwa resigned and left the government to his son, Saw Hkè, who had been educated in England. The old Sawbwa, who had something the matter with his eyesight, then visited England in hopes of being cured. His grandson, the present Sawbwa On Kya, was eventually sent to school at Rugby, and was for many years Scott's ward after his retirement.

COUNTRY OF THE WILD WA

NORTHERN SHAN STATES

CHINESE TERRITORY

MANGLUN WEST

MANGLUN EAST

Salween

Kuolon Ferry

HO PANG

PANG LONG

MONG MAU

Nam Ma

MA TET

NGEK TE

MAN PANG

NAWNG HKEO LAKE

LAK LAI

SUNG RAMANG

MONG HKA

MONG HSAW

SUNG LONG

NA FAN

PAKKATE

Nam Hka

TRACT

Nam Yang Heng

PANG MI

MOT-HSAMO

PANG LAT

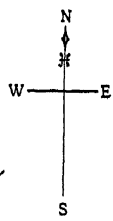
LOI LON

LOI NUNG

TAKUT

Nam Ma

MONG LEM



CHAPTER X

FIRST MEETING WITH THE WILD WA

*The first Wild Wa Expedition—A Mere Child in charge of Wild Was—Head-Hunting—A Wa Village—Gigantic Coffins—Ton Sang the Wa Chief—A Durbar with Sports—Head-Post Avenues—The Religious Head of the Community—Scott visits Sung Ramang—but does not see Him—Nine-Tailed Dog—Headless Body across Path—Kun Lon Ferry—The Affair at Pang Tap—
“Almost Painful to the Nerves”*

ON December 4th, 1892, Scott left Lashio for what was to be a most memorable journey through country hitherto not known to Europeans or even, it was supposed, to Chinamen.

On the 22nd he was joined by Captain Thomas Francis Bruce Renny-Tailyour, R.E. (Colonel, C.B., C.S.I.), who had already served on the Chin-Lushai expedition, and been mentioned in despatches.

Scott had received orders to go to East Manglun to get the formal submission of the great Ton Sang, a chief who was himself a Wa but ruled over Shans. He was supposed to be chief of both the Manglun territories West and East on each side of the Salween, but lately the sub-chief of the Western division had rebelled against him, and Ton Sang had asked the British for help, and promised to make submission to them. The situation at the end of the rains was that Sau Maha, the revolted

COUNTRY OF THE WILD WA

NOTE TO MAP ON P. 178.

This sketch of the Wa Country is more of a free-hand drawing than a map. Only the two main ridges are marked, but it must be imagined that all the white interspaces are criss-crossed with sharp-angled hills. There are, of course, many more names than those given, but those there are show the route of Scott's adventurous first and second journeys through this hitherto unknown territory. If all the irregular hills and the many streams had been put in, the names could not have been read against the background.

chief, had managed to re-establish himself in West Manglun without making any submission to the British Government. He had attacked Ton Sang, who had been formally placed in charge of this state, and had bribed Wa chiefs to aid and abet him. Moreover, he was supposed to be getting secret backing from the Chinese.

During the journey to West Manglun Scott suffered from sore feet, and no wonder, after the amount of tramping he had done. He found it difficult to get along at all, and had for one humiliating day to be carried in the "doctor's" chair swung on bamboos. He took with him his dog, the seasoned "Pan," who had on the way an unfortunate minor accident which occurs to bullocks more often than dogs. A leech established itself in one of his nostrils, and could not be got at. For days he was driven frantic by it. In the mornings it hung out, gorged with blood, and if the slightest movement to catch it were made, back it went! At length, by wily and swift action Scott managed to snick it, to the great relief of the dog.

When Scott reached West Manglun, Sau Maha disappeared. He was called upon to come in and make submission, but showed no sign of obeying. Scott felt that if he merely hung about West Manglun for a while doing nothing, directly he withdrew all the trouble would begin again. His orders had been not to cross the Salween if he could possibly avoid it, but in his judgment it was not possible to avoid it. So he crossed over, and persuaded the redoubtable Ton Sang to come and meet him at Takut. There was fighting going on to the north, but, encouraged by the presence of the British, Ton Sang was holding his own. So eventually, Scott, tired of inaction himself, went north into the disturbed part. Some of the rebel forces fired volleys from long distances, but as usual they retreated when the British came up. The sub-chief of this place was out with the rebels, so Scott appointed the only possible person, a little boy of six, "of the ruling family," in his place, and left him in charge of a regency of thirteen men: headmen and neighbouring chiefs. Ton Sang was their

overlord. "A mere child in charge of Wild Wa," but it was the only thing to do, the wild men of this region would submit to none but one of their ruling house, and this boy was the only member of it available.

Hartnoll, who had been with the party so far, at this junction, asked leave to go back with the ration party to Lashio. Scott's remark is characteristic: "Gave it to him, but can't understand anyone wanting to go back just when we are getting to the most interesting part." All this time he was diligently taking photos, but he found when he developed them that the plates had in most cases been spoilt by the damp at Lashio, where they had been stored. This was the more disappointing as the party was now getting right into the Wa country.

Those who have read the articles written subsequently by Scott, or his book *Burma and Beyond*, will know how impregnable these Wa have hitherto been. They do not group themselves, as the Shans do, into states, but each chief has his own fortress on the top of a steep hill. It is barricaded by a huge earthwork, ages old, grown over with prickly plants and shrubs, through which is driven a tunnel, made to turn at an angle, so that there can be no straight shooting down it.

But the thing which has always excited most interest about the Wa is their predilection for head-hunting. For long the idea that they were cannibals prevailed, but they were never really that. They obtain heads as offerings to the spirits, and plant the skulls when properly prepared, that is denuded of flesh, in posts which are set up as avenues leading to their villages; they instal a new post for a new head, and let the old ones remain to fall to decay, as the Burmese do with their pagodas. In the tract where he now was, Scott found abrupt ridges of high ground running parallel; these were plotted by Captain Renny-Tailyour. The one they were on was that of the friendly chief Ton Sang, on the other was the village of the great chief Sung Ramang, who might be said to be the leader of the innermost circle of the Wild Wa if they acknowledged any at all. As they were to discover, the finest skull avenue was near the village of this doughty chief.

The posts stand on one side of the road only, not on both sides, and there appears to be no rule as to the direction, either of the grove or of the line of skulls, north or south, east or west. Most villages count their heads by tens or twenties, but some of them run to hundreds, especially when the grove lies between several villages, who combine, or perhaps run their collections into one another. The largest known avenue is that between Sung Ramang and Hsan Htung. Here there must be a couple of hundred or more skulls—the skulls are looked on as a safeguard against and propitiation of the evil spirits—though heads are taken in an eclectic dilettante way whenever chance offers, there is a proper authorized season for the accumulation of them. Legitimate head-cutting starts in March and lasts through April. It is noticeable that no offerings are made in the avenue of skulls. The skulls are offering, altar and basilikon themselves. The sacrifices are all made at the spirit-house in the village, and the bones, skins, horns, hoofs and feathers are deposited there or in individual houses, not in the calvary.

The Wa regards his skulls in the same way that holy water is regarded by some, or the sign of the cross, or texts at a meeting-house or hallelujahs at a Salvation Army meeting. Without a skull his crops would fail; without a skull his kine might die; without a skull the father and mother spirits would be shamed—if there were no protecting skull other spirits might gain entrance and drink all the liquor. (Upper Burma Gazetteer.)

The sketch given of the Wa country on page 178 is more of a free-hand drawing than a map. Only the main ridges are marked, but it must be imagined that all the white interspaces are criss-crossed with sharp-angled hills. However, the names in the narrative are given, and both this, as well as the second and more daring, journey can be followed. If all the irregular

hills had been shaded in correctly the names could not have been seen against the background.

It will be observed therefore that the party was right in the midst of the season for heads. The first village of the real Wa that they saw was the one that was evacuated at their approach (Mot Hsamo). Here they came upon some of those curious things which they were afterwards to see more of. The buffalo posts like gigantic tuning-forks, stuck up outside a house to signify the sacrifice of a buffalo by the owner so that the man who has several of them is a pronounced village benefactor. The great hollowed log, forming a weird drum, which is struck on special occasions, and could be heard booming 5 miles off. Pigs and fowls were everywhere. They did not camp in the village, which was permeated by an unpleasant stench and had bits of dried pig hanging up all over—but outside. The baggage did not get in until ten at night—a bright moonlight night, and even then much was missing, the bath for one thing, and any change of shoes. Scott's feet were skinned by the climbing and the rocky stream-beds so that he could not sleep, and all night long guns were going off at intervals, and there was a sense of great unrest.

Next day they saw some of the famous posts, hollowed out, but though there was one very old human skull, fallen to pieces, most of the trophies were those of buffaloes. In the village were coffins. "It is considered respectable for every Wa house to have one, especially if there is an old person among the inhabitants. The coffins are made of two logs of wood hollowed out and are very substantial." Near where they camped, they found a coffin with a dead body in it, and rocks placed on top to prevent wild animals scraping it out.

In this village also was a head covered with grass thatch, being prepared for its position in the outer post.

Scott remarks here in his diary: "Took down a Wa vocabulary, said to be two kinds of Wa; ordinary Wa and Wa Ping Seng." The next day they went forward.

Up and down climb $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, village on top of a ridge. People looked very wild, drawn up to contest

FIRST MEETING WITH THE WILD WA
our advance with dhas, spears and cross-bows. They did not want us to come into their village, or in fact to camp near.

Nevertheless, so persuasive was Scott's tongue and manner, that the headman was induced to come forward, and presently the party were camped actually in the village (Pang Lat) and the dhas, which had threatened them, were cutting down grass around to make spaces for the tents.

Five old men held a religious service immediately behind the tent, chanting in a strange weird key, and from time to time tore up shreds of grass or dried cotton, and threw it into the middle of their circle. Then they sacrificed pigs and hens. There were a terrible lot of fleas.

This was the only religious service of the Wa ever seen and noted.

The party were on one of the first long ridges north and south. The people tried to urge them to go south instead of east, but Scott wouldn't hear of it. He had got here at last, and was out to see all he could. He told them in effect, "we always go where we want to."

However, when they reached the next place (Loi Lon) they found the entrance barred by coffins, conveying a rather ominous suggestion. Somehow they were cleared away, and the party marched in. The village was very filthy, and the Haw, or principal house, in the middle, dark and gloomy. No one there but a dog and a parrot, but there was a fire showing that it had been recently occupied. Twenty armed men were all the inhabitants left in the village, as the rest of the people had fled on the entry of the strangers. They calmed down under Scott's treatment and even allowed him to take photos.

The result was, that, the following day, the headman who had run away, came back with tremendous following, and the overlord, Ton Sang, appeared too. So Scott arranged for a sort of durbar and sports to be held the next day.



*A Wild Wa Village
Showing the buffalo posts set up when a man sacrifices a buffalo for the good of the community*

This caused great excitement. Such doings had never been seen before. At the meeting,

All the headmen of the state excepting the Shans of Na Fan came in to the meeting and the whole hillside swarmed with armed men. The discussion was very long and noisy, and was conducted almost entirely in Wa. . . . There was at the end a great chanting of ritual by the elders, a passing backwards and forwards of fowls' legs and pigs' hams, and finally the slaughtering of a gigantic buffalo which the meeting ate.

The sports in the afternoon were very successful. In each event the sepoys tried first and then the Wa. There were two greasy poles with three rupees on the top of each, and both Wa and Sepoys were untiring in their attempts. At tea-time Ton Sang ate bread and jam for probably the first time in his life. In the end I threw two-anna bits among the crowd, and ended up by throwing also the rupees which had not been won from the posts. They were a seething mass ; there must have been quite 1,000 people present.

On the Chinese border two-anna pieces are all the rage. A man might scoff at the idea of selling a pony for 150 rupees, but if you offered him 300 two-anna bits the odds are he would accept without further chaffering. The rupee, except when newly minted, does not seem to be held in high esteem. In the real Wa states they look on silver money of any kind with comparative nonchalance. A two-anna piece is no more attractive than a rupee, but if you produce copper coin the whole neighbourhood is on the alert to sell everything it possesses from its wives downwards.

After leaving Loi Lon it was a start off into the absolute unknown, where anything might happen. Even in the early days the Wa character for savagery was well established. When Macleod came up from Moulmein in 1867 he visited Kengtung, and afterwards crossed

westward to meet Richardson, but did not come farther north.

Scott plunged in, not only without hesitation, but with eager anticipation. The party could only travel slowly, and took two days crossing the intervening space before the next range towered up, with, upon it, the stronghold of the celebrated Sung Ramang. On the way across, at a village (Pa Hsoi) they saw one of the celebrated post avenues, but there was again nothing much in it. Then they went steeply down to the river Hka, which here was about 30 feet wide. Across this they were met by some of the Wa Pwi, which are characterized as "the wildest of the race yet seen."

Big powerful men, some very dark, with shaven heads and thick necks, rather like the statues of Roman emperors. They had on very little clothing, but some of them wore red turbans, and necklaces of about twenty rows of plaited straw. One man was boasting he had recently taken three heads himself.

The first village they arrived at on the great ridge (Mong Hka) was under the rule of an ecclesiastic called the Ta fu yè. This title is equivalent to "Great Duty Teacher." He was friendly, and sent out a band with gongs, shawms, tom-toms, cymbals and an odd-shaped drum to play them in. The people had erected a triumphal arch in Scott's honour, and directly he arrived there the Ta fu yè, in snow-white raiment, came to meet him.

He spoke in Chinese, and kow-towed, though he is a sort of Grand Lama, then he condescended to shake hands. He brought, moreover, a gift of oranges, plantains and small wax candles. It was the eve of the Chinese New Year.

They had arrived early, in daylight, and watched the people putting up Chinese flags for decoration. On the following day there were bands, processions and firing of guns and jingals. These people were mostly Mu-so

HEAD - HUNTING

or La-hu ; the women wore wonderful coats with silver ornaments and appliqué work in coloured bands and tabs. It was difficult to realize the Wild Wa were all around. The people seemed very religious, and there were many temples. As far as could be made out, no stranger had ever set foot in Mong Hka before ; the belt of Wild Wa country which cut it off from the next ridge westwards having served as an ample deterrent. Even the inhabitants of the village themselves dared not go more than five miles from their homes lest their heads be taken, as they assuredly would be at certain seasons, and if they were alone.

Heads of the Lem Shans are, however, very lightly esteemed among the professed head-hunters ; two rupees will buy a good grinning Lem skull, whereas a Chinaman's will fetch 30 rupees, a Burman's—they are very scarce now—50, while a novelty in the shape of an entire stranger's, such as an Englishman's, would imply a free fight in all the hills for its possession.

Mong Hka stands at a height of 7,000 feet on a huge mountain mass at the northern end of which is Nawng Hkeo, the mountain lake concerning which has been invented such an extraordinary amount of fable. The summit of this ridge is occupied by the Mu-so ; the sides and spurs east and west are in the hands of the Wa, mostly the Tame Wa. The ascent is no light matter, for the mountain rises up to close on 5,000 feet almost without a break.

The celebration of the Chinese New Year was an unqualified nuisance so far as business was concerned, for the Ta fu yè is himself the object of no small part of the worship ; but he was very considerate in giving me all the time he could spare from being worshipped. He gave me a history of his race which I have not yet had time to translate (Report).

The Ta fu yè is nominally a tributary of Sung Ramang,

FIRST MEETING WITH THE WILD WA
the powerful Wa chief who lives to the west. He sends him annually offerings of bullocks, pigs, opium and liquor.

The Chinese had visited him twice in recent years, they had taken away his seal and made him pay tribute by *force majeure*.

He lives in a state of terror. He extended his suspicions even to my private Chinese teacher, and invited me to a secluded interview in an apartment, half lumber-room, half oratory, in the centre of his house, where, far from the light of day, he confided to me his hatred of the Chinese, his terror of the Was, and his desire to become a British subject. I told him I had no authority to make settlements until the boundary between the possessions of Britain and China had been determined. He said that unless there was an early settlement his position would become intolerable, and he and his people would have to migrate. This is undeniably true, and would be greatly to be deplored, for the Mu-so settlement at present forms a centre of comparative civilization in the midst of a wilderness of unmitigated savages. According to their picturesque way of putting it, the Mu-so "desire to wear their old garments," that is, to remain as they are, and not to be absorbed by China.

In an official letter Scott ends :

I have the honour to suggest that if it is thought proper to address the Chinese Government at all on the matter, it would be preferable to say generally that until a boundary line has been determined by the respective governments, all forward movement on either side should be stopped.

While he was here a letter was crammed into his pocket with great secrecy.

This is what I gathered of the tenor of the letter, but

my Chinese is by no means strong : It came from the Chief of Nan Chao, now occupied by the Chinese, and begged the Superintendent to extend his tour there and rescue the states. Water is far from Nan Chao, but fire is near. In twenty days all the three countries [states] will assemble and deliberate. The Superintendent Northern Shan States should be present at this conference.

Nothing would he have liked better than to go, for he was one of the few to whom the horizon always beckons. But common sense told him not to take on this further exploration, as the Chinese had already had settled posts for two years in this region.

From Mong Hka we marched as nearly as possible in a straight line for Mong Mau (north-west) and for five days passed through the country of the Wild Wa. . . . We went slightly out of the way in order to meet the great Sung Ramang.

On the way thither they

passed through a village of about fifty houses—not ferried round, but right through, easily. People in a ferment but not frightened or obstructive. At the top of the village there was a head ripening near four big drums, under a shed of its own. A few hundred yards out a lot of head-posts with skulls in them. Both the heads and the posts were very old, and stood under heavily foliated trees.

Sung Ramang's village is in a cleft on a saddle-back between two north and south ridges. It is a huge big place. A man who said he was the chief came out to meet us and asked us not to come in. Did, all the same, and marched straight through the village (Diary).

They took very little benefit by going through the village, though, for they discovered that the man who met

FIRST MEETING WITH THE WILD WA
them was certainly not the famous chief, and they did not see him at all.

It was absolutely certain that the Chief was in the village, but he could not muster up courage enough to declare himself. Five persons were successively presented to me as Chief, but all in turn on pressure admitted it was not so, and even the temptation of a many-bladed knife, which I offered to give him, was ineffectual. Yet we walked all over the village; we sat for some time in the Chief's house, and almost certainly spoke with him without a knowledge of which in the crowd he was. Sung Ramang is said to have derived his good fortune from the possession of a nine-tailed dog. When even an allusion to this notable animal failed to arouse the pride and disclose the person of its owner, I gave up the attempt in despair.

Scott bewailed that he had not got the time to stop, or he felt sure he would eventually have coaxed the Chief to come forward.

The ridge on which the Ta fu yè and Sung Ramang live ends in the north at the great lake, Nawng Hkeo, surrounded by jungle, though there are stories of forests of walnut trees on the slopes. At the south end of the ridge is the gold-producing area which has aroused so much interest, but it seems from the latest investigations that there is no gold to be found there! Near it is Pakkatè, the place where the Wa as a race say they began; their origin of course being from a pair of frogs. The gold-mines have never been systematically worked, though now and again apparently someone has found gold dust in the bed of the streams.

It was now well on in February, the time when head-hunting was said to be working up to its height, and certainly there was evidence that the real centre of this

SKULL AVENUES

practice had been reached. After leaving Sung Ramang the party went on to the next village,

with a very steep climb of 1,000 feet. Here was a long avenue of posts, with a number of heads. Some of the posts very large and containing two heads. Many posts streaked in white, black and red. Later on passed another avenue of posts, about fifty of them, under big trees about a third of which contained heads. Any number of small spirit shrines like small dog-kennels under archways of greenery. Then, subsequently came upon evidence without question that the head-hunting was in full swing. A human body right across the path, beheaded and with the hands and feet cut off. There were two others close by, but out of sight in the jungle growth, until discovered by the men.

The party camped outside the next place (Hsan Htung), "the people were not very friendly." Nevertheless, before dark Scott went up into the village, and took a couple of photos.

The next day they had to march past a regular tangle of villages, and mostly had to skirt round them as the growth was too thick and the track too narrow for the baggage transport. There were

several avenues of heads, some very fine, with a number of posts and heads, some skulls quite perfect; at one place we came on a crescent of head posts right out in the sunlight. Of course, as it happened I could not get at the camera. It was extremely annoying. It is almost impossible as a rule to get a good light for these posts as they are nearly always in the shade of big trees.

Lak Lai had a tunnel entrance 100 feet long, thickly studded with bamboo spikes. Scott photographed here too, but the light was very bad. All night long the people shouted and beat their drums. A long bright green snake was killed near the camp.

FIRST MEETING WITH THE WILD WA

Next day :

Endless bother with guides. Had no sooner started than the guide refused to go beyond the upper villages. He solemnly unfastened a piece of rag, and taking out the two-anna bits that had been given him, handed them back, and then just legged it.

Scott went into the nearest village and got a guide, a most unwilling one, and the very dirtiest man I ever saw, caked with greasy black filth. He was so unwilling to come that his hands had to be tied behind his back, and our tame Wa led him. He made endless excuses and was as obstructive as he could be. At one time he had to have a long stem of elephant grass stuck in his arm with which he could scratch his face. Another time he held us all up whilst he scratched his back against a tree trunk ; his nether garments threatened to come down and had to be hitched up. He was like a chimpanzee, and once began to howl and cry like a baby. When he got warm with walking, the sweat running down his chest made streaks and fell off in black drops. He evidently thought he was to be sacrificed for a post. So his astonishment was great when we arrived in camp and I set him free, paid him and told him to go. For a few seconds he stood stupefied, looking at the money ; then he sprang up, embraced a near-by Mu-so, and would have embraced me had I not warned him with the toe of my boot against such procedure. That filthy creature was a sight.

They camped by the Nam Ma, with its huge white stones ; crossed by a swinging bamboo bridge with a "trellis work of creepers making a handrail and tying the bridge above and below. (Photo in *Burma : a Handbook.*)

So steep and uneven was the track, that it had taken them six hours to do nine and a half miles. On the way to Mong Mau they missed the road, and came up



A Wild Wa at home



Some of the wildest tribes of the Wa—Wa Pwr

against a very hostile village, where the inhabitants greeted them with yells and heaved huge stones at them. Captain Renny-Tailyour, however, knew that this was off the way, and found the line back to the right route. That night they were in Mong Mau, where the people were Shan-Chinese. Here they actually found a mail awaiting them! The boys at the Pongyi Kyoung had, in addition to their saffron robes, scarlet skull-caps.

The next interesting bit was when they reached Pang Long, the headquarters of the Panthay traders and the birthplace of the dog, Pan. This is a huge place and the inhabitants came out in hundreds with drums and gongs and flags. Blue, white, red, yellow, green and black stripes. They put up such a large tent for Scott that the mess tent could be put inside it. There were avenues of peach and almond trees in blossom. This was a contrast to the gross and foul Wild Wa villages they had passed through. After this Captain Renny-Tailyour, and the other two men, Mr. Erck (transport) and Mr. Ainslie, left them to go back by direct route to headquarters. Dr. Bradley came on. There were rumours of fighting ahead.

Scott was now going north to make a detour in the disturbed part of North Hsen-wi. "We crossed the Nam Ting River, which is here very wide, on rafts, and Pan swam," and the next day were at Kun Lon ferry. Here a village had been burnt to the ground, and Kachin stockades set up all over the place, which was occupied by Kokang Chinamen. Mr. J. L. W. French-Mullen (Lieutenant-Colonel, C.S.I., C.I.E.), with troops, met them. He had been in the Dragoon Guards, but had joined the Military Police, Burma. At one place not far from here a whole river falls from a height of 200 feet in one great cascade into the Salween. When swollen by rain it would fall right across the Salween (40 yards) with its own impetus, but when Scott first saw it, it was about half-way across. There were many wild elephants about, though they were not lucky enough to see one; a man-eater's skin was brought in as a present to Scott. The party now marched along the banks of the river.

FIRST MEETING WITH THE WILD WA

At one place the road went down into the water, we had to hold on to the trunk of a tree and swing ourselves round over the water. At another place (Nam Nim) we passed by the foot of a waterfall. The scenery was fine. Rapids, green pools and huge rocks, with ferns and flowering trees growing between them. Lots of fish and tadpoles. The frogs made a row and the monkeys screamed in the trees. 11 miles and four hours about it. Breakfast at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 4.

The rains had begun, and squalls of wind. The following Sunday at Kut Kai the mail brought for Scott the belated order of the C.I.E., earned four years before! To counterbalance this, the coolie who carried his belongings had lost his camera, with all the shots at the Was! At this place the ground was "covered with violets, harebells, crowsfoot, ground orchids and buttercups, and the cuckoo was heard along the road."

At Nam Kham the Myosa entertained him with large beetle-grubs fried brown. "Very nice they tasted, at first of chestnuts but later of shrimps, the other dish was eggs or grubs, and the roe of some fish or insect."

They had now met the column, and were in charge of British Tommies again with Major Hammans in command, and Mr. Martini. On Easter Monday, April 3, they reached Pang Tap. Here occurred the disastrous incident best described in Scott's official letter.

Letter dated April 19th, 1893 : to the Chief Secretary, C.C. Burma, dated Camp Loi Hkap (in Mg Wi) :

I have the honour to acknowledge receipt yesterday, through the D.C. Bhamo, of the Chief Commissioner's telegram No. — regarding the affair at Pang Tap on the 3rd inst.

I cannot well get into Lashio for another month, and as I will thus be more or less remote from the telegraph wire till the end of May, it seems desirable that I should explain how it was that I marched to Pang Tap and why it was burnt.

A number of Kachins were captured at Mang Hang on 26th Feby. by Major Hamman's column. These men admitted, on examination, that they were present at the attack on Mu-sè on the 5th Feby., and were in Mang Hang on the 6th Feby. when Lieut. Williams was killed. They stated that the Kachin rebels engaged in both these fights started from Pang Tap seven hundred strong.

Pang Tap stands as nearly as possible on the summit of the ridge which is the declared boundary between Chefang and North Hsen-wi. Villages to east and west of it, occupying identical positions, are admittedly Hsen-wi villages. The bulk of Pang Tap lay on the southern or Hsen-wi slope. About a fifth of the houses were on the ridge, a sort of col between two peaks. . . .

The Pang Tap villagers themselves admittedly came from China but the Kachins are aliens in China as much as they are in British territory . . . Bo Saya and Bo Semta were there till quite recently. The Mang Hang ex-Adu has stayed there since he fled before Mr. L. H. Saunders, A.C., in 1890. He came down from the village last year, and fired a shot into my camp. In a telegram from you to the Commissioner Northern Division . . . you say, "We have no wish or intention to annex any territory which does not rightly belong to Thienni but must take action against the Kachins concerned in the disturbances." . . .

On these premises I determined to march along the frontier-line through Pang Tap, and I thought I was justified in doing so. I did not expect a fight, and I had no news which suggested resistance. We passed through a Kachin village as large as, and similarly situated to, Pang Tap, without demur, and without exciting more than curiosity. . . .

Pang Tap was defended by a number of abattis of recently felled trees, by recently erected stockades, and earthwork gabions, and all of these were on the British

and not on the China side. To avoid creating alarm, and suggesting the intention of attack, we marched exactly as usual, with the baggage close up, and with only a few flankers out to distinguish the march from any other. These men were absolutely necessary to prevent an ambushade, and did not suggest a formal attack. I went on with the two leading files in front of the advanced guard. The Kachins left the outer stockade one by one as we came up to them, and at each of these I shouted to them that I only wanted to see the Headman. Finally we halted fourteen or fifteen paces only from the village gate. Here a body of men stood, and shouted, and brandished weapons at us. I told them who I was in Shan and Chinese. I assured them that we would not even enter the village if the elders would come out to meet us. I called up three Kachins in succession to talk to them in their own language. What the villagers said I have not yet been told, but the Kachins we had with us advised us to get under shelter, and fled to the rear themselves.

After five minutes of this, one of the Pang Tap men tried to fire his gun, but there was nothing but a flash in the pan and a puff of smoke. Then I began to threaten, still in hopes of preventing a fight, but with no effect. All this time the advanced guard was standing absolutely exposed in the middle of a broad avenue fifty paces from side to side. After ten minutes the position became almost painful to the nerves. I then suggested to Mr. Ffrench-Mullen that the men should advance very slowly. We had hardly gone two paces when a volley of cross bolts and bullets was fired into us. We cleared the village in much less time than we had been standing before the gate. I submit that I was not precipitate and that I did not seek the fight.

The village is surrounded by heavy jungle. We had not enough men to drive the Kachins out of this. More-

over, I wished to avoid going down the slopes on the Chefang side. After a time the Kachins came back, they doubled back on the rear of the column, and fired into the Mounted Infantry ponies, the men having dismounted to join in the skirmish. Two ponies were killed and another was shot through the neck. One of the Sepoy guard was wounded in the thigh, and a Burman follower was grazed in the foot. The village was too large to hold. It was, moreover, commanded both on the east and the west. Mg Ko was nine miles off in the valley, and it was already late. Moreover, we could only march the baggage through the village. There was no other road except back the way we had come. After a brief consultation with Mr. French-Mullen I therefore gave orders to burn the village. As soon as this was done the Kachins fled and we saw no more of them.

I submit therefore that I did everything possible, even dangerously exposing the lives of the advanced party, to avoid a fight, that burning the village was deserved, and was no more than a military necessity under the circumstances.

There were some funny incidents to liven up this rather tragic business. Pan had been with his master, well in front as usual, but at the first shot he disappeared, and the knowing old dog was found, when all was quiet, far behind everybody, with the boy and the breakfast. The Doctor, greatly to his pride, had had a shot through his hat. It is needless to say that Scott himself carried no weapon of any sort, according to his custom.

Mr. Martini's dog later distinguished itself by seizing the nose of the harmless led cow—it must have had a touch of bulldog in it—"Cow with dog attached ran frantically about for a long time."

On the 20th May :

In the evening suddenly a violent storm got up just

FIRST MEETING WITH THE WILD WA
at dinner-time. Wind, thunder, lightning and rain.
Diluted the soup—whirled Ffrench-Mullen's plate up in
the air—so that it hit me in the face and gave me a
soup-bath. All the candles were blown out, and all the
tumblers broken.

The expedition arrived in Lashio about the end of
May 1893.

CHAPTER XI

THE BUFFER STATE

Appointment to Siam—Resident for a Year—Commissioner for the Mekhong Boundary—Journey of over 800 miles across Country—Frescoes in the Chinese Temple—Pulls up the French Flags—The Buffer State—Strange Snake-eating Tribes—Monsieur Pavie

SCOTT had arrived in Lashio by the end of May after his pioneer work on the borders. He found there an accumulation of official work to be sorted out, and in addition he started on the really serious work of the big gazetteer. But he was not long left in even this mitigated peace. By August he was ordered to start for Rangoon on a mission which was not even explained to him. He left Leslie Saunders in charge as Officiating Superintendent and went to Mandalay to get the train south. The roads were almost impassable as the rains had begun. Ponies simply could not get along at all in one place where the mud was too bad. At every step "in up to the knee and one had to extract one's leg like a cork from a bottle." Several of the mules died. All the terrible exertion was carried in a very high temperature as the cold season had not set in.

Even at Mandalay very little information was vouchsafed as to the reason of this sudden order, but Scott gathered that his destination was Bangkok.

The newspapers seemed to know more about it than he did.

The *Singapore Free Press* came out with this wire from its Penang agent: "Scott British Political Agent Shan States passenger Pundua en route for Bangkok," and followed it up with an article containing these words:

Mr. Scott is notoriously a strong man, and it would be difficult indeed to find a parallel to his courageous and astute

work in the pacification of the Shan States and the securing of the allegiance of various turbulent Shan Sawbwás. . . . If Mr. Scott has been sent for the delimitation of the buffer zone on the Upper Mekhong the Viceroy of India has detached for this duty the particular officer who, from his knowledge of the Burmese-Chinese frontier, is best qualified to give weight to the British case. It is an exceedingly healthy sign that a man of Mr. Scott's stamp should have been despatched on special duty to Bangkok at this crisis. He is a thorough-going Britisher, an energetic man, thoroughly at home with Asiatics and apt at dealing with them, a wielder of the strong hand but withal tactful and resourceful.

The situation was indeed a rather ticklish one. By her action in absorbing parts of Siam France was bringing herself up to our borders on the east. It was of course a very different thing having her for a neighbour than a weak country like Siam. Moreover, there was some danger that she might swallow Siam wholesale. The Siamese Government could not have faced such an emergency or done anything to prevent it. By the treaty with Siam of 1856 men-of-war were not to ascend above Paknam without leave. Yet two French gunboats had been ordered to the Menam. On July 18 France presented an ultimatum to Siam, which embodied the clause that she (France) was to have all Siamese rights on the left bank of the Mekhong. This amid a number of other harassing clauses and demand for indemnities. British public opinion would clearly not have tolerated a French blockade of Bangkok, or a military attack on Siam, by any European nation, and the situation was full of danger ; it needed handling by a strong man.

For the last four years Captain H. M. Jones, V.C., had been H.B.M.'s Minister in Siam. Captain Jones was

grumpy and cranky, but most kind and hospitable. He does not pay attention to the *convenances*, dresses anyhow, and insists on being obeyed.

He was popular enough in his personal aspect :

Too honest and manly to descend to trickery himself, and too blameless to understand intrigue, he refused to believe he was being deceived. He thought the Siamese princes fine fellows, and the native mandarins well-nigh perfect, no better people existed in the far east than the Siamese. (*London and China Express.*)

With these predilections it is hardly wonderful that he did not do exactly as well in his public as his private capacity.

No one can for a moment pretend that the rights of our countrymen as against the Siamese have been sustained or vindicated in a striking manner during the four years or so of his tenure of office. (*Singapore Free Press.*)

Thus the Foreign Office, now that danger was imminent, and a flare might set the powder barrel alight any moment, hastily recalled this gentleman on leave, and to soothe his feelings gave it out that he was wanted to advise them on Siamese affairs. It is remarkable how tender our Foreign Office can be of the feelings of those who have not made a success of things outside the ken of the average Briton. These "failed-diplomats" are almost invariably called home, decorated and given a handsome position elsewhere.

In view of all this it is almost incredible that the first official intimation of what his real position was to be was so long withheld from the prime actor. Scott had arrived in Bangkok, September 15, but it was not until November 2—two days before his own departure—that Captain Jones told him the news which apparently he had only just got officially himself.

At once, a chit from Jones, got important news for me. Went over and found him at lunch with Beckett (Acting Consul). After it was over—an hour at least—read me a telegram from Rosebery instructing him to hand over charge of the Legation to me. Don't know what to think of the position. Both difficult and disagreeable, politically and socially. . . . When Jones leaves I take

over everything from him. Jones thinks the appointment likely to be permanent. Not likely to know anything definitely for a month at least. Back to the hotel where T—— congratulated me and gave me a lecture in the form of advice at the rate of 150 words a minute for three-quarters of an hour.

There was at least one Englishman in Bangkok who expected to be given the position on Jones's departure, and his wife, as women sometimes do, had been anticipating the alterations she would make in the Residency when she and her husband took up their quarters there. This is probably included in Scott's note of being "difficult and disagreeable" socially.

In view of the delicate negotiations now proceeding between France and England on Siamese affairs the appointment of Mr. Scott is regarded as a very satisfactory one. (*Siam Free Press.*)

An article in the *Rangoon Gazette* says :

widespread satisfaction that the British Minister-Resident is to be replaced. This important and commendable change has probably caused Mr. Scott as much surprise as it has given general satisfaction to the British community.

Of the departing minister it says :

We have rarely had a Minister who was more honest in his intentions or more misled in his conclusions. Most residents of Bangkok will wish him well on his departure but his return would be considered a calamity.

So Scott discovered he was to be Minister-Resident.

Servants of the Government of India have not in the past been sufficiently employed in diplomatic work in Asiatic countries in spite of their obvious fitness to perform such duties. The fact is the Diplomatic service is very jealous of outsiders. Mr. Scott has a difficult task before him. His

official master will be Lord Rosebery. The whole history of his career shows that he is a man who dares to think and act for himself. (*Siam Free Press.*)

Directly Scott got settled into his stride he began, as usual, to encourage sport. Football was arranged, and cricket and even boxing contests. He "re-introduced the community to manly outdoor sports."

Both the officers and men of the H.M.S. *Linnet* stationed there to guard British interests were only too ready to play anything, and in many of the matches provided not only their own team, but a good deal of the opposing side as well.

Scott found that he had to give an enormous amount of his time to social duties. The number of balls and entertainments that went on demanded a great deal of energy. He speaks of four hours' sleep as eminently satisfactory, when he could get that amount. With his usual royal liberality he entertained the largest possible number of people on every possible occasion. He wrote out all the menus in his own hand. He had hardly fitted into the new post before the Silver Jubilee for the Siamcse monarch was in full swing. This was in the beginning of December. All the age-old ceremonies and processions were meticulously carried out, and the British Minister had to be present at most of them. The number of princes in Siam was legion; in the account of one ball twenty-two of them are named as being present. Among these the two best-known names are those of Prince Devawongse, Foreign Minister, brother of the King, and Prince Damrong, Minister of the Interior. It was the latter who introduced foreign advisers to his country. The first was Mr. R. Jacquemyns, a Belgian jurist of International repute, often mentioned in the diary.

Even on December 9, 1893, Scott is writing in his journal, "Nothing in the least satisfactory from the F.O. in regard to my appointment or anything about pay." He was kept harassed by not knowing where he stood.

Monsieur Pavie was the Minister Resident for France. He had been in Kengtung only a few weeks after Scott

in 1890. Scott knew the wily old fellow. Very soon both their names were bandied about in the Press in connection with the anticipated Buffer State Commission. On the French side it was said there would be Pavie, Pontalis (a very astute young lawyer) and Lugan; on the British, Scott, of course, with Archer as a possible auxiliary. "The actual diplomatic fencing will be done by Messrs. Scott and Pavie, and as far as can be learned they are probably as evenly matched a pair of diplomatists as can be found in the Far East."

Yet even by Christmas-time Scott was still in the dark, "A telegram from Rosebery saying the Delimitation can't come off until next autumn. I suppose that means I am to stay here until then."

All this worry probably told on him more than learning a totally new language or even than the social strain. At any rate he was never really well in Bangkok. Later he went out on the Bay in a steamer for a few days' cruise to try to get back some of his energy, but he was a sick man. This did not in the least interfere with his indomitable energy, however.

This question of the buffer state is "a most difficult and intricate one in which India, China, France and Siam are vitally interested." It hung over him all the time.

In March the previous year (1893) a treaty had been signed between China and Britain as to the position of Keng Hung, the largest and farthest outlying of the trans-Salween Shan States. Scott had been anxious to retain this territory for his country, but the matter had been decided over his head, and in the treaty Keng Hung had been wholly handed over to China, with the proviso that this state, or any part of it, should never be parted with to any other power without the consent of Great Britain.

When his year of office was nearly up, in August 1894, Scott was ordered to leave Bangkok and proceed on the Buffer State Commission as Commissioner for Britain. He was succeeded at Bangkok by Maurice de Bunsen,¹ who was put in temporarily not as Minister. All this time the *Siam Free Press* and the *Bangkok Times* had tilted at one another, and Scott's name was bandied

¹ Afterwards Sir Maurice de Bunsen, G.C.M.G.

about between them, but with, it is but fair to say, always the greatest respect and liking.

The Anglo-French Agreement which had been signed secured at least the core of Siam from being swallowed up and was the greatest relief to the King and his Ministers.

In conversation Scott once said :

In 1893-4 I was sent over to Bangkok in such a deuce of a hurry I wasn't able to take anything. That was the Treasury Secretary's fault. I had to leave everything behind and buy it all new in Bangkok. Then when I went up the Mekhong to meet the French I was sent off in the same way. The Secretary said : " The Government will see to all that," but all he sent me in the way of supplies was a dozen boxes of bacon, one tent and one case of champagne. The French had champagne out every time we met, and I had to entertain them back, so that didn't go far. I had to supplement out of my own pocket. I made a devil of a row afterwards, and they allowed me ten rupees a day for expenses, but that was nothing. I went on corresponding for about two years over it. My language was so strong that at last they wrote and said that they thought it ought to be laid before the Foreign Office people. I replied it must have escaped their memory that I had to send a duplicate of my letters to the F.O. in any case and it had already gone. Afterwards they put me on full pay for my whole year's leave. Created a precedent. I think I am the only man who has been on full pay when going over to Carlsbad to take the waters.

The main body of the Mekhong Commission started from Burma and came up through Taunggyi. Scott received orders to go across country. He left Bangkok on the 23rd October, and went by water to Utaradit ; thence he journeyed with elephants, of which the Siamese had supplied him with twenty ; at an agreed point he

met mules sent from Kengtung, and thus he went on to Mong Hsing in Keng Cheng, where he had been before. The whole journey was 884 miles, which he accomplished in 63 days. During nine of these he halted, so that the daily average was over 16 miles.

The Siamese treated Scott well. For his journey up-river he was supplied with two steam-launches, and Prince Damrong lent him his own private steam-launch. News of his journey was sent on ahead, and delightful little floating palm and thatch houses had been built for his accommodation at stopping-places. The season was six weeks earlier than anyone usually travels. "Fortunately for me the rains ceased early."

The personnel of the Commission, besides himself as Commissioner, consisted of W. Warry, Chinese Political Adviser to the Government of Burma and a noted Chinese scholar. G. C. B. Stirling, then in charge of the Eastern section of the Southern Shan States. Colonel Woodthorpe, C.B., R.E., and Lieutenant C. H. D. Ryder, R.E., as Surveyors. Captain H. B. Walker, D.S.O., D.C.L.I., Intelligence officer. Surgeon-Major Lloyd, V.C., A.M.D., two Sub-Surveyors from India, and a Jemadar commanding thirty Rifles of the 1st Burma Regiment.

During the first part of the journey by water, he notes :

Here and there along the river, the end of the Buddhist Lent was being celebrated with boat-races. The courses were seldom longer than half a mile, and sometimes not more than a spurt would extend to. Perhaps this was because many of the crews were women, twenty to thirty in number, with a man to steer them. Toward evening all the crews formed processions in the rear of highly decorated craft, conducting the monks from village to village to the strains of music. Away from the river or its main affluents the country is practically uninhabited—it is this crowding of the population on the river banks which has led to the extraordinary divergencies of opinion as to the population of Siam.

FLOATING HOUSES

Scott passed Sawan Kalok, noted for its pottery, at no great distance. The banks of the river were lined with "orange, plantain and citron groves, with extensive plantations of coconut and areca palms."

At Utaradit one of the charming floating houses, furnished in the most elaborate way, was ready for his reception. The river above this is not navigable, except during the rains, for anything but small dug-outs. So here he had to stop four days until the baggage could be made up in a form suitable for the elephants, which had come overland to meet him. The ground was still sodden with the rains, and a good deal of cutting of rank vegetation had to be done to make a way through. It would have been impossible in parts for mules or ponies to pass at all. This was all in the Lao States. One old man he met of eighty-six, "the third governor," was very proud of having lived in the reigns of four kings of Siam, and drunk the waters of allegiance to all of them.

When the party reached Muang Nan, the most powerful of the Lao States, they found at the Wat or Temple frescoes of considerable interest.

They are apparently of Burmese execution and quite a liberal education to the land-locked people of Nan. They depict the waters between the Burmese, the Lao, the Siamese, and the Chinese, with not a few steamships, and disreputable-looking foreigners, apparently Frenchmen from their képis. Their attitudes are an aggravation and each unkempt visage a breach of the peace.

Outside the temple in the cloisters also are other frescos, abounding in Burmans striking melodramatic attitudes. They represent elephant hunts, the pursuit of deer, tigers and hogs, besides wonderful battle-scenes with serried lines of troops firing at each other, at about two yards' distance. Frenchmen also appear here, with numerous sail and steam-ships, all stoking up vigorously and with the entire crew hanging their heads over the bulwarks.

One of the largest sailing-ships is labelled in English, "Good Second-Quality, Mulet Wist." The latter part of which seems somewhat inadequate, and possibly refers to Milled twist.

A favourite subject is to show the torments to be endured by the wicked in hell ; these are unusual.

At Khawng Lōk, six miles beyond the Me Hsai, I met Mr. Warry and the escort and transport sent to meet me. On 17 Dec. I reached Mong Lin and found the full Mission escort waiting for me. I arrived in Mong Hsing on the 24th December.

Yards of paper and gallons of ink were expended over the buffer state idea, but it never commended itself to Scott ; he forthrightly asked at once : "Who was to be responsible for such a buffer state ? Who was to govern it ?" and "Answer there was none." However, he determined that if he was to represent his country he would do it properly. A striking incident so far as he was concerned was that when he arrived he found that the French had installed a series of little flags along the banks of the river in territory yet to be delimited. With his usual prompt decision he ordered them to be pulled up, otherwise the wily M. Pavie would have established an incontrovertible footing. It recalls Fashoda. Scott often spoke of this incident in conversation in later years. "What could I have done ? If I had allowed them to remain there, it would have been equivalent to acknowledging that bit of territory as belonging to France."

There were three states in question, first Keng Cheng, here Mong Hsing was the capital of the Eastern part, which was called often by the same name. To the north lay the large state of Kengtung, which had given full allegiance to Scott as his country's representative, but part of this also lay east of the Mekhong. Third, Keng Hung, which had been torn by internal dissension in its many subordinate states, and had now been given to China on condition she did not part with any of it. Pavie advanced claims to all three of them. Scott writes :



The Gold and Silver Flowers of Tribute

The French claim to Keng Cheng east [Mong Hsing] was firm, but was not, I think, backed by any really confident belief in its validity. It was probably inspired rather by a fear of the criticisms of the Colonial party. . . . Mons. Pavie in fact admitted as much to me in unofficial conversations, always, however, coupled with the statement that the country was not worth quarrelling about. Had he been sole commissioner, I think we should have arrived at some sort of agreement.

As for Kengtung, Mons. Pavie informed me that this tract [Kengtung east of the river] would be considered French territory. I replied that, pending the orders of the British Government, I could not admit that France had any rights in Trans-Mekhong Kengtung and that any interference with the existing headman could not be looked upon as other than an unfriendly act.

Mons. Pavie somewhat hotly said that he would issue orders for the arrest of any officials who should cross the river and enter the disputed territory. I replied I would not submit to threats, and that I would take measures for the protection of British subjects and so the altercation ended (Report).

Some idea of the immense distance all these places lay remote may be gathered from this sentence in the report of Mr. Hallett concerning a possible railway.

The Burmese-Shan states extend eastwards from Mandalay for 400 miles to the frontier of the French protectorate of Tonquin—a bee-line distance as great as from London to Aberdeen.—Keng-Hung, a Burmese-Shan city on the Mekhong, though distant but 300 miles east of Mandalay, is 416 miles by caravan track from the nearest railway station (1892).

To deal with Keng Cheng first. In 1891, when Scott first visited the Myosa, he was eager to hand over the “gold and silver flowers” of tribute. The Myosa was a

brother of the late Sawbwa of Kengtung, and when the Sawbwa had died four years before, he had been aggrieved at being passed over for his nephew, who was but 12. (This was the sullen lad Scott saw a few years later.) But it was quite obvious that Keng Cheng had always been connected with Kengtung, and that it had accordingly been under Burmese suzerainty. A year later the Myosa had received a message (through Hildebrand) that the British Government renounced its rights over his state, and he must consider himself under Siam. He therefore sent the gold and silver flowers to Siam, and his opposite number on the Siamese side came to visit him, and arrange for administration of the new territory.

News of the receipt of the tributary offerings had hardly reached Bangkok and the Siamese commissioner had barely left Keng Cheng when the Franco-Siamese embroglio commenced, ending in the cession by Siam of all her Mekhong territory.

Central Governments as a rule loftily disregard the difficulties they heap upon the officials in outlying parts. In the old days the man on the spot was allowed something of a free hand, much to the advantage of many situations, but now the subordinate is chained to a shifting policy and has to move adroitly if he is to keep step with it.

From Simla, June 1894 :

I am now to inform you that early in the present year it was decided, in communication with H.M.'s Secretary of State for India, to take early steps to establish in a practical self-evident manner the authority of the British Government over Keng Cheng, and Mr. Stirling, Assistant Superintendent, Southern Shan States, was instructed to visit the capital (Mong Hsing) and explain to the Myosa that the intended transfer of his state to Siam is cancelled.

The Times, as a good supporter of government at that time, explains this curious contradictory step by saying that if our proposal to cede the state to Siam had actually

been carried out, there would have been a clause in the Agreement, such as there was in the Agreement about Keng Hung with China, that Siam must not cede any part of it to any other Power.

As, however, the Myosa could hardly be expected to follow these diplomatic turns and twists, he was naturally bewildered.

When Mr. Stirling announced to the Myosa that the transfer of the State to Siam had been cancelled, and demanded tributary offerings, the Myosa replied that he could not pay tribute to the British Government unless formally released from allegiance by Siam.

The man on the spot, however, acted promptly, and for the moment saved the situation. Scott obtained from the Siamese Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was his good friend, a document sealed with the Royal Arms informing the Myosa that any possible Siamese rights had lapsed, and the state reverted to its former allegiance. The Myosa accepted this and wrote a reply to the Government of Siam acknowledging receipt of the information that he was no longer a Siamese subject. Unfortunately, his messenger was intercepted by the astute Mons. Pontalis, who took the letter from him, told him that he must tell the Myosa that he was now a French subject and could have no communication with Siamese officials.

The Myosa thought it judicious to temporize. He wrote to the French commercial agent nearest to him over the border that he had been told he was a British subject and he piteously asked what in the world he was to do.

Is it therefore odd that, on the arrival of the British party on the Commission, that the poor man fled? It was the wisest thing he could do.

It is small wonder that his undeniably harassing position during the last five years is responsible for his entire lack of back-bone [Scott writes]. At any rate, we were

eight days in Mong Hsing before he could be persuaded to return.

Scott himself was placed in almost as awkward a position. His hands were tied before negotiations began, and he hardly knew how much freedom he had to negotiate.

The object of Mons. Pavie was to demonstrate that the State of Keng Cheng east and west of the Mekhong was all that was required for the proposed buffer state, the east being contributed by France, the west by Britain.

I, on the contrary, maintained that the buffer state should lie east of the Mekhong, Great Britain contributing Keng Cheng east, and France the trans-Mekhong portion of Muang Nan. The piece of territory included in both propositions was claimed by both countries, and our discussions therefore never got beyond the deadlock.

We left the solution to the decision of the two Governments.

Having dealt with these preliminaries we set out to examine those parts of the territory which had not yet been visited, or where the frontier remained insufficiently determined. It was early found that it would be neither profitable nor possible to follow the actual line of frontier. There are no roads along it, and to make them ourselves would have implied several years' work. We therefore confined ourselves to marching along existing roads, and the Survey officers from time to time fixed spots on the actual frontier line.

The extent of Kengtung beyond the Mekhong certainly came upon me as a surprise. The territory occupied by Kengtung subjects, paying tribute to that state, extends to an area of 750 square miles, instead of, as all British Shan State officers had supposed, merely including the riverine edge.

The fact seems to be that the tract was absolutely

uninhabited, until the Muso from Kengtung territory began to build villages in the hills about a generation ago.

He then mentions a new set of tribes on the French-Siamese side, which he had not yet encountered.

The Hkamuks and Lamets seem to belong to a different family. Their most obvious characteristics are that the Hkamuks prefer snakes to anything else in the shape of a meat diet, while the Lamet women, in the remoter villages, limit their dress to a dagger-like skewer thrust through their chignons. The men of both tribes have the meek and epicene appearance, with long hair well sleeked down, of the stock curate of the comedy stage. The women, especially the Lamet women, have an amplitude of figure, a breadth of shoulder, and a phenomenal development of calf and thigh, which possibly account for the subdued appearance of their husbands.

In regard to the Buffer State—

If to Keng Cheng east and trans-Mekhong Kengtung is added Keng Cheng west, the value of the British contribution would be of all proportion beyond that of the French in area, population, prosperity and orderliness. At the same time it must be remembered that the whole tract is worth very little in European eyes, though from a Shan States point of view Keng Cheng is a comfortable little possession. The chief has a revenue sufficient to enable him to keep up elephants, maintain a private band, to buy Dutch clocks, fearsome glass ware, and Chinese eccentricities such as the Shan delights in.

Scott had always been against the Buffer State idea, for he did not see who was to rule it, but he made the rather ingenious suggestion that if formed it should be handed to Siam.

Thus there would be the direct raising of the question

of the status of Siam herself. Siam, all Siam, should be the buffer state between the British and French possessions. A mutual guarantee between Great Britain and France of the integrity and independence of Siam.

When this was suggested to him M. Pavie thought it would be preferable to Chinese suzerainty over the disputed region, but so long as Britain refused to discuss Keng Cheng west he would not enter into it.

We could be no more than post-offices for the transmission of suggestions [adds Scott]. Except as a means of mapping and collecting miscellaneous information about little known country, the Commission over which I had the honour to preside has not been very productive of results.

My thanks are however due to Colonel Woodthorpe and Lieut. Ryder for the fullness of detail in the maps which they have prepared ; to Mr. Warry for much valuable advice and for the highly interesting ethnological studies which he has made ; and Mr. Stirling for constant zeal and eagerness in collecting information.

He also mentions the others, including Surgeon-Major Lloyd.

Stirling was left in political charge at Mong Hsing with a native battalion as a guard.

What Scott really thought about it is shown in the following remarks taken from articles in the *Rangoon Gazette*, when he was free to speak :

All through the immediate frontier, constantly receding from the coast remained an Alsatia or a No Man's land, or at best a belt inhabited by undesirable people, often nothing better than outlaws and fugitives from justice on the one side or the other. The clashings that followed brought about the extinction of Burma, and Cochin China and Tongking as separate states, and have made the Kings of Annam and Cambodia just as much tribut-

aries as the chiefs of India or the Shan States or the princes of Java and Borneo and the other islands of the Dutch East Indies. There are only China and Siam left, and they have long since given up active aggression in favour of peaceful penetration or slow assimilation. Both of them have profited at our expense, and have found the policy exceedingly unprofitable when directed against France. For a generation or so we have been very unwilling to take over new territory.

Now Siam, under an energetic king, had begun the process of bulging out its frontiers by peaceful penetration and steady assimilation. Burma under King Theebaw, and Annam under Tu Duc, lost all control over their frontiers, and did not even trouble themselves about the affairs of what had formerly been tributaries. This was the opportunity of Siam. . . .

They began pushing on eastwards of the Mekhong towards the frontier of Annam. They began too late, or continued it too long, with the result that they embroiled themselves with the French, narrowly escaped having Bangkok occupied in 1893, and finished up by ceding everything east of the Mekhong to the French Republic, besides having to "rectify" the frontier of Cambodia. Thus the French have secured quite a satisfactory frontier for their Indo-Chinese possessions and have the further gratification of having enlarged them beyond all reasonable expectations.

It has been very different with our province of Burma. There was a strong disinclination to annex it at all to begin with, and then there began a process of whittling it down to the smallest possible dimensions. It will hardly be believed now that a preposterous claim to Bhamo made by the Chinese government, because in the latest days of Theebaw's reign the town was sacked by some Chinese filibusters, was languidly considered. The claim to the decennial tribute was acceded to by prag-

matical Foreign Office clerks, and officers of the Indian Secretariat in a hurry to get down to Annandale. Seven or eight years were devoted to the consideration of how it was to be paid. . . . Finally the whole scheme was summarily dismissed because France had got out of China some territory which China had no right to give. If it had not been for this, the question might have dragged on till the Boxer Rebellion furnished a plausible pretext.

After the annexation of Upper Burma the question of the frontier of the new province was severely let alone ; though proclamation declared that the British Government acquired all the rights belonging to the late Burmese monarchy.

If France had been in our place the frontier claimed, if it was specified at all, would have been to the limit of the territory which it could be shown by old records that Burma had exercised authority. The old Burmese generals had a good eye for a defensible frontier, and they placed it very much farther out than our frontier as it now exists. There are still existing native Burmese maps with the mountain ranges lying on their sides, and deer with quite creditable heads, and ramping tigers, to mark the jungle, which show where the frontier lay, where tribute rice had to be stored, and where the chiefs had to supply military contingents.

. . . But it was five years after the annexation (1890) before we troubled ourselves to make enquiries at Keng Hung, and then our officers were only a few weeks before the energetic Monsieur Pavie, who had marched all the way from the Black River barefoot taking notes, taking rubbings of inscriptions, and torturing history. Our mission was a perfunctory preliminary to climbing down. Monsieur Pavie's was a flagrant example of sturdy bulging out. A year or two later we resigned all our rights as the price for putting an end to the absurd Decennial Tribute.

FRONTIER RAILWAYS

Scott wrote some years later :

The unexpected success wakened up the French Colonial authorities to the possibilities of their new back settlements. They have been working away patiently ever since at the development of the Mekhong river. Their first idea was to make it navigable throughout, but though some boats got over the Khong rapids, and some rapids farther up, it was early recognized that this was a creditable feat for sailors but not a matter of practical use for merchants.

But the government of Indo-China was not discouraged. Governments can do what is beyond the power of private individuals. Canalization and ship railways are to be tried to make these rapids possible. Much has already been done, and it is, and has been for some time, an indisputable fact that the French frontier with us on the Mekhong is much more quickly reached from Hanoi or even from Saigon, than Kengtung, our outpost in that direction, is from the Rangoon-Mandalay railway, and Kengtung is a fortnight's march from the only practical ferry on the Mekhong. The Siamese are plodding away at their railway northward from Bangkok. This will reach Chiengmai, and when it does it will be possible to reach our Kengtung post much more rapidly from Rangoon by proceeding by way of Singapore and Bangkok than by marching through our own territory. The reflection is not soothing.

But the French did not limit their enterprise to the opening up of the Mekhong. They began building their railway to Yunnan-fu, the capital of the Yun-Kuciprovince. It took a very long time to build. The length of the line in Chinese territory is only 300 kilometres, and the French engineers have been a matter of twelve years in finishing it, but it is built.

It has required twenty years' talk to get the Southern

Shan States railway sanctioned and so far not much has been done. We have, therefore, no right to criticize. It seems probable that the Southern Shan States railway will be a more promising beginning to a Burma-China railway than the Mandalay-Kunlon Railway, which gives access to a make-believe and extremely ugly hill station, and ends at the headquarters of a very worthy officer.

The Mandalay-Lashio railway is a mere beginning, and so is the Haiphong-Yunnan-fu railway. But the Yunnan-fu take-off is on the right side of the ditch, and Lashio is on the wrong. It is very certain that the railway to Yunnan-fu is only the first section of a much more ambitious scheme, a railway to Szuchuan, and Szuchuan, as we have been told till we are sick of it, is the richest province in China.

There are people who consider the Mandalay-Kunlon railway as a sort of beginning, but it is the sort of beginning which is represented by a navvy who spits upon his hands. Kunlon is a ferry on the Salween river through which a great deal of Chinese trade used to pass sixty years ago and more. The Burmese had quite a large customs station there. The turbulence of the Kachins put an end to this trade. We have quieted the Kachins, but the Wild Wa and outlaw Chinamen, settled on the other side of the Salween along the course of the Nam Ting, have taken the place of the Kachins, and we have made no attempt to bridle them.

The Mandalay-Kunlon railway stopped at Lashio and shows no signs of going any farther. It should never have been undertaken if it were not to be carried on. It does not and cannot pay ending where it does. A railway which starts by zigzagging up the side of a hill at a gradient of one in twenty-five, with several reversing stations, and proceeds to coil over itself like a snake and then to span a rift which has (or had) a record height bridge, may be interesting to tourist and the engineer, but is not com-

mercially practical. The true line of entry is much farther south.

Now that we have found that the French are not such terrible neighbours after all, there is no reason why we should object to their taking over the ground east of the Mekhong, but it would be impossible for us to agree to their coming west of the river.

But the consequence of all this is that the administrative line is a very unstable feature, about as variable in its outline as a bag of cats.

To sum up :

The apathy of the Province is in some measure responsible, and so is the want of enterprise of the Government of India, but the chief mischief was done by the late Lord Salisbury, and by Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Lord Salisbury was an excellent Foreign Secretary, but he knew nothing of the East and he cared nothing for it. He gave up Burmese rights over Keng Hung because he knew nothing about them and because he was afraid of approaching British frontiers toward French Indo-China. This fear was shared or inspired by the Indian Government, which was as tremulous over the idea of having a European power as a neighbour as an old maid is about the possibility of a rat in her room. The French Colonial authorities had no tremors of this kind.

Because he had given up all rights in Keng Hung to China and therefore could not claim any territory beyond the Mekhong river, if he was to secure some sort of a natural frontier, Lord Salisbury had, in 1896, to give up to France territory farther south, east of the Mekhong, over which Siam had only very shadowy rights and the French Republic none at all. Mong Hsing, where the British flag had flown for a year, and where there had even been a British Post Office for a good many months, was surrendered without any consideration whatever.

There was a tremendous lot of talk about this Buffer State Commission as it was called. All the London papers, led by *The Times*, had columns about it. Questions were asked in both houses of Parliament, in the Upper House by Lord Lamington, now returned from his explorations. Scott's name was bandied about, and many a newspaper suggested that he was about to receive the K.C.I.E., but he was to earn it still more richly before it came his way.

In the House of Commons the placing of Mr. Stirling at Mong Hsing with a few soldiers as a post, became "Anglo-Indian troops with British officers."

But still more important did that action become when discussed by M. Francis Charmes in the *Revue Des Deux Mondes*. There he became "Lieut. Stirling" who persecuted the unfortunate 'king' of Mong-Hsing." In "*Le Laos*" by Lucien de Reinach, some time later, this absurdity is again perpetrated; Scott in reviewing the book says

M. de Reinach is able triumphantly to record that by the Declaration of January 1896, signed by Lord Salisbury and Baron de Courcil, France got the better of the evil Lieut. Stirling and Mong Hsing was handed over to the Republic. Reinach goes a step further than Charmes, by not only presenting Mr. Stirling with a commission, but by putting him in command of three thousand troops.

The British papers had nothing but admiration and approval for Scott. One of them says "he has been Britain's advance guard in these latitudes," which was true enough. He had lived in the hills, and, for months at a time, on the farthest borders. It was somewhere about this time that his own Secretariat suggested to him that he might be employed in the plains; with his usual forthright audacity he answers: "Of course if you order me to come down I shall have to come. But I warn you I shall be as incompetent and insubordinate in the plains as I have been in the hills."

They left him alone.

CHAPTER XII

THE CAVE OF THE GOLDEN DEER

On Leave at Home—Foreign Office—Carlsbad—Called to Bar—Back again in Burma—Second Visit to the Wild Wa—Meets a Chinese Colonel—Chinese Dinner of forty Courses—Fish Dynamiting—Loi Lon very hostile—Secures Correspondence of ex-Chief—Into Wildest Wa-land to meet Eight Chiefs—Savage Enthusiasm—The Cave of the Golden Deer—The Gold River—Hot Springs—Pet Ken Chiefs—Road Home—Shot at all the Way—Back to Lashio

“**B**UFFER State on the Mekhong vanished into thin air. French on both sides of the river. Sikhs at Mong-Hsing. Scott and Pavie, the two demarcators, returned to London and Paris respectively.”

This was a paragraph in a society paper.

It was true in one way, both commissioners had returned to lay their cases before their respective governments. Scott's leave was long overdue. With the exception of three months' privilege leave in the end of 1890, he had been at full stretch ever since he arrived in the East in April 1886, and his work both mentally and physically had been of the most exacting kind. He was not well and needed a complete rest and change.

His notes in the diary on the first day in London are so characteristic, both of himself and his chiefs, that they are best quoted verbatim.

London, 15th June, 1895. To the Bank, then to Lincoln & Bennett's for a new hat, and then to the F.O. Saw Sir Thomas Sanderson first. He seemed more inclined to get rid of the — Zone than anything else, and was willing to sacrifice a good deal for this. Otherwise wavering about the Mekhong frontier. Lord Salisbury has not got up the subject yet. Says Lord

Kimberley thought I should have seen the French flags put into Pavie's hands. Then tackled me about the Bangkok flag-staff. The price, he said, came upon them like a thunder-bolt! Then sent me off to E. Bertie, who was much more casual and less interested in the whole matter. Then passed on to Wylde, Senior Clerk in the China department. He supplied me with paper, said my pay was being settled, so that I should be able to go to Goodwood. Then saw Sir Charles Bernard, who was very friendly, and said Sir W—— H—— wrote *The Times'* notice in his room. Then —— who was also very friendly and said I had been treated very badly. Hoped that somebody would get a big majority in the elections so as to be able to speak firmly. Then Sir Steuart Bayley, who had less to say, but was complimentary. Then back to Wickham Road. Mum up from Cambridge. A good deal shaken by fatigue and excitement but in great spirits.

His mother's pride in him was justified. All London was talking about him; he had won his laurels in an incredibly short time. He had succeeded in whatever he had undertaken, as Schoolmaster, Journalist, Author, Barrister, Diplomatist, and Linguist. No doubt she studied all the bits in the paper she could find where his name was mentioned, especially the Parliamentary reports. There was a good deal said in both Houses, for Lord Lamington had persistently brought the subject of the frontier up in the Upper House, and he would not be silenced. So when he was appointed Governor of Queensland, the *Westminster Gazette* suggested a reason:

At the banquet last night to celebrate his appointment as Governor of Queensland, Lord Lamington, with proper modesty, wondered what he had done to deserve the honour. It is curious that no one suggested one possible explanation. Lord Salisbury may have been anxious to remove his friend from the temptation of passing judgment on the Mekhong

Convention, a subject upon which, as we know, Lord Lamington has very strong views.

His views in fact coincided exactly with those of the recent Commissioner. But Mekhong was not a word the Government cared to hear. When the Society of Arts asked Scott to address them on the subject, and he applied for permission to headquarters, he was in effect bidden to hold his tongue; they felt the less said the better.

Scott's book *The Burman* was passing through the press in a new edition entirely re-set. More than one publisher was asking for another book. Journalists badgered him for interviews, and editors for articles, but he turned them all down; he was the last man in the world to crave the limelight. It is noticeable in any photographic group in which he appears he always gets in the back line or somewhere inconspicuous, that is, when he allowed anyone but himself to take the picture. Mostly he was the operator.

Officials at the War Office as well as the India Office were bothering him to fill in the names of hitherto unknown places on maps. His advice and pronouncements on the Buffer State were quoted with reverence whenever he could be got to say anything. No wonder the old lady was filled with excitement about her "James George,"—double name Scottish fashion. This was the last leave home on which he was to find her awaiting him, for she died soon after he went back. It is good to know that she shared the hour of his triumph. In October he got off to Carlsbad where he was sentenced to the spinach treatment, four glasses of spinach a day. Naturally he loathed spinach for the rest of his life. He returned to England, and put in a very busy time. He was usually to be found at the Savage Club for the famous Saturday nights' dinners, almost always as the host of two or three friends; he visited a phenomenal number of theatres during his year at home, and kept all the programmes! He went up to see his relations over the Border. And wherever he went in public or private he found people desperately interested in the Wild Wa, a

race no one had ever heard of before. His paper on this strange tribe appeared in the *Asiatic Quarterly* in January. He was to see a good deal more of them before he finished his official career.

While he was in London he was "called to the Bar," Inner Temple. He had qualified many years before, and been anxious to get the *imprimatur* at his last leave, but had had no time. All the while he kept on meeting people from the East and calling at the India Office.

Saw Sir Charles Bernard, who talked about the railway and my chance of succeeding Hildebrand. Lee-Warner, who talked vaguely about a Puisne Judgeship in the Straits at a thousand a year for five years, and Sir Charles Crosthwaite, who made a note that I should be put on special duty for the Gazetteer.

When the year's leave had run out, he went back by Brindisi, very much better in health than when he had arrived.

Siam was anxious to have him back there. No actual Resident had been appointed since he left. Mr. de Bunsen being only a stop-gap. The *Siam Weekly Mail* said :

We have not had a minister since Mr. J. G. Scott took to his wanderings on the frontier at the call of duty. It is a subject of much comment in India that a post of so much importance at this moment should be left to a secretary while France has a Minister. The delay in adequately filling the vacancy is possibly due to the fact that the one Englishman who is fitted by knowledge and experience for it is kept by more urgent work elsewhere ; but no doubt when Mr. J. G. Scott has helped the Foreign and India Offices to settle the Mekhong and other questions in Indo-China he will be sent back to the position of British representative in Bangkok, which Lord Rosebery, in a moment of happy inspiration, laid upon his shoulders three years ago.

Prince Devawongse, the Siamese Foreign Minister, writing to the Siamese Minister in England, says :

It is a matter for great regret when we were familiar with one, and when he is in sympathy with H.M.'s Government [Siam], then there is a change for a new man of unknown will. It is quite natural that the trust in the new acquaintance will be less than in the old acquaintance. Captain Jones' recall we very much regret it, but Mr. Scott has now restored just the same confidence and sympathy. It will be a matter of great regret in a further change. (Copy of letter and translation supplied by him to Scott.)

Scott seemed to have something of the same affinity with the Siamese as with the Shans, an allied race.

He arrived in Rangoon on August 2, and was up in Lashio again coping with multifarious duties before the middle of November. Graham had continued to administer the Northern Shan States. It may be noted that by this time Hildebrand had five sub-divisional officers to help with the Southern States : Stirling, Giles, Browne and Gordon. Very different from the time when Scott did the whole of it single-handed under much more difficult conditions.

Scott's Official Reports begin again :

In your Political Dept. letter dated 3rd November 1896, the instructions conveyed to me for my tour were to confine the tour in the Trans-Salween country, during the open season, to the petty states which acknowledge the suzerainty of Ton Sang, also to obtain as precise information as possible regarding the locality in which Chinese posts have been recently established. "If it is found that any one of these posts is on our side of the frontier—the Superintendent should lose no time in moving local Chinese officials to promptly withdraw any such posts."

All through the rains and up to the time of my leaving Lashio [Scott writes] there were constant stories of the

THE CAVE OF THE GOLDEN DEER

massing and arming of Wa chiefs, the swearing of blood-brotherhood, and the intention to resist any British force which might enter the country.

He says therefore that,

Circumstances forced me to interpret my instructions in an extremely liberal manner, and to assume the responsibility for movements which possibly might not have been sanctioned if I had applied for authority to undertake them. But I venture to claim that the results, up to a certain point, were very satisfactory, and that the later incidents had a good deal that may in the end be profitable, mixed with a very great deal that was extremely vexatious.

This then was the situation at the end of 1896. The Wa were believed to be spoiling for a fight. I need not say that at that time I had no information which indicated that the Burma-China Frontier Convention was any more likely to be settled this year than at any time since the annexation. Meantime the question of the approach of China was the only one that interested anybody.

The fact that the Wa country was now in a state of unrest was to Scott irresistible. So off he started again into the danger-zone. Ton Sang met him at Takut as he had done on the first expedition.

He was afraid to receive Chinese letters, he was afraid to answer them, and he was mortally afraid of not answering them—he was almost tearful in his entreaties that I would protect him from China.

The Wa seemed in danger of forming the opinion that when we came to the country we either walked through it in a great hurry, paying for everything, told them to be good, and not fight with one another, or made a sudden raid with no very apparent cause, burnt a lot of villages

KUN LON FERRY

and retired with equal precipitation to the unknown distance of Lashio. The Chinese, on the other hand, came up, killed all the pigs and smoked all the opium, with no hint of payment, and then tranquilly went back again to their own immense country stretching over hundreds of miles eastwards.

This area of land occupied in the main by the Wa peoples, though not very large, has always exercised a potent fascination for many, because it is one of the few places habited on the globe yet left unexplored, or only traversed by some officials who have passed there in course of duty. The fierce tribes, with their savagery and head-cutting propensities, living in their region of slab-sided precipitous hills, of which, as Scott says, the slope is sometimes "one in one," have been wellnigh inaccessible. The country itself, with its sheer mountain walls rising from the deep canyon-like rivers, and its thick jungle, would have been defence enough, but when, added to this, there are races who want nothing to do with civilization and can't understand a word said to them, men well armed and deeply entrenched between overgrown earthworks, and only to be reached in their villages through long gloomy tunnels prefaced by skulls, it is small wonder they have been let alone.

It was obvious that unless we were to have chaos on our flank or to run the risk of the Chinese suddenly appearing on the Salween that someone must go through the country. And the only man who had the peculiar qualities which would give a chance of success was J. G. Scott.

Scott had marched out of Lashio a little after the middle of December 1896. He crossed the Salween by the Kunlon ferry, and arrived at length at Loi Nung in the middle of February. He had gone very slowly as he had hoped to get an answer from Wei, Acting Prefect of Chenpien T'ing, the nearest official on the Chinese side, in reply to a letter asking him to meet him. The answer came, saying, Wei was not allowed to leave his

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headquarters. Scott remarks: "It was very clear that he did not intend to come."

Loi Nung is a little south of Loi Lon where Scott had held the sports with the scattering of two-anna bits in 1893. At that time the Sawbwa, Naw Kham U, had simply run away and refused to come in and see him, so Scott had appointed his uncle to administer the state in his place. The uncle came down now, and told him that the Chinese had actually been at Loi Lon, and "had made arrangements with the (ex-) Sawbwa for coercing the Wild Wa of the Gold Tracts."

I tried to heliograph for advice to Lashio, but was unable to get through. So I decided the only way to save the situation was to take the bold course, and go right up to what we considered the border and try to get the elusive Chinese officials to meet me. I therefore started for Mong Hsaw, a village just on our side of the Chinese boundary, but not before I had sent further letters to Wei, announcing my intention of going "to our village of Mong Hsaw," where I hoped to have the pleasure of meeting him. Mong Hsaw lay east of the Gold Tract and the great ridge more or less dominated by Sung Ramang, which was the farthest east the previous party had gone. I had no wish to visit this again at present, so I turned south of it, crossed the Nam Hka, and then marched up it.

My pony was not up so got the Subadar's. It blundered on the steep bank beyond, and fell with me into deep water. Drenched to the skin, aneroid and everything. Then climbed up 800 feet on to a spur.

The Agreement of Peking of 1897 had just been signed, though he did not know it, and, according to that, he was within his rights. The headman of Mong Lem, on the Chinese side, came down to meet him, and was

perfectly friendly. The march was continued up on to the long ridge lying north and south, and almost due east of the Sung Ramang ridge. This was called by the Shans Loi-Maw. Here he was so absolutely on the watershed,

that of the two springs, both of them very small, which supplied water to our camp, one flowed down into the China Sea and the other to the Bay of Bengal.

Scott once said in conversation :

Col. Couchman is the only man who was right through the Wild Wa country with me. Other journeys were on the outskirts, but Couchman was right into it. Shot at all the way. Couchman said enough ammunition for a field day. A Wa fell in the river, Couchman rescued him.

This was Colonel George Henry Holbeche Couchman, D.S.O., then Captain Somerset Light Infantry, with a battalion from Lashio. At that time Couchman was D.A.Q.M.G., Intelligence Branch, Burma District.

On their way to this place, they saw two Chinese stockades at an altitude of 6,000 feet ; they were both small,

could not have held more than fifty men without extreme discomfort. They were both empty. The headman wanted me to burn the stockades, but I told him that if there were to be fighting, it was inside the stockades we liked the enemy to stay, because then we could get them without the trouble of running after them.

On the march beyond,

what villagers we met were clamorous to become British subjects. The people were full of stories of the three years' fighting which went on before the Chinese finally

established their authority—there is little doubt that the famed Gold mine was the real objective.

He remarks the villagers say there are no hills on the way to Mong Hsaw, they don't seem to consider anything under 3,000 feet, straight on end, a hill. Our march lay along a ridge parallel to that on which the Chinese stockades . . . were. They were not more than 3,000 or 4,000 yards distant, and the entire Chinese garrison turned out to watch us march past. . . . The next day we marched into Mong Hsaw.

A few hours afterwards the card of Colonel Wang, commanding the troops in the Chenpien prefecture, was brought to me by an A.D.C. . . . two hours later he came in with about 20 men of an escort with much blare of trumpets and flying of flags. As they passed our quarter-guard the guard and buglers gave them a general's salute. He had with him an old man called Tao.

The next day after a formal return call they had a talk.

Wang, who is a bluff soldier and a Mahomedan, did all the talking (on their side). Tao remained silent throughout. Wang was very pleasant; he characterized Wei's statement that he could not come as a falsehood, but he added that a new prefect was just arriving to replace him. The crossing of the frontier he looked on as a very trifling matter, perhaps with a memory of his own *laches* a few months before.

He produced a copy in Chinese of the 1894 Convention (which had been modified by the 1897 Agreement). Wang thought we might settle all frontier matters between ourselves without consulting anybody. I said I thought a little confirmation might be necessary. But added neither Power would exercise authority within the doubtful territory until settled.

Wang invited me to come to Mong Lem. This did not



*Col. Wang in his riding-cloak, with Tao in white (Chinese mourning), and Col. Couchman. Ranged
on the right are the Subadar of the Sikhs and the Jemadar of the Gurkhas*

suit my plans at all. I had promised to meet the Gold Tract Wa chiefs and everything had been arranged for this except the actual time and place of meeting.

But he had to go, for such pressure was put upon him that it would have been discourteous to refuse. "We accordingly marched to Mong Lem and were received there with every mark of distinction both by the Sawbwa and by the Chinese. We halted ten days, held a gymkhana, entertained the officers at dinner and were entertained by them. Established the most cordial relations."

It is true that in China the estimation in which military men are held falls very far below that which the combatant officers of other nations hold to be their due. But I understand that on the extreme frontier military officers are credited, even by Chinamen, with brains, and are selected on the assumption that it is possible they have them. I gathered that Wang is, in some way, the Prefect's superior officer. . . . He is certainly a very shrewd man and I believe him to be a man of his word.

The entertaining business was really a great trial. The Englishmen's chairs and tables had to be carried over. There was a polite enquiry as to whether they would eat with chop-sticks. Scott of course said yes. He was ever eager to try anything new, besides he thought they might not be expected to eat so much. Wang was a Mahomedan and sat apart with his interpreter, Ma, and the Subadar.

Colonel Couchman was much impressed with the amount of food to be swallowed ; he says :

The dinner was composed of numberless small dishes made up of pork, fowl, mutton, also some unknown Chinese delicacies. All was very well cooked and some of the dishes exceedingly tasty and nice. Shamshu sweetened with barley-sugar and well watered was the beverage. After sitting for about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and getting through about 40 courses, we all felt things were

approaching a climax, and asked the Chinese clerk how much longer the dinner would last. He replied we were barely half-way through. Tao, on being informed of our inability to eat any more, very considerately and politely stopped the dinner. It appears that as this was an official dinner, the number and names of all the courses would have to be reported to the higher authorities.

What follows is taken mainly from Scott's diary.

Ma (who was doing honorary interpreter) did not play up to our table at all, and Couchman and I had great difficulty in struggling along with our Chinese. Worst of all, the beggar Tao would not drink. Liked the port even less than the champagne, and would only just wet his lips every time we asked for a glass of wine with him, which we did at frequent intervals. Wang would not drink, of course, but he had Ma to talk to, and the Subadar favoured both of them with texts from the Koran. His opinion of their Mahomedanism was very low. Rather to my disgust the Doctor (who ran the Commissariat) had everything in large chunks, so Couchman and I had to take it in turns to cut up Tao's food for him. The "A.D.C." and other Chinamen stood round and criticized audibly. One of them got a violent hiccough early in the proceedings, and continued the motion throughout the meal right over my head.

The next day Wang sent up a large turnip of a silver watch, and asked if anyone could make it go. No one could, of course. I gave him a small wrist-watch of mine. The same evening he sent up a man with a lantern as big as a dog-kennel, and his card with profuse thanks.

The sports were a great success.

Had 100 yards and 300 yards. Neither Chinese nor Shans would run or jump; rest of programme tent-

pegging, lime-cutting and wrestling on horseback. The last was especially popular. As a wind-up I had a scramble for two-anna and four-anna bits. This of course a great success. People were searching with torches all night long.

The Sawbwa's two sons had come in to the camp, and were astonished at the sports. They came up to the British Camp later to see if they could get a saddle. Scott, with his usual open-handedness, at once gave them his second one. The two young men carefully addressed him as "Mr. Government" all the time.

Some Chinese official or wealthy trader appeared suddenly from the beyond in a huge sedan-chair. This was photographed; photography was very popular.

Photographed the Chinamen. Wang insisted on being taken in his red riding-coat, which is more like that of a woman than a man, and makes him look like some sort of abbess of a nunnery. Couchman is sitting beside him, and on the other side poor old Tao, with his son bending over behind.

Meantime, the mails were brought in by runners from Lashio. Some of them did the journey in record time, for which they were suitably rewarded. There was a great deal of official correspondence which often kept Scott busy until far into the night. Meantime he had to keep order among his own people. The Sepoys were accused of going into the village houses, they had to be warned off and sentries put on guard. Scott seizes this opportunity to ask that the Chinamen, having now seen them for some time, might leave off staring at them,

while they dressed, washed, wrote, ate, all day long, and cease regarding our tents as public-houses.

Big row between my servants and a Chinaman, both got broken heads. . . . I announced that any further rows in camp would be punished with fifty strokes for all concerned without inquiry.

THE CAVE OF THE GOLDEN DEER

Wang arranged for a display of fish-dynamiting in the river. This was done twice. The first time without much result except that two of the Wa fell in.

My syce saved one Wa who got into a pool and was nearly drowned, and immediately afterwards another got in, and Couchman jumped in in uniform and fished him out. Chinamen apathetic. Wang very excited. I wrote afterwards officially, recommending both the syce and Couchman for the R. Humane Society's medal.

A Chinaman turned up who seemed to know all about photography.

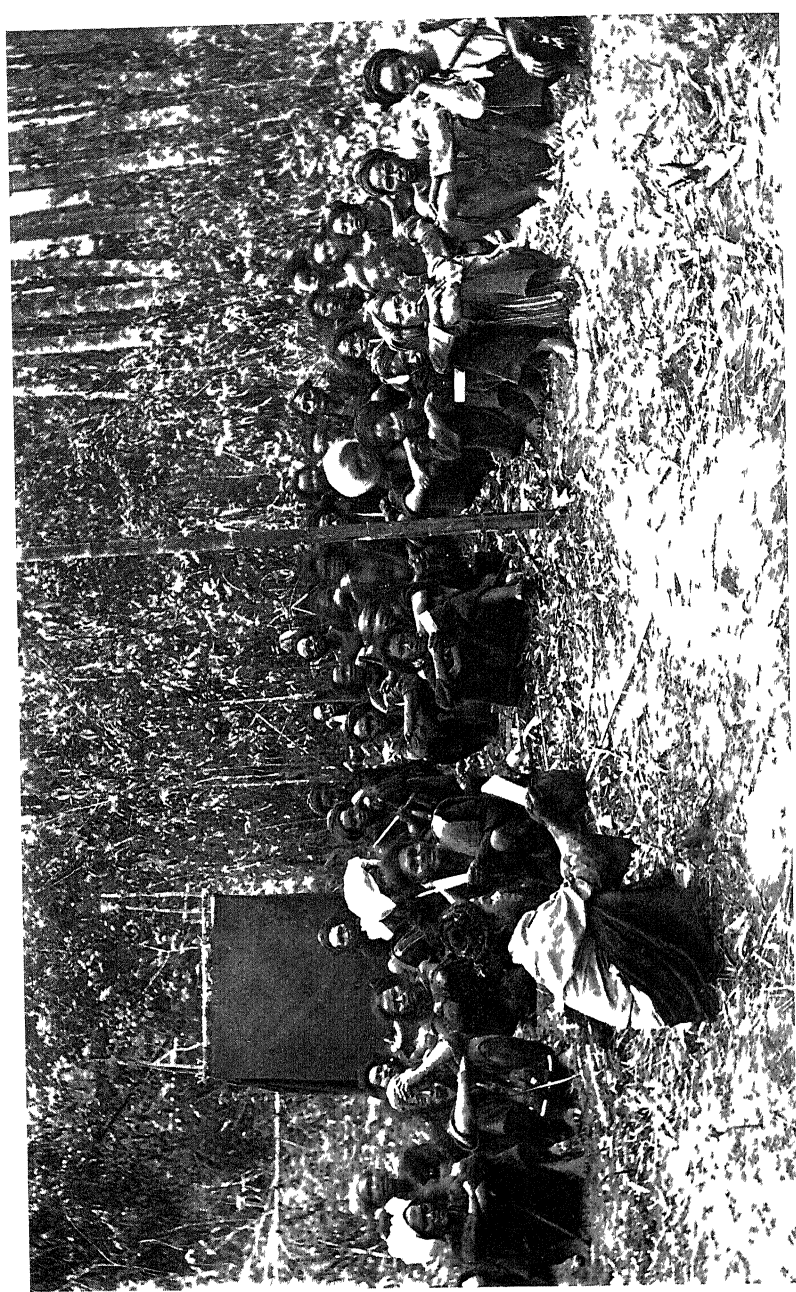
Curious, two discoveries in one day. The Chinamen here have dynamite and know how to use it for getting fish, and a man comes in who knows about photography.

The British party had made themselves so popular that they had difficulty in getting away. Before they left they had to go through one more of the ghastly official dinners, such a trial to Scott, who was always a very small eater. This time, as the Mahomedan fast was ended, Wang ate with them.

Began with all manner of sweets and nuts, and had fish almost last thing. Sweets sandwiched into the middle again. Some rather good ragouts of chicken and duck. Also purée of walnuts and earthnuts. On the whole very few dishes that were quite loathsome except some with garlic. Wang's spirits were inexhaustible. Apologized for delicacies not being available.

When they did at last go they were sent off in great style, by "salutes fired from bamboos crammed with gunpowder."

It was while up in these regions that Scott heard that his late Assistant, Walter A. Graham, had had the offer of a good position in Siam. Graham had continued to be Assistant Political in the Northern Shan States after Scott



*The Meeting of the Pet Ken (Wa chiefs)
The interpreter is reading the Letters of Appointment behind him The canopy at the back is for an open-air bath
Note the singular old man with the goatee just behind him*

had left for Siam, though the higher position had been held by Captain Elliott, and H. G. A. Leveson (officiating).

On my way to Mong Hsaw several of the Gold Tract Wa chiefs had come to my camp with the request that they might be recognized as British subjects, and protected against the Chinese. One or two brought chip-pings of silver rods, broken earrings and other trifling objects as tribute. My original intention was therefore to march back through the Gold Tract.

It may perhaps be well to drop that term—for it seems to be a deplorable illusion so far as abundant gold deposits are concerned. The people themselves classify this tract as the Wa Pet Ken or the Eight Petty Chiefdoms. . . . A man who had been my Wa interpreter on the tour to Mong Hka in 1893, acted as intermediary, and arranged the meeting with the Pet Ken chiefs

The Chinese proposed to see the party across the Nam Hka. Scott did not want them to come on farther,

it seems probable the Wa Pat Ken would have cut them up. At any rate, rations were waiting for us at Pang Hsang, where Lieutenant Hay was coming to meet us to replace Lieutenant Maxwell, who was returning to military duty.

So they went to Pang Hsang, but this implied passing back through Loi Lon before they could reach the other, the Pet Ken, ridge.

Scott therefore wrote to Naw Hkam U, the elusive Loi Lon Sawbwa, telling him he had been in conference with the Chinese officers, and proposed passing through his village. This letter reached Loi Lon two clear days before his arrival. But when he got to Loi Nung there was no answer. What follows is mainly from his Official Report.

I left there on the 28th March, 1897, intending to camp about 5 miles south of Loi Lon. This was near a village

where the inhabitants seem to be only occasionally sober. I entered the village at the head of the column. It was quite unfortified, but the whole place was alive with men armed with spears and guns. I asked for the headman, but was told he had gone to Loi Lon. Nevertheless, we marched through the village, the population loping off in front of us like the crowd being cleared off a race-course by the police. I discovered that the water-supply was little better than a moist buffalo wallow. I therefore decided to march straight on to Loi Lon.

We did so and reached it about one o'clock. The Sawbwa's and officials' village, perched on an abrupt height, overhanging the only place practicable for a camping-ground, had its stockade lined all round with armed men. I sent a message to say that I hoped the Sawbwa would soon make his appearance. The messengers came back to say that a visit would be paid in the evening. Meantime we pitched the camp. At about 5 the Sawbwa's father-in-law, fighting men, and some headmen, came in with presents of sugar, rice, tobacco, and so forth, and told me the Sawbwa had fled to the jungle directly he got my letter two days ago.

I said this was pure folly, reminded them we had done no harm in 1893. They said the people had been talking of the 2-anna bits ever since. I then said I could not accept their presents, and I could not permit the Sawbwa to treat me like this. He had received Chinese officials as I knew, and he must receive me too. They said he was hidden away in the jungle, nobody knew where. I said they must find the place. They went off rather crestfallen.

Next day I sent for the headmen. Admittance to the village was refused to my messengers, and the headmen said they were afraid to come.

Women had been streaming out of the place with bedding and bundles ever since our arrival. On the

other hand, men in bands of ten and twelve continued to arrive until dark. The heights of the citadel above our camp were covered with groups of armed men, sitting in clusters like crows watching us. I said the headmen must come. Three then made their appearance. All the others, they said, had gone to search for the Sawbwa.

I asked them to be good enough to credit me with not being such a fool as to believe they could not find him if they wanted to, and offered to go out alone and unarmed to his hiding-place and even to spend a night there, if that would reassure him.

They listened in such hopeless fashion that I said, failing the acceptance of this offer, I would not only demand R500 tribute from the state, but impose a fine every day up to three. If the chief had not come in by then I would depose him and appoint another man. I told them I sympathized with him, and knew that his position had been very difficult, and I did not blame him. Only I must see him.

I thought I had reassured them.

The next day armed men poured into the citadel from all directions. The headman, summoned and questioned, said they had come "to guard the village." The Loi Nung road was blocked and no one could go either way. I said the village would be fined thirty rifles if our road were interrupted. Without a word in reply he handed me a letter in Chinese and a flat thin silver plaque about the size of a cheese-plate stamped with Chinese characters. I saw no more of him. The characters merely said, "The Puérh Taotai, Southern Taotai of Yunnan, presents this." The people of Loi Lon looked on it as a sort of letter patent, it has no meaning. In appearance it suggests the badge of the Free Foresters.

Captain Couchman and Lieut. Hay represented to me that our camp in a hollow, with armed men round three sides of us, so close that they could have hit us with

cricket-balls, was absolutely impossible from a military point of view. We therefore moved in the afternoon to a ridge on a level with the citadel, which took us 500 feet above the nearest water-supply, and about 800 yards from it.

After dark the Wa interpreter appeared in camp with two guides to take us to the place where the Pet Ken chiefs were assembled to meet us. He had been stopped by pickets, but got through by representing himself as a spy.

Our only way to go was through the village where the Sawbwa was hiding. Next day, therefore, with 70 men, I marched out there to reconnoitre.

No one stopped them. When they reached the slope outside this village Scott tried to parley, but no one answered. He and his guard therefore went forward, pulled down a hastily constructed stockade, and went through the tunnel.

It was a

very large village, credited with 200 houses, all closely crowded together. It was filled with armed men who retreated before us, and closed up again behind.

A ravine separates the place into two parts. They caught a few men and questioned them, and learned that the Sawbwa had slept there but had hurried off when he heard they had left Loi Lon.

I searched his house and found a batch of letters, and his breakfast cooking on the fire. What arms we could find we destroyed. We had breakfast ourselves and altogether spent nearly three hours in the village. The situation was as absurd as it was exasperating, and we marched back rather discomfited.

When we reached Loi Lon again all was exactly as we had left it.

The situation was intolerable and not without danger. I resolved to enter the place as I had entered the other,

but perched as it was on an abrupt height, it did not seem wise to do it with the same party. Lieut. Hay therefore took this detachment round to the north to cut off the retreat of the garrison. Captain Couchman and I galloped up to the camp, whence we advanced, with the remainder of the men, along the ridge.

The whole of the Wa vanished, inside ten minutes, by a road of which we did not know. Not a shot was fired. From a military or humanitarian point of view this was no doubt gratifying, it was quite otherwise from a point of view of a settlement. I found a mass of letters in the Sawbwa's house. A glance at some of these convinced me that he never had had any intention of meeting me, and that the Wa coalition against British authority had a real existence, which I confess, up to this minute, I had doubted.

I therefore decided to burn the place. It was too formidable a position to risk having to take a second time. I had not the time at my disposal to go on indefinitely with purely persuasive or diplomatic measures. All hope of getting in Naw Kham U seemed to have gone.

The citadel was full of rice and pigs and fowls. Our followers had been able to get nothing since our arrival, and the Sepoys' rations were running short. I therefore gave over the place to plunder for three hours and then burnt it.

Up to this moment we had done nothing that could be called an act of war. . . . I cannot see that under the circumstances any other course was open to me.

I have always recommended extreme patience as the most promising means of dealing with the Wa. The fighting which subsequently occurred cannot have been more distasteful to anyone than it was to me.

I wrote an order to Naw Hseng (the uncle) to come in; he came next day with 40 men. I told him to summon all the heads of circles to discuss the situation.

THE CAVE OF THE GOLDEN DEER

I had brought a few prisoners from the village where the ex-Sawbwa had hidden. I told them that we were coming there the next day on our way to Pet Ken, that we would do nothing but march past, if they would cut a road we would not even come into the village. I gave them some silver coins and photographed them. They were particularly ugly. They were profuse in their gratitude.

Everything was "all tangled up" and the haze prevented any signalling. Scott was "working all day at files and cases from Lashio." These, brought by runners, had come in with Naw Hseng.

But still away to the north-west lay the thoroughly defiant Ngek Te, and the village of Sung Long, whose Myosa had declared he would never submit.

The next day all the headmen of the villages on the road to the north came in. Naw Hseng was now more hopeful of success. He was, however, very unsatisfactory. Consulting chicken-bones ; believes they point to everyone coming in to-morrow.

On April 6th the British went on.

When we got near the village where the ex-chief had been, I went on with a Wa speaking Shan to the gate. I called for anyone to come out. They could see I was unarmed. . . . The approaches to the village gate had been diligently stockaded since we were there. I sent out three parties of men, ten in each, to the right and left flanks, with orders not to fire except by word of command, and until we were fired on. I went with the left party, and we had barely turned the north-east corner of the village when we were fired on from three sides.

Ten minutes later Captain Couchman was in possession of the village, and in about half-an-hour the surrounding slopes were cleared of Wa. They were in considerable

numbers, but their line of retreat is always secured. We moved out to a camping ground, as I wanted to consult Naw Hseng, but no sooner had the baggage got through, than his people set fire to the village.

It must be remembered that firing these villages, with their grass and mat houses, is not the same thing as burning an English village. Furniture there is none, and a few days suffice to rebuild. The Wa always carried off their dead if there were any and their losses could not be estimated but were probably small. "We never saw a dead Wa."

When we reached the next village there were a considerable number of Wa scattered up and down the steep slope leading to it. I went on slowly with my Wa interpreter calling to them. Eventually the headman mustered up courage to meet me. I told him that all I wanted was that he should submit to Naw Hseng pending final arrangements. He was an extremely dirty man and ruined a pair of my trousers by fondling them. I still maintain that much may be done with the Wa by the exercise of patience.

I had secured Nam Hkam U's entire correspondence, forming nearly a mule-load, and including letters nearly black with age. This was a great labour to go through, and much of it of no importance. The Chinese had been urging him to accept their suzerainty. It is evident that he was subjected to prolonged and repeated pressure. There is an intimation that the British are coming with "300 Sepoys and 1,000 Shans." The Shans are a puzzle. [The party numbered about 120.]

Such letters as we got may not be thought worth the price paid for them in the commotion we created, but

I think that they throw a light on the situation and entirely justify my unauthorized march to Mong Hsaw. The confirmation afforded by this correspondence as to

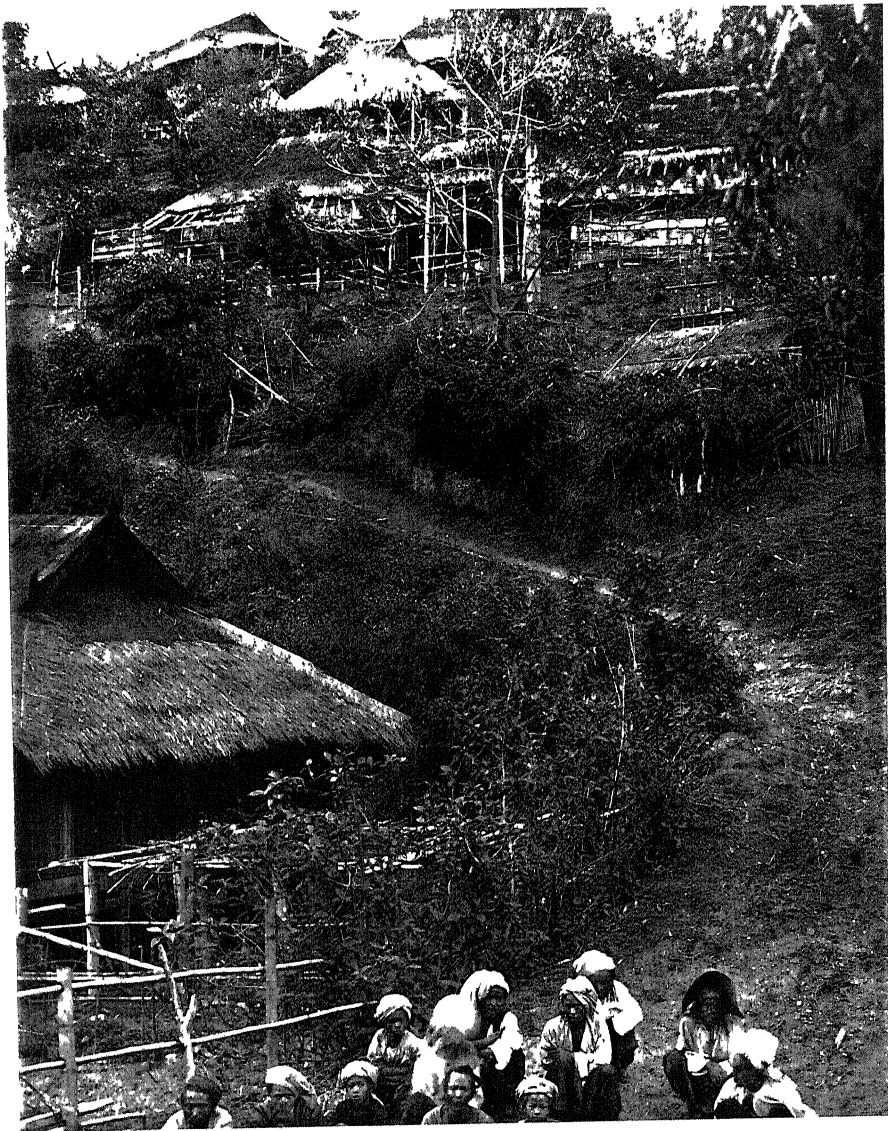
the existence of an Anti-British league decided me to march back by Na Fan. I thought I might thereby shatter the confederacy.

But first he had to go to meet the Wa Chiefs.

At Nam Hka we left the greater number of the escort, and only took on 12 men to the place where the Wa chiefs were assembled to meet us. We were told that animals could not pass by the road, but ponies could and did go ; one is seen in the illustration of the Gold Stream. The distance is 13 miles ; we came back in one march.

We had any quantity of Wa willing and able to carry the small amount of luggage we required, but it might be very different if subsequent visitors were not regarded with the enthusiasm which we inspired. Money is of no use whatever ; empty bottles and tins might tempt some.

At the first camp (Yawng Pruk) our reception went far beyond cordiality. It was a hideous nightmare in its savage enthusiasm. All the afternoon bands of Wa came trooping in, beating gongs, firing guns, wearing clothes (the greatest compliment of all) and drinking liquor. It must be remembered that we had no tents and that we could hardly refuse the Wa entrance into the shelter huts they had built for us, and that in any case they would not have stayed outside if we had told them to. It was my piteous fate to have the largest hut, to be the most unworthily popular, and consequently to have the most crowded and constant levee. I had unwarily let fall a few words of Wa, and thereafter it seemed the object of all our hosts to count up the exact number I knew. Mercifully the women did not drink and were not so forward as the men, but they were very pronounced in their curiosity, which was exceedingly trying after a severe march in a blazing sun. It did not mend matters to note that some of them were really very pretty, with their hair parted in the middle, and looped in exaggerated



*Scott's quarters at Yawn Pruk
Here he had " the largest hut and was the most unworthily popular " and was therefore besieged
by people all the time*

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION

love-locks over their ears. The Wa are the only Indo-Chinese race I know who have noses as distinguished from mere nostrils. There were scores of women in camp, the most convincing proof of all of the confidence of the people in us and in the British Government.

Our embarrassment was none the smaller because we believed these people to be head-hunters. We were told so in Loi Lon, indeed it is universally believed all over the Wa states. We were the first strangers who had ever come into the country, they told us so time after time, and it is satisfactory to be able to say with confidence, that they are not only not head-hunters now, but obviously have not been so for, at any rate, a generation. We only saw three or four human skulls in all the villages we passed through, and these were as old and weather-beaten as any in Ton Sang's territory. But this we did not know until the following day.

The arrivals and enforced audiences went on till far into the night. Our one consolation was to see some scandalized Sikhs hiding in a nullah to avoid the embraces of large-hearted Wa. It needed all the energies of our interpreter to get the camp cleared before midnight.

Next day they formed a procession to march us into Pang Mi. There was at least half a mile of loud-sounding cymbals, and men firing guns in front of us, and the same behind. We went along the ridge of the water parting. It is crowded with villages to an extent I could not have believed possible in so perpendicular a country, for the hills are like sugar-loaves or segments from a Gruyère cheese. A very slight cant would make some of them plain precipices. And it seems extraordinary that, bare as they are, all the soil is not washed away. All these villages greeted us with as-you-please volleys of musketry, and stood free drinks to the processionists. This turned out to be a blessing, for very many stayed behind, and

THE CAVE OF THE GOLDEN DEER

by the time we got to the 1,500-foot drop to the Nam Yang Leng, at a slope of about one in one, we had not more than a score of gongs, and these tailed off on the opposite slope, which was equally formidable. The $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles took us 3 hours to get over.

That afternoon a number of chiefs marched in, nearly all drunk and all madly excited. All the Pet Ken, they said, would be represented next day. I said I thought it would be well to give them a day's rest (I meant get sober), and asked if there would be any objection to my paying a visit to the gold-mine. They said that now we were brothers, I might certainly go, but no stranger, and not very many of the Wa themselves, had ever been there,—to the Cave of the Sacred Golden Deer—and they hoped I would do nothing to excite the anger of the spirit of the mine. I promised that I certainly would not.

Our curiosity had been excited to the highest pitch about this. It was impossible to get any sort of a coherent description as to what it is like, and it was even very difficult to get two people to agree as to where it actually was. At first we were told it was at the junction of the two rivers, a most wild-looking spot, a simple gash with hills arising on three sides sheer 2,000 feet. But as we got nearer we were told it was a little below this, and eventually it turned out to be quite close to the Nam Hka, and in comparatively tame surroundings.

It was no easy matter to get anyone to guide us. Half the people said they had never ventured to go; the rest said it was so terrible a place that they had not the courage to go back again. Eventually we started with five guides, of whom only one actually reached the gold-mine, and he crept along the last few hundred yards as if we were going to be ambuscaded. The whole of our party wanted to go *en bloc*, but we reduced the number as low as possible, and chose those we thought most likely

to have expert knowledge, which every single one of them claimed.

The distance from Pang Mi is a little over 4 miles, and there is no road, or at least no permanent road. The beginning is a drop of 1,500 feet, in very little more of lateral distance, to the river, then a similar rise chiefly over loose earth, ready to be sown, passing over the shoulder of the 6,000-foot hill opposite ; then a drop, if anything steeper, also over loose earth, to the united streams Yellow and Black. After this it is a sort of go-as-you-please matter, alternately wading mid-thigh deep across the 30 to 50 feet wide boulder-strewn stream-bed, and climbing the banks, whenever they are practicable, for a distance of about two miles.

The hills gradually draw back. At a sort of double elbow or letter S in the stream, there is a wooded knoll or hillock covered chiefly with scrub, but with a few large trees. On the edge of the river are a number of hot springs issuing at very little below boiling point, and there are a considerable number more actually in the stream-bed. On the knoll above there was a sort of rocky chasm or rift in the boulders, from which steam seemed to issue even on the fiery hot day we were there. In this is the image of the Golden Deer—*Credat Judaeus Apella*.

We unanimously respected the Wa request that we would not enter the thrice-blessed place. Apart from the scalding which would have been certain, I doubt whether entrance is physically possible. Hot springs, even in stream-beds, are no rarity in the Shan States, and there was an air of lassitude over the party which was not altogether accounted for by the extreme heat of the weather, and the atrocious tramp we had had. Nevertheless, everyone—Shan, Burmese, Chinese, Sikh, Gurkha and Briton—dug in the sand and gravel in dogged silence, but the glances thrown at the Wa guide, who would not venture within half a mile of the place, were

not apathetic. The accompanying photograph taken on this occasion is of course unique.

Not one of us took back a speck of gold dust. When we got back to camp there was a singular absence of pride in the distinction we had achieved. I was confoundedly baked but not more so than the others. I mentioned to our host at Pang Mi that we had seen no gold whatever. He said it was because there was no Sir Galahad among us. He did not exactly use those words. He put it much more crudely.

The formal meeting of the Pet Ken chiefs was held next day—Palm Sunday. There were fifteen chiefs and eleven of them presented tribute, odds and ends of silver.

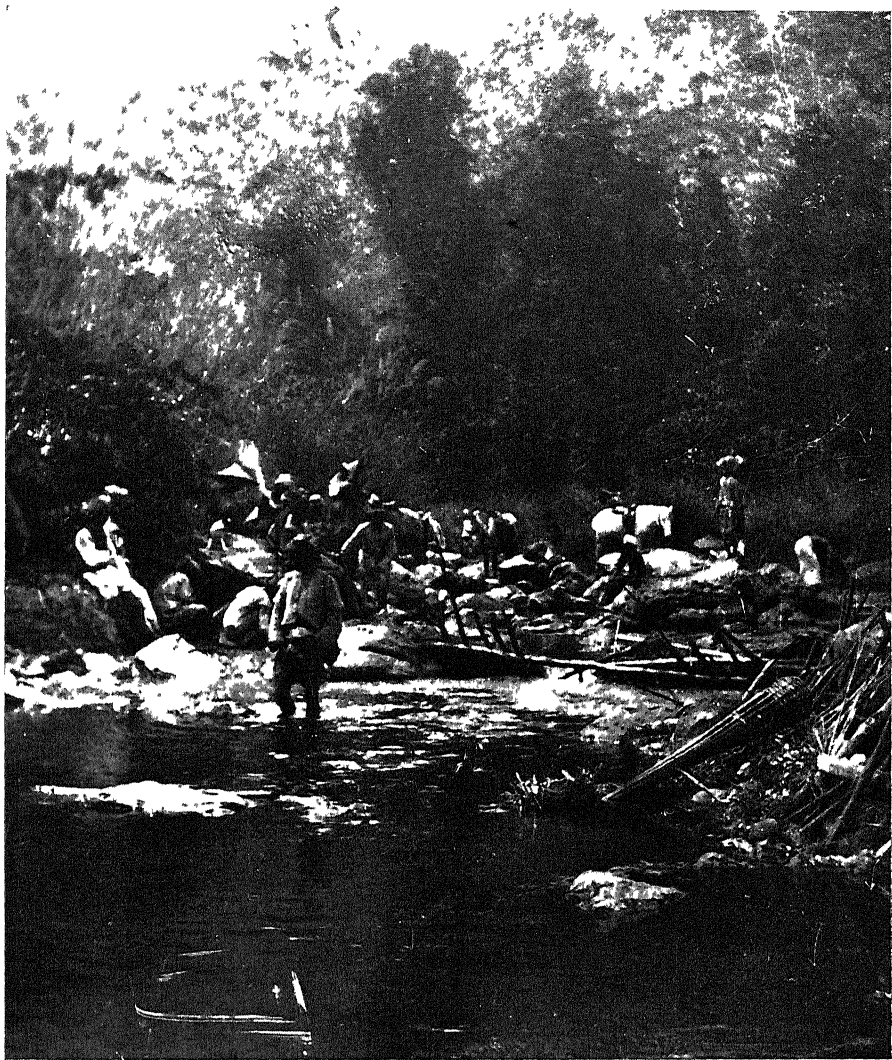
The meeting was very orderly and my questions answered in a business-like way. There was one old man from Nga Lon, who attracted my attention by his long billy goatee, very unusual here, and his sore eyes. He was somewhat imperious in his manner.

The chiefs wound up the meeting by suggesting we should all go out and burn some Lem villages. I told them I would not hear of this, and they must promise me they would remain peacefully within their own borders. They said that as soon as I marched away the Lem and Chinese would attack them. They hated them both. They clamoured for some visible token that they were British subjects.

I gave each one a strip of paper with the name of his district written across it, and my signature on a half-anna stamp. They were impressed, and went off to cut bamboos to store the papers in. They told me that Monglem has steadily taken territory from them for the last ten or twelve years, that there was to this day a stone in Monglem bazaar which marks their boundary.

We parted next day on excellent terms.

Certainly Scott had to the full what someone has called "the incommunicable gift of dealing" with savage races.



The Bed of the Gold Stream

This photo is of exceptional interest. It shows men of many nationalities, in Scott's escort, dredging for gold by special permission in the most secret and sacred spot in the Wild Wa country

It is difficult to estimate the value of this Pet Ken trip [he says in his Official Report]. It ensures peaceful operations for the Delimitation Commission at this point.

We got back to Loi Lon in two days. Of 33 circles in the state 17 had made submission to Naw Hseng. There was, however, unpleasant news from the north. Naw Kham U was fortifying himself at Ngek Te. I resolved to march round by Ngek Te, and try to get on terms with Naw Kham U, or if not, scare him out of the state.

We passed through the village of Pang Lat, where the people had returned, and were unarmed, and seated quietly, the first time I had ever seen them behave so reasonably. Four miles on two shots were fired from an ambuscade. The Naik of the leading file was killed and a sepoy wounded. We could find no one.

That night :

Shots were fired into our camp. Next day we had only two miles to Ngek Te. Less than a mile from the village a sepoy was shot through the heart, and another seriously wounded.

They had to take the village.

We burnt all the villages in the Ngek Te neighbourhood, at Naw Hseng's request, to deprive his rival of any place where he could collect men. We left him in the happy belief that Naw Kham U was finally done with. However, after I had gone he came back, and the "placed" Sawbwa fled at once—all my trouble was wasted. Naw Hseng is a fool ; he is weak ; he is superstitious ; he is a coward, but he had the right, and should have been Sawbwa instead of his nephew when his brother died.

However, we could do no more. We marched on to Na Fan. My persistence in taking this route after having obtained confirmation of an anti-British league is because

I had a stubborn determination to go that way, and I had announced weeks before I was going too. Also the Sepoys had been without rations since the 15th April. Rations were waiting for us at Man Hpang and the nearest way was thus, to go round meant ten more marches. I had let it be known that if we were fired on Na Fan would infallibly be burnt.

As a result we were conveyed into Na Fan with every testimony of cordiality. The villagers evidently pay black-mail to whichever of their neighbours it seems most desirable to conciliate for the moment. The inhabitants are mostly well-to-do traders, they are useful as brokers and middlemen for the whole of the Wa States. Their caravans are constantly going backwards and forwards. Most of them had been to Mandalay, two or three to Rangoon. It is not quite clear why they should have made a settlement right in the middle of the Wa hills, or why they were not exterminated by degrees as skulls were wanted for the village avenues, but it is certain that they have cultivated the only reasonably large area of irrigated paddy land in the Wa country. Probably the Wa find the rice useful for making liquor, or more probably they find the settlement a convenient place to get salt and guns, and perhaps iron to make their head-hunting knives.

The same evening that they reached Na Fan, deputations of the Wa came in to make their submission.

The voluntary submission of any of the Wa was soothing after the rebuffs experienced in Loi Lon, but the friendship of these particular chieftains is especially valuable because they lie across the road eastward. They came in very large numbers ; there must have been quite 300 of them. I therefore made as much of a Sunday-school treat of the occasion as I could, and qualified the recitation of the mercy, blessing and long-suffering of the

British Government by a distribution of empty tins and bottles and pice.

I sowed seed that may bring forth good fruit. It is a point merely to have marched that way, because we mapped in much new territory to the west, and it indicates to the Wa that what we say we will do, we do do.

In all this marching and counter-marching, up to 5,000 feet and down again, Scott preferred to walk. In very much later days, when he felt the strain of his years, he said :

No wonder I feel my heart a bit. When we were out on the borders and had to go slick up many thousand feet, the Gurkhas did it easily, as they are born hill-men. I wasn't going to be beaten by Gurkhas. So just to show it was nothing to me, I used to go up as fast as they did, and smoking my pipe all the time.

One of his ideas was never to drink anything during the day's march, a counsel of perfection that called for so much self-restraint, that it was rarely followed by others. He used to arrive at the end of the march with every rag on him soaked by sweat, but yet comparatively fresh, whilst those who had drunk up their water ration early, came in utterly jaded, "with their tongues hanging out."

The party were now going over on the route westward to Man H pang. The water-supply was none too good, and there were wounded men to be carried. Naw Hseng had supplied men for dhoolie bearers, but the night before the start was made, they all disappeared. On the route lay the very hostile village of Sung Long, the chief of which had given out he did not intend to submit to the British. Messages were sent to him saying that they were only passing by.

The people we talked to said that even if they did not oppose us we could not hope to get through without shots from ambuscades. We had therefore to march very slowly with every precaution in the way of skirm-

ishers. The last couple of miles lie along a densely wooded spur, and on the edge of the bush we came upon three Wa. They said the villages were very much alarmed and had put up log works and they begged we would not go on. I asked if there was any other road ; they said there was not. Then I told them to go at the head of the column and shout out that we had no intention of harming anybody, and would not fire unless we were fired on. When we were quite close to and within sight of the village an elderly Wa turned up, no one exactly knew from where, and began hustling through the leading files saying he wanted to get back to his house, and insinuating we were very much in the way. The Wa are very extraordinary people, but this was a display of eccentricity for which we were hardly prepared. He was a very respectable person with grizzled moustache and side-whiskers, so I told him we also were going to Sung Long and as strangers there would be glad of his countenance.

We found the village empty, but there was a knot of armed men on a knoll of little distance off. I then had a long talk with the grey-moustached gentleman. He told me a great many things. I complimented him on his good sense and his confidence in us, said he was the most intelligent Wa I had ever met, and asked him to use his influence with the Sawbwa to moderate antagonism toward us. I handed him over to the clerks to have breakfast with them, together with the Was who had guided us in. All of them walked off and we heard no more of them.

It was somewhat startling to learn four days later, at Man H pang, that the grizzled, quiet-spoken old gentleman *was* the fire-breathing Sawbwa himself. It appears that one of the three men was his son, so fatherly solicitude perhaps prompted him. I trust his memory of me is as pleasant as my regard for him.

THE JUNGLE FIRED

We were going on the next day to Ma Tet. The guide missed the road, and we had to guide ourselves by map and compass. We could find no water, and after about seven hours' marching were suddenly fired on as we were rounding the slope of a hill. At the same time the grass and scrub jungle were kindled below. The hillsides were as dry as tinder and the fire ran up as fast as a horse could trot. The advance guard and main body (about 40 men) were cut off from the rest of the column, and the reserve ammunition. One load of this containing 1,800 cartridges was burnt, the mule carrying it threw it off, and it exploded.

We were about two miles from Ma Tet and had to march on to escape the fire. As we approached the main village we were fired on from every side, and had a man wounded in the thigh. The situation was quite outside diplomatic possibilities. We took the place by assault.

Forty of us therefore slept in the village, just as we had marched in, and were subject to repeated attacks all night to make up for want of food and bedding. The rest of the party found a fairly open camping ground. Next day they marched into Ma Tet with the enemy hanging on their flanks all the way.

Scott himself was struck on the breast while having a cup of tea ; luckily the slug was spent.

Forbearance would have been misconstrued. We could not get at the enemy anywhere, so we burnt all the villages we could get at. It was necessary to give our men something to do to steady their nerves and the Was deserved punishment. Burning villages is contemptible, but it is better than sitting quiet to be shot at.

On the third day we marched westward toward Man Hsang. The Wa had breast-works and rifle-pits at many parts of the road, and fired vigorously. We should, however, probably have got over the ground without

casualty but for the wounded. The march was over very steep and broken country, and the pace was slow. When we arrived at Man Hpang we met Ton Sang. The visit to this place, I must mention, was made at the Sawbwa's special invitation.

The Myosa was feudatory to Ton Sang and on bad terms with the Sung Long people. Just as I was leaving, news came to Ton Sang that the Loi Lon ex-Sawbwa had re-established himself. This was extremely exasperating.

Ton Sang had been suffering from stone, but medicine had been regularly sent him from Lashio, and he was very much better.

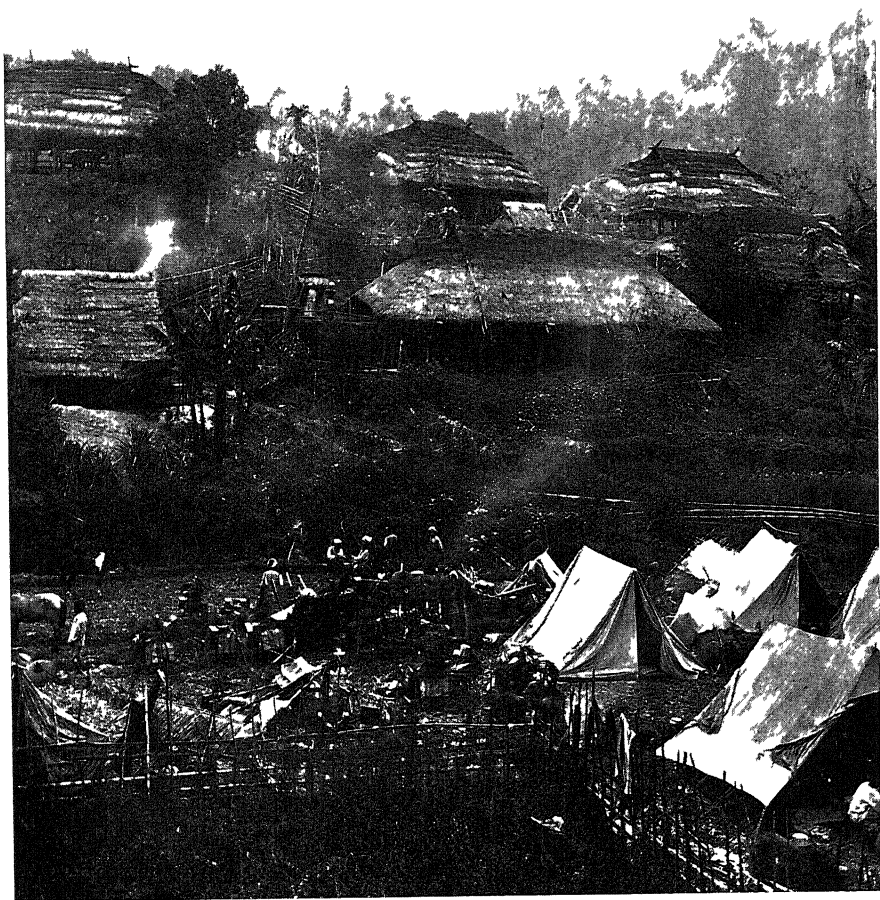
He lived for many years afterwards.

Writing in 1912, after his own retirement, Scott says of this man :

Ton Sang, the octogenarian chief of Manglun, is a picturesque and stubborn old prehistoric survival, and it is not possible to believe that he will ever be instructed in enlightened ways.

A good deal of petty inter-village squabbling going on in East Manglun might have been prevented if a party of fifty Mounted Infantry could have got there from Lashio inside a week, as they might very easily have done. This squabbling is likely to go on as long as old Ton Sang lives. He has a mania for extending his boundaries and becoming chief of all the Wa. The new communities, whom he wants to acknowledge him, and to bring in dried squirrels and young bulls and buffaloes, only minister to his vanity, and add nothing to his revenue, but he is as eager to get hold of them as a magpie is to pick up odds and ends and glittering trifles.

On this great trek of 1896-7 through the Wa country Scott found the breakdown of the heliograph forced him to do everything on his own responsibility. This, of



*Camp at Nam Palo near Na Fan
Here the party stopped for the night of Easter Sunday (1897) after having been "shot at all the way" for days*

course, gave him a free hand, and he made full use of it. He mentions that

the new country mapped by Natha Singh with great care, is pure gain. The fighting was the most difficult kind of jungle warfare. The coolness and courage of Captain Couchman and Lieut. Hay were beyond all praise.

The Wa interpreter, Hseng Um Mong, was of the very greatest use to him throughout the tour.

He recommended this man for Government service.

So ends the account of a most daring and effective tour through unknown and dangerous country.

When Scott got back to civilization he was granted some months' leave to get on with the Gazetteer.

India has sanctioned your being put on special duty for six months to finish the Gazetteer. They say you must finish it in that time. I fear you may find it difficult. Yours sincerely, E. S. SYMES.

NOTE.—Even while the book is passing through the press comes news through Simla that there has been some jungle warfare, and sharp engagements between the Wild Wa, "co-operating with Chinese bandits," and two British-Burmese columns, one from the north via Lufang, and one from the south via Pang Hsang. The tribesmen were routed with some loss of life, and later submitted. Our forces were the Burma Military Police, Buffs (R. East Kent), and the Burma Rifles. Villages were burnt.

CHAPTER XIII

A TOUGH BIT OF WORK

The first Burma-China Boundary Commission—Scott takes it up—Pulling Gen. Liu along—That blessed word “Walan” banned—Chinese “gates”—Ten Minutes suffice to condemn a Man—Shifting of the River Bed—Complimentary Performances—Sealing and Signatures of the Scott Line

IN December 1897 Herbert Thirkell White proceeded as Commissioner on our side to meet the Chinese representatives for a delimitation of the frontier line. He started in the neighbourhood of Bhamo. It is rather ironical that he says on the first page of his report, “the only point of the frontier which is definitely fixed is the hill of Lwelaing near the village of that name.” He spoke too soon. This name was to be one of the toughest knots in the whole season’s work. The Chinese Commissioners, General Liu and Mr. Peng—a magistrate and a good deal the cleverer of the two—met him with courtesy and proceeded to be as baffling as only a Chinaman knows how. There were various interruptions of whole days, such as the Chinese New Year’s Day, and General Liu’s own birthday, on which no work could be done. There were other methods: the merest suggestion of anything being fixed made them curl up like woodlice, and refuse to uncurl until application had been made, and reply received from their own far-away government, all of which had to go through the Viceroy or Governor of Yun Kuei. They disclaimed all responsibility and any sort of power to fix anything. But they found their chief point of resistance in that glorious name Lwelaing. They protested that this meant Walan, a town which brought their line twenty miles more to the westward and was thus to their advantage. Walan

and Lwelaing of course are much nearer together in the ear than the eye, and the bafflement was not as absurd as it looks. This served as a resource when everything else failed, and could always be renewed. Even at the end the Chinamen professed to be unconvinced. But among their other methods they had much choice of obstruction. When it was suggested that a lesser official should ride out with Mr. George, of the British party, to look at some ground, they said he could not ride any better than a turtle, and as he also was admittedly incapable of ascending lofty peaks and getting over difficult ground on foot, he hardly seemed to be a useful man on such a Commission. Mr. Thirkell White began the contest with all his usual urbanity, but found himself helpless before the passive resistance encountered. When the Chinese would not move a step, or agree to anything until they heard from their government, which meant long delay, he suggested they should leave the strip of boundary line where they were, and get on with the next. These hustling western ways did not suit them at all. But they were quite courteous. General Liu expressed the hope that the British Commissioner would not think them wilfully obstructive as all they desired was to serve the interests of their country!

It was marvellous in the circumstances that even a "provisional line" was fixed in the short season at their disposal.

The next open season Scott was given his chance to take on this baffling job. With his long experience of the unmanageable country, and his gift for the fine handling of men, together with his aptitude for tongues, he was the man to do it if anyone could.

"Tuesday, 25th October, 1898. Took over the papers connected with the Burma-China Boundary Commission from Mr. Thirkell White in Mandalay."

The preparations occupied some time, but by the end of November he was up at Bhamo, having already settled that the Assistant Commissioner, Mr. E. C. S. George, should work the southern section and report progress to him.

With the northern party went J. W. Jamieson (later

A TOUGH BIT OF WORK

K.C.M.G.) as Chinese Adviser, Captain H. B. Walker, and Captain T. F. B. Renny-Tailyour.

In the record of Scott's work on this frontier it is better to keep to the personal aspect, especially in view of the fact that there are rectifications of the China frontier going on at the present time.

The usual formalities required by courtesy were complied with between the two parties at the agreed meeting-place, the red Chinese visiting cards were delivered, formal calls made. In the return call of the British party,

General Liu monopolized the conversation, which therefore assumed a colourless character. He has more force of lungs than of intelligence or information ; Mr. Peng is obviously the real head of the party when business is to be done.

The Times says :

Commissioner Liu has, it appears, sufficiently recovered his health to take part in the business. Mr. Scott, our Commissioner, quickly effected a miraculous cure by notifying that the work would go on all the same, and proceeded at once to carry out this resolve. In the course of a few months therefore the line of demarcation should be clearly traced from the upper waters of the Irrawaddy right away to those of the Mekhong, thus rendering it impossible for China again to pretend geographical ignorance as an excuse for handing over British territory to France.

Scott laid it down as an axiom at the beginning : " That obstructiveness such as that of last year would not be tolerated."

Very few of us have the chance of being Commissioner for a really important frontier with a great nation. It is therefore well perhaps to give a sample of what it means in the way of patience and firmness, and then there will not be many anxious to take on such a job. Here are the notes of the first formal conference taken down by Captain H. B. Walker, D.A.Q.M.G., Intelligence Branch.

After a certain amount of discussion Mr. Scott asked Liu if he were prepared to accept the Loileng line. Liu replied that the proposals regarding this line had been objected to last year, the Chinese desired to have “gates” for the defence of their plain villages, and contended that these “gates” could only be erected on the British foothills.

Mr. Scott, in reply, pointed out that by demarcating the line along the crest, the English Government would become responsible for the behaviour of the wild tribes, thereby protecting the Chinese plain villages from incursions. Should the Chinese not deem this a sufficient protection, they were still at liberty to erect “gates” within their own borders.

Liu then stated that he desired such concessions ; reiterated his request that the line should follow the western foot of the Janmai Pum, and raised the point that the course of the Kulong *hka* was the line to be followed from the Taping River. In reply to which Mr. Scott said that the course of the Kulong *hka* could not be entertained ; the line to Janmai Pum being upstream of the Taping to some point north-east of and above the Kulong *hka*.

He further added that we desired to take the tribes up to Janmai Pum under our control, as experience had shown that we could control them. The country was close to and accessible from Bhamo. Liu then insisted that this tract was an integral part of the sawbwaship of K—— and he called attention to the terms of the Agreement, which lays down that sawbwaships are not to be split up or divided.

Mr. Scott in reply pointed out that this was the line agreed on between the British Government and the Tsungli Yamen, and added, moreover, that he did not admit that the K—— Sawbwa had or has any authority over this tract. Farther south he might be prepared to

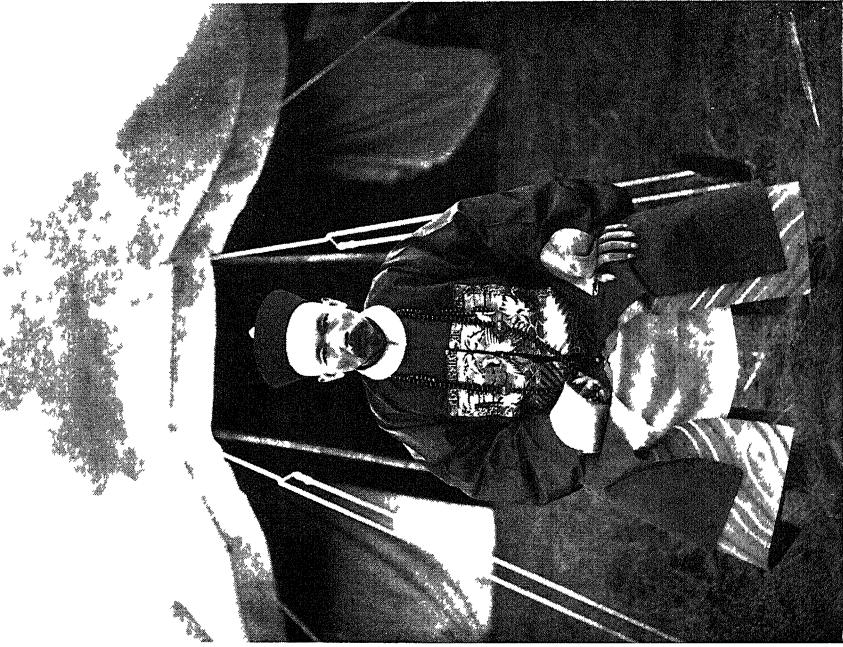
make concessions. Liu then pointed out that four "gates" had been conceded to the British, and urged that this other gate should be recognized as Chinese.

Mr. Scott in reply stated that he could not admit any other line than that from the Janmai Pum. The "gate," he pointed out, was actually not on the Loileng ridge but on a western spur. He went on to say that originally the British had been prepared to recognize certain "gates" as claimed by the Chinese, but owing to the bad faith of China, and the breaking by them of the Convention of 1894 [when they handed over part of Keng Hung to the French] it had been decided to ignore the "gates" if it suited us, following, however, the natural features of the country as near to the "gates" as possible. This is the line of the Janmai Pum and on this the two governments are one. Mr. Scott proceeded to say that the country in question was not worth haggling over. He suggested that the two parties should go together to M—— there to make inquiries to meet some of the K—— Sawbwa's claims. . . . Liu in reply suggested that the two commissions should proceed by demarcating down-stream along the Taping. Mr. Scott pointed out that the demarcation would go up-stream not down. On this Liu said he would telegraph to say he felt bound to accept the line as insisted on by Mr. Scott, and in return for this he hoped that Mr. Scott would have a regard for his "face," and grant him a "gate" farther on. Also he suggested the line southward from the Janmai Pum should follow the western ridge.

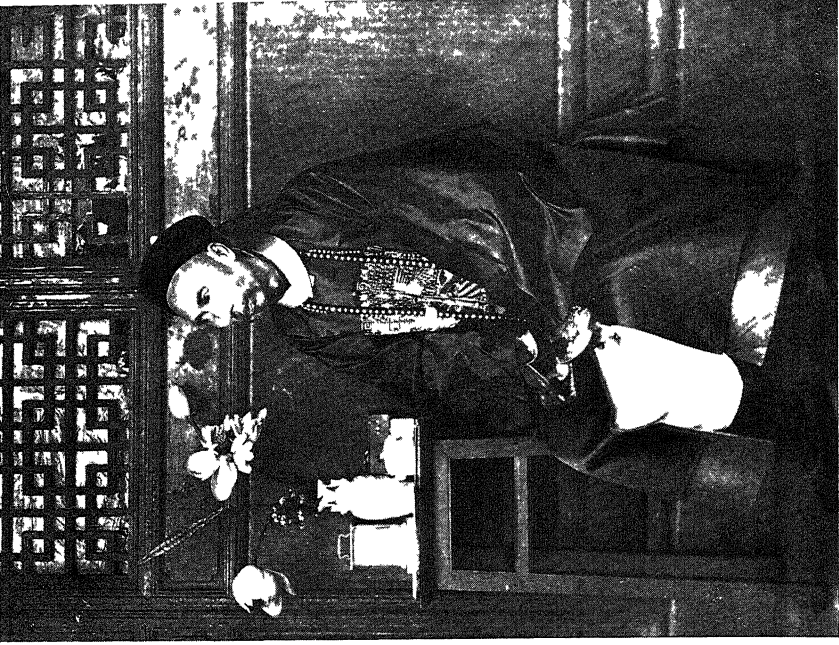
Mr. Scott replied it was better to settle the question of the Janmai Pum first, and he was not prepared to discuss the line southward of that point at present.

Liu then raised the question of the locality of Walan——

Back again on that blessed word, which certainly was always a present help in the time of trouble to the Chinese, who could make endless play and waste endless time over



Prefect Peng, Lu's Second-in-Command



*General Lu, Commissioner, Burma-China Boundary Commission
In full dress*

it. Scott, of course, utterly refused to recognize that place, except as Loileng, another name for Lwelaing.

All this had taken hours, and Liu did not talk in English.

Scott remarks : " This is much more satisfactory than had seemed possible a few days ago ; the conference broke up with every sign of cordiality." Already he had " got a move on." This sort of thing, repeated at every halt, and carried on over every islet and sand-bank in the river for the next few weeks, may be taken as read. The most exasperating trial of patience was that so much time was wasted on irrelevancies.

General Liu and Mr. Peng came to make a friendly visit. The questions discussed were of a character remote from business, and extended over three hours. General Liu gave reminiscences of Tonking, where, he said, the Chinese lost 30,000 men . . . fevers contracted in the plains and bad water. The varieties of water were tabulated, and then difficulties of transport led to a classification of the varieties of Chinese flour. Boa constrictors also, it appears, made away with some of the Chinese soldiery, and had to be burnt out of their haunts.

Two days later :

Rain fell again this morning and General Liu did not come down until 11.30 on account of the slippery character of the roads. He brought the Viceroy's telegram, which proved absolutely futile : " the only course open to the Brigadier is to come to some satisfactory amicable arrangement with Mr. Scott."

I announced that the provisional boundary was only agreed to for the recess and that I could not recognize it. That I proposed to occupy the whole country up to the Agreement line as already explained. That I hoped orders would be received from the Yamen enabling Gen. Liu to act without continual references to the Governor-General.

Liu said that if I occupied the country up to the

Janmai Pum it would infallibly result in his degradation and banishment.

The conference lasted two hours, and we parted on the understanding that while we marched to-morrow, Gen. Liu would follow the day after (the 24th of the Chinese moon being an unhealthy day to move according to the geomantic influences).

Friday, 16th December. We marched about five miles along the ridge, and then descending found that we had entered the Nam Hsa drainage. We therefore camped on the first eligible spot, and had hardly got our tents pitched when rain commenced and lasted till nightfall. It was bitterly cold. Gen. Liu had various mishaps on the slippery roads. Mr. Peng fell into a stream ; their camp was on a very uncomfortable slope, they were short of food and generally disconsolate. Gen. Liu had become so despondent that we did what we could in the way of sending food, and friendly assurances, to restore his peace of mind, but the general situation was very far from being cheerful.

Next day :

The day was most inclement. The thermometer did not rise above 56° and fell three degrees below freezing point at night, which, with tents sodden with the rain of yesterday, was rather trying.

Gen. Liu produced a telegram from the Viceroy saying that he understood the British party had agreed to this, that and the other, to which they had not agreed at all.

This all made for further argument. General Liu was most painfully anxious to secure the ridge mentioned by name in the telegram. He besought us in the most humble terms, not to exert the authority and power of a great country to carry so small a point, and was so insistent and so full of promises of concessions further on, that I agreed to refer the matter to Government.

We then ascended the riverain ridge, and fixed together the points at which cairns are to be erected. He did not wish to descend to the Taping himself, nearly 4,000 feet down, so I did not urge the matter.

Waited all day in hopes of orders in regard to the ridge, and was correspondingly annoyed when the telegram came back from Bhamo with the information that it was unintelligible. To judge from the words referred to, the intelligence of the receivers rather than of the telegram was defective.

Having agreed to the cairns and their sites, Gen. Liu displays a most naïve delight in hurrying them up. His men all day yesterday gathered and piled together stones. The results are admirable so far as catching the eye goes, but they are certainly not such as the P. W. D. would have erected. Since these cairns seemed perishable, the sappers and miners cut a broad arrow on the rocks. Gusts, masses of cloud, a mackerel sky, and a halo round the moon, seem to indicate a renewal of bad weather.

In the evening Gen. Liu came over alone to pay a Christmas call, and stayed and talked of the experiences of his youth, when he won the title of Baturu, which corresponds—so far as anything can correspond—to the Victoria Cross. He served under several noted Chinese generals, all of whom, to judge from his tales, seem to have been more noted for violence of temper than anything else.

On New Year's Eve, 1898 :

Loileng. Gen. Liu sent over a New Year's present of a bullock, fowls, ducks, hams and lotus seeds. The lotus seeds signify the hope that all the members of the party will be promoted three grades. The accompanying card expressed a hope that the gifts would be received with smiling countenances. They were.

A TOUGH BIT OF WORK

On New Year's Day the General and staff came over to pay a New Year's call, and were received by the fourteen European officers of the Commission and escort. A Chinese soldier fired at another intending to kill him, but hit the wrong man, who died. General Liu tried the offender. He started at two o'clock and ten minutes later three guns was the signal that the man's head had been cut off. The murderer was little more than a boy.

Jan 6th, 1899. Rode out with Gen. Liu to fix the line across the plain. No line could be found which would divide Kachin and Shan cultivation. The different fields were as completely mixed up as the blocks in a child's puzzle letter toy-box.

The 21st of January was the General's sixtieth birthday, "we therefore sent him over a large musical box." This was taken over by Mr. Tao, Mr. Jamieson's Chinese clerk, a most invaluable man. Mr. A. Breithaupt had now joined the party, and was sent off with the Chinese official Ma to set up posts. He had been Extra Assistant Commissioner Northern Shan States and Political Officer in North Hsen-wi. They had now finished the first part of the frontier, that running more or less due north and south, and were about to turn a right angle almost, and follow the course of the Shweli River trending north-east.

At a little place called Se-lan, the Myosa met them with a procession of musicians, dancers and gleesters.

The elders of all the villages met us with silver goblets of water, tea and pickled tea. It was bazaar day and an immense crowd looked on. It is six years since I have been in Se-lan, the road has been very greatly improved. Stone bridges over the numerous streams have been quite recently erected. The Myosa had built a large durbar shed for the reception of the commission. He is an intelligent and engaging person.

On the last day of January a telegram arrived saying

that an officer and full escort were being sent off to accompany the commission. Scott sent off a letter by mounted orderly to stop this immediately,

pointing out that the arrival of this force, just as we are about to commence delicate negotiations on the Chefang frontier, would have a most injurious effect, and would be interpreted as an attempt to overawe the Chinese.

General Liu, who marched up the Chinese side of the river, camped 4 miles away, instead of opposite to us as we had hoped. This also tends to cause delay, for his messengers are Jades of Asia pampered far beyond those of Tamburlaine the Great's day.

The delimiting of the river line caused a great deal of trouble, the shifting of the bed left paddy acres away from huts. When these were granted to one country or the other, some discussion was unavoidable; the young headman of one village gave trouble until he was "overwhelmed with good advice from the General and Mr. Peng. The volumes of this cheap and unpopular commodity poured out soon brought him to a proper frame of mind and he was then advised to go and see Mandalay."

After leaving the river, the work was even more difficult as there was no natural feature to go by. It was all up and down, and in and out. Scott had been earlier arranging for the heliographing when they should reach the Wa states.

Heliographing certainly failed lamentably in this very neighbourhood in 1896-7 [he says in a letter to Symes], but this was partly due to an exceptionally hazy season, and to the ineptitude of the signallers. Also there is a larger mirror now available.

He suggests a 9,000-foot peak, Loi Ang Lawng, which is visible all over the Wa states as one main station.

A TOUGH BIT OF WORK

In December he is writing privately to Symes :

Liu has come in a most conciliatory mood, but is in a very awkward position. He is under the Governor of Yun Kuei, that individual doesn't know anything about the frontier, won't agree to anything definite, and won't give Liu a free hand. He was practically told to keep on last year's obstruction. Instead, he has assumed powers not allowed him. If he is not protected we shall either have no Chinese representative at all, or a man who will not agree to anything.

As to the telegram to Sir Claude Macdonald, I must assume the responsibility. . . . If it was irregular or to be censured, censure me, or remove me, but kindly leave others alone. Jamieson is most anxious to help on the work here, and has so far been invaluable with his knowledge of the Chinese, their language and their ways, and so has his clerk, whose pay you want to cut. Please treat them kindly, and trample on me as much as you please.

Later :

The comparing Chinese names with ours is a continual source of worry.

I am not sure whether you think I have been on the graceful concession lay, but if you look at the map (which Liu regards with reverence as the work of "plenipotentiaries"), you will see that we have made hay of it.

This is a tracing of the map given by our Peking people to the Tsungli Yamen, when the Agreement was signed. Who drew it nobody knows, and the artist has no reason to be proud of it. Jamieson tells me the Chinese text of the Agreement is no less slovenly, and I believe he is making himself agreeable to the Peking Legation by incisive criticisms. I dare say you view the matter with equanimity, but if you had in consequence

THE BEST THAT CAN BE DONE

to camp on the sides of haystack hills with several degrees of frost at nights, and rain during the day, and if you were burdened with a green chili temper like mine, and had companions who object to that sort of thing, you would possibly record that accuracy in the rendering of international Agreements is desirable.

We are not in the least proud of ourselves, but we think we have done the best that could be done. I dare say we could have scooped in these plain villages, but it would have cost you a lot to keep them in order, beside that the river is one of those blamed things that has a new course every other year.

Liu has got news that the local gentry represent that he is traitorously and continuously surrendering Chinese territory to the British. Don't let the poor beggar get his head cut off, but don't praise him too much or you will make the decapitation a certainty. We're all well but most scrupulously polite to one another, chaff is not understood and is fiercely resented.

Speaking of the Chinese Commissioner on the southern half of the line, who was working with Mr. George as the opposite number, Scott writes :

Chen himself, it appears, is noted throughout Yunnan as a mere book-worm, so much so that his name has passed into a proverb, "he is neither dead nor alive, he is Chen."

Jamieson says he could be managed. By the way, Jamieson's clerk is a great help, we tell him all the terrible things we are prepared to do if such and such a course is not agreed to, and he goes and embroiders it over cups of tea in the Chinese camp. The results we consider excellent. George has got an interpreter. If he is not too much of a blackguard (the most prominent characteristic of most interpreters) he might try this method.

We tackled Liu. He is a delightful old chuckle-head, but he cannot be got to understand there cannot be two Commissioners. He does not mind telling headmen that they are no better than the beasts that perish, but he is not to be persuaded that a Brigadier could boss a Magistrate (Peng), still less to insinuate he is playing the giddy goat.

Poor Liu, he is resigned to our constantly repeated assertions that we have made great concessions, but is inwardly convinced that he has been conceding huge chunks of China all the way along. I fear that I am represented to him as an insatiable monster with an appetite for clumps of bamboo and tiny paddy fields, and am painted as the possessor of a temper not to be expressed by adjectives except those that are contraband.

It is quite certain that Chefang will give us trouble. We shall spend the Chinese New Year at Mong Ka, in all probability sharks' fins and seaweed provided for that occasion may play a part in the negotiations.

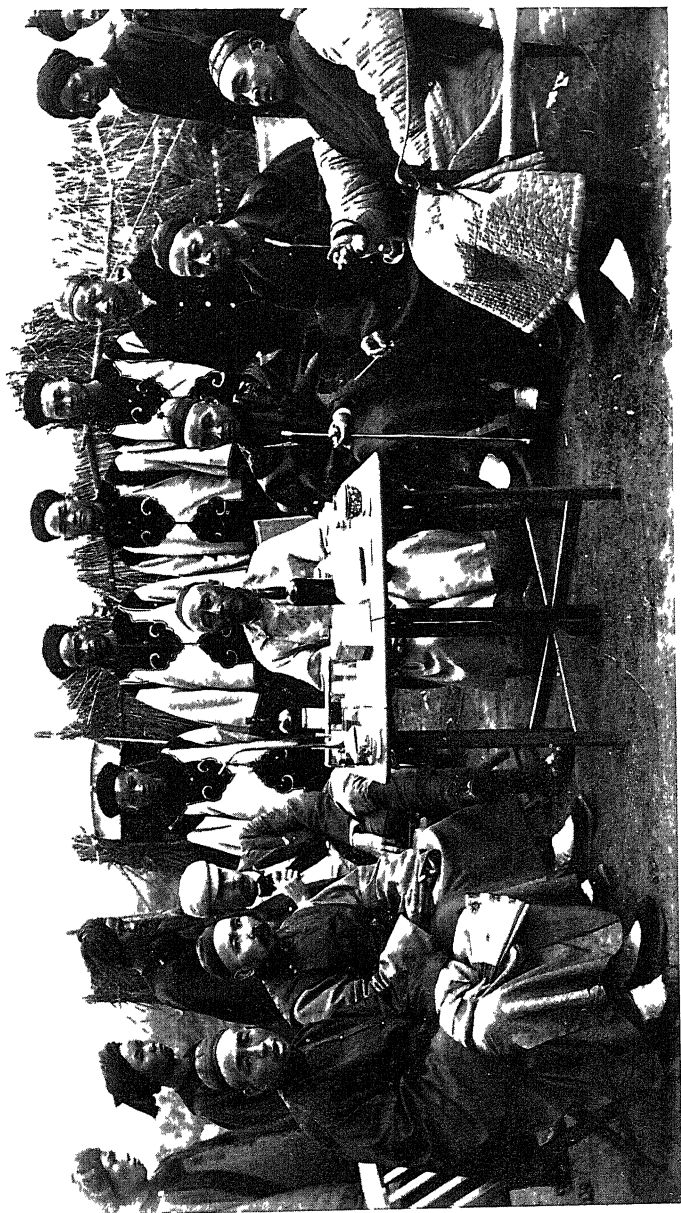
He ends up his letter :

The indexing of that confounded Gazetteer, and proof-revising, take up all the time I have, which is not much when Liu comes. He is too confoundedly friendly, and sits for hours.

It was of course impossible for him to do this donkey-work on the Gazetteer in the circumstances, so it was arranged that the proofs should be read by Hardiman, an I.C.S. man.

When they were almost within sight of their objective—where the boundary line strikes the Salween at a right angle—they stopped at Mong Ka, and there had an agreeable relaxation.

Sunday, 5th March. At one o'clock we went over by invitation to the General's temple where the theatre is



*Burma-China Boundary Commission Group, 1898-9 Season
General Lu centre ; Mr. Jameson to his right, seated ; next to him is Mr Peng
the Prefect of Lungling, near which place the photo was taken*

On Lu's left is

set up. Each of the six officers present was asked to select his play from the repertory list brought by the principal girls (played always in China by boys). The performance was therefore very lengthy and the dinner outrivalled it. There were complimentary remarks from the stage, and wishes for promotion for each individual officer, and the Prefect, the General and Mr. Peng proved the most excellent of hosts. Such interludes in the duties of demarcation are, from the point of view of international relations, eminently gratifying. From the personal point of view, where some have weak heads and some have weak digestions, their desirability is not so convincing. Nevertheless, it is hardly necessary to add that all sacrificed their individual inclinations on the altar of friendliness. We were conveyed home in chairs at a late hour—an attention which, it may be advisable to add, was due to our hosts' insistence and not to obvious necessity.

Monday, March 6th. The General and the Prefect, with the "principal girls," came round at an early hour to inquire after our well-being, and to invite us to a repetition of the festivities. The Prefect was the chief host yesterday, the General claims that position to-day. We deprecated our literary powers (literary distinction in China denotes an enormous capacity for drinking) and pleaded for mercy. The promise of fans and scent to the "principal girls" won them over to our side, and we obtained a remission of three and a half hours. The usual by-play with the galvanic battery provided amusement for the crowd. We went at half-past three to the dinner. That, and the acting (some of which was extremely clever), were not to be distinguished from the performance of yesterday. The remission of time, moreover, proved a delusion, for it was added on at the other end. It leaked out that a high British officer had a banjo and could play upon it. He was requested

to do so and did. The programme of the evening was entirely revolutionized, and there succeeded probably the most startling variety entertainment and smoking concert ever known. A Chinese officer danced a breakdown in servile and elephantine imitation of an agile British official, and then sang a song with a voice of immense power and tympanum-splitting timbre. Others were equally obliging, and the British party did its utmost. A special feature was a Scottish reel danced by a Chinese Prefect and the most youthful of our party. The crowd and the theatrical troupe, who were relegated to the front seats, were at first struck with bewilderment but passed through grins to hand-clapping and a vivid perception of their power to demand another turn. The climax came when the two Commissioners, with hands interlaced, in "trusty frère" fashion, sang "Auld Lang Syne." We again went home in chairs. The relations on this portion of the frontier seem likely to be of the old-fashioned novel kind, "happy ever afterwards."

But the spirit so set free continued to give manifestations.

A Chinese sub-commissioner, stiff from his exertions of last night, had his muscles relaxed by a lesson with the skipping-rope.

A Chinese Prefect raced barebacked with a high British official. The suggestion came from China but Chinese hopes were not justified by the event.

Colonel Lloyd, V.C., dispensed medicines to the afflicted and received as fee a very large bear, with a temper of a most pronounced character. After trying every known sedative, he abandoned his fee among the pine trees.

The chief of the orchestra, with his most talented pupil and Colonel Chang, a distinguished amateur, came over with the General and his party, and gave a musical

BOUNDARY POST MOVED

recital in the durbar tent all through the afternoon. The chief instrument was singularly like a zither.

Then they went on :

A remarkably picturesque march of about 11 miles. The road winds along a valley between grassy slopes sprinkled with pine trees, with every here and there a regular plantation of them, in some places grown on the crests for the sake of their geomantic influence, in others lower down obviously for use as firewood. Both rice and poppy are freely grown. Later we climbed over bare hills, and descended to a cluster of villages round a wide expanse of paddy field elaborately irrigated.

One of the posts had been removed. Inquiry was made.

It appears that the headman moved post 28 because he had a pot of opium buried on the British side. He fled with all his family when Mr. Gabbett (Mr. Gabbett, good man, was now acting with the party, having joined it) appeared. The post was restored to its proper place.

Again further on :

The descent to H—— is for the most part over ways paved with random collected boulders and is somewhat trying. The valley is exceedingly picturesque with numerous villages scattered along the slopes lightened up with peach and almond blossom. All the available flat land and most of the slopes are under cultivation and many fields under water. In default of any other available spot for the camp we took the cemetery.

They were now getting into the neighbourhood of the Was, and the people were not so friendly.

The villagers (Ma Tsao) did not want either of us in

A TOUGH BIT OF WORK

their neighbourhood. Accordingly we pitched our tents above on a somewhat pronounced slope, and dug holes for the upperside legs of our tables and beds. When orders came in for preparation for the General, the whole population made for the hills, having previously locked their doors. He caught two of them and tied them up. Nevertheless, he had to camp on a spur not much better than ours. He came over in the evening to discuss the Wa country and a scheme of operations for next year. He proposed what he called the cart-wheel system. This was a series of camps of 250 men each, with a couple of Maxim guns. They were to cover the country over four camps, and the rearward camp was to become the van as we progressed. When it was pointed out to him that there are few places in the Wa country where 250 men could camp he settled the objection by saying that the frontier must follow a line where such a programme could be carried out. That is so obviously satisfactory from our point of view that we cordially agreed with him.

Thursday, 16th March. A stiff march of 9 miles. There is a dead climb of 4,800 feet (only 600 feet short of a mile) out of the Salween and then a drop of 2,000 feet . . . the haze is thickening and the temperature for this altitude is very high . . . the frontier leaves the Salween at the mouth of a formidable ravine. This forms an admirable physical boundary. It was found impossible to descend the precipitous scarps so cairn 65 was erected 2,000 feet above that stream.

Scott took the opportunity to speak to Liu about his friends the Wa chiefs of the Pet Ken, who had been harried by the Chinese encroachments.

I said that Chinese posts in the Pet Ken were distinctly unfriendly, and contrary to the Agreement of 1897. He promised to telegraph to the Governor to that effect.

MUMMIFIED DUCKS' EGGS

The temperature had a range of fifty degrees during the twenty-four hours.

The Kengma Headman, who has never met Europeans before, asked permission to see our camp, and was taken all over it, and had the various sights explained to him. A fourpenny briar pipe, a ninepenny knife, a Waterbury watch and a bazaar looking-glass afforded him much gratification.

I photographed the General with his bodyguard, insignia of office and A.D.C.'s. In the conversation that followed he seemed to indicate that he will certainly be Boundary Commissioner next year. I suggested the desirability of adopting a frontier which will imply going as little as possible into the Wild Wa country. He admitted the wisdom of not stirring them if possible.

6th April. The Lungling Prefect sent over liquor of notorious potency, mummified ducks and ducks' eggs of great antiquity. Liu insisted on presenting me with his sedan-chair. It weighs several hundredweight. The weather is very unsettled, and there are frequent squalls.

On the 10th :

In the evening the General, Mr. Peng, the Lungling Prefect, Cols. Chang and Chang, and the two headmen came to dine with us. It says much for the excellence of our relations that the function, to which we had looked forward with some misgiving, was of the most convivial character.

Next day

a thunderstorm with heavy wind and rain burst over the hills at midday, and rain continued till well on into the night. This will delay both mapping and the erection of cairns.

April 18 :

The Chinese and English texts of the description of

A TOUGH BIT OF WORK

the frontier and the cairns as far as the Salween were finished to-day. The day was cloudy throughout, and there was a violent rainstorm at night. The 97th and last cairn of the section was set up, and its erection signalized by a discharge of guns by the local populations.

General Liu's fastidiousness as to calligraphy resulted in the recopying of the whole Chinese text of the cairn list.

Sunday, 23rd April, 1899. Heavy rain fell from nine o'clock until past one, when, although the sky was still very threatening, Gen. Liu, Mr. Peng the Lungling Prefect and a staff of secretaries came over. The map of the frontier is in three sheets and the written papers were somewhat lengthy, but the sealing and signatures were got through rapidly, and then Gen. Liu formally expressed his gratification at the steady progress made in our joint work, and the excellence of the relations between the two Commissions. I told him I might be commissioned to go to Yunnan-fu to discuss with the Governor-General there the programme for the next season's work with especial reference to the Wild Wa country. He expressed himself very pleased to hear it, and asked me to accompany him to Tengyueh.

Next morning Mr. Jamieson left for Ssumao, and about midday Scott received a wire authorizing him to proceed to Yunnan-fu.

The escort and the various officers of the Commission started on their return journey to Bhamo. My most sincere thanks are due to all of them, for the cordial and loyal way in which they aided the work of the Commission. Every one of them did his utmost to create and promote friendship with the Chinese party, and the sincerity of their efforts met with undoubted success.



Dragon Columns in a Chinese Temple, not far from Tali-fu in the Province of Yunnan

CHAPTER XIV

HEADS IN THE HILLS

The Third Season of the Burma-China Boundary Commission—The Wild Wa make Difficulties—Liu executes Judgment and stirs a Hornets' Nest—The Wa decamp with Two Heads—A Bout with the Heliograph—Punishment for the Outrage—The Burning Village—The Chinese ignore Maps

THE following open season found Scott up on the frontier again to meet the Chinese Commissioner, and finish the good work of frontier-making. This time it will be remembered the line was to skirt or cut through the hostile Wild Wa country, from the point where the Commission had left off the work last open season. It had now to go south.

The camp where the British Commission was at first fixed was at Hopang, 7 miles from the junction of the Nam Ting and the Salween. On January 22, 1900, General Liu, who had once again been appointed to act for his side, came in to meet the British from some 15 miles away to the east. Peng was not with him, in place of him was Chen, who had tackled the southern part of the boundary as vis-à-vis to Mr. George, the previous season. The first business was with three small Wa states of which one was adjudged to be on the China side of the line, and the other two on the British. But there were no maps, so Mr. Sutherland, an Extra Assistant, and his opposite number, Colonel Ma, were sent out to survey. The British escort consisted of 50 Gurkhas and 13 Burmese Sappers and Miners, and 6 Mounted Infantry. While waiting for the Surveyors' return nothing could be done except a little shooting: peacock, duck and jungle fowl. The fishing proved a failure. "The thud of the football may be heard in the camp the greater

part of the day." Nearly everyone, including of course Scott himself, played the game.

It must be remembered that this was in the middle of the Boer War, of which the heliograph brought dismal news from time to time. Captain Dundas was in charge of the signalling, which was always a difficulty, for until about noon the mists were too thick for any flashing to be seen.

When the British moved on to meet the Chinese, most of the reserve escort was left behind at Hopang.

The first part of the road to be mapped lay within what the Chinese claimed as their territory, and they were asked to provide guides and send an escort. They said they had no guides, and they would send an escort but it must go in the rear of the British escort! When the Survey party returned they reported

that the only guide procurable had taken them by a wrong road. They proceeded along this with difficulty because it was blocked by felled trees and panjis [bamboo spikes], and the Was rolled large pieces of rock down the steep hillsides as they passed. They had only received a bruise or two luckily, and had a broken rifle. Having done all the mapping possible, they returned. They had been all the time in Men-ting territory, allotted by the Agreement to the Chinese (newspaper report).

Three conferences were held between the Commissioners, and the frontier was agreed upon from the point where it left off last season, for about 8 miles forward. Then a forward move was made. The road taken was circuitous as any clash with the Wa was to be avoided, the instructions being very positive to avoid fighting if possible. The way was very difficult, being through a succession of narrow defiles closely commanded by rocky hills, spurs and ridges.

Camp Mong Kaw. The visit up the range east of this place made by the British and Chinese Commissioners on the 3rd Feb. discovered the fact that certain Men-ting

SERIOUS OUTRAGE

villages are on the west of the Salween-Mekhong watershed, and that in consequence, the watershed as a boundary would be objectionable from the Chinese point of view. The surveyor, who ascended the range the day before, was able to make some useful additions to his map. (Captain Renny-Tailyour was Chief Survey Officer.) The sixth interview between the Commissioners took place on the 6th, and was a somewhat protracted one, owing to the Chinese wasting much eloquence in their efforts to keep away from the point; we tried to convince them we had not come out to make geographical discoveries, but to demarcate the frontier outlined in the 1897 Agreement, which modified the 1894 Convention.

Then happened the ghastly incident which was to leave a stain on the frontier. To quote the *Rangoon Times* :

We regret to report that a very serious outrage was perpetrated on the 9th Feb., Major Kiddle, R.A.M.C., in medical charge of the British party of the Burma-Chinese Boundary Commission, and Mr. A. B. Sutherland, Extra Assistant Commissioner on special duty, being killed, while Mr. G. J. L. Litton, H.M.'s Consul at Ssumao, was wounded. No details yet received beyond the fact that it happened at Mong-hem, which is not marked on any map. Major Walter Kiddle was a few days short of 36 years of age, and had had nearly 14 years' service in the R.A.M.C. Mr. Sutherland was thirty years of age and had had eleven years' service. He was appointed Inspector of Police in 1889. He had been in the Southern Shan States for some time.

Then Scott in conversation :

I was in the Wild Wa country in 1900. Two men were killed then. One was the medical officer with the column, the other a young Political Assistant officer ;

both should have known better than to behave as they did. The Chinese had had a row with the Wa, and the Wa said some of the General's Chinese men had behaved badly in their village. He asked them to point out which, and when they had done so he had their heads off in 30 seconds. He then let them set up the heads near the village gate, which was a great mistake. It was the signal for a debauch, the Wa went mad. These two Englishmen foolishly went to see them without saying anything to me. Litton was with them.

¹ They went forth casually, entirely unarmed, unconscious or pretending to be unconscious, of danger ; in that spirit, which, while it has led to many disasters, has carried the British race all across the world.

They went into the village where the Chinese heads were, and passed through it. The Wa were not yet dead drunk, only dangerously so, and the sight of these strangers irritated and excited them. There began to be murmurs and movements and presently stones were thrown. The Wa are good stone-throwers ; they have, or used to have, a regular stone-throwing contest on occasions, in which many are permanently injured. The three men recognized their danger. Even then, if they had had the sense to retreat into a house and wait quietly until the excitement died down, they might have been living still, but instead of that, they began walking fast back to the gate. The Wa grew wilder, the stones flew thicker ; one of them struck one of the three on the back of the head and he fell. This was a signal for the nearest Wa to spring on him and cut off his head. Next, down went Litton with a smashed jaw, but a Chinese non-commissioned officer who had recognized him as being in the consular service in his country, bullocked in, and throwing the unconscious man across

¹ What follows is from an article "Heads in the Hills" which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, July 1935.

his shoulder, carried him off, and ran him out to the British camp. He carried also the news that the other two were not only dead but had lost their heads. For the next few days Litton was in a desperate state, he nearly went mad, raving that he should have been killed with the others, and he had to be watched constantly for fear he should commit suicide.

The effect of this outrage on a man of Scott's temperament could be foreseen. He set his jaw grimly. The neighbouring Wa villages must be burnt at once, such punishment must be made that even the Wa would know in the future that it does not pay to meddle with white men. He was under the necessity of communicating with Headquarters, but he knew very well what he meant to do whether headquarters approved or not.

The communication was by semogram, a mixture of the heliograph and telegraph. The heliograph, set up on a height, flashed its radiant message, which was caught up and repeated until the telegraph at the fort, hundreds of miles away, was reached. Scott accordingly heliographed to Sir Frederic Fryer, then Chief Commissioner, telling him what had happened, and asking for instructions. Meantime, without losing a single instant, before the answer could come, he and Mr. Stirling, who was with him, made straight for the village, with the idea of retrieving the two heads if possible. So quick were they, that the others were left behind, and did not come in until some time had elapsed. Scott's dynamic energy had brought off some amazing feats, but he was not destined to succeed here. By the time he and Stirling, galloping on little hill-ponies, had reached the village, they found that all the Wa left there were dead drunk, and that the others had vanished up to their village on the hill above, carrying with them the heads of the two British men which they had secured.

There was nothing to be done but to bury the bodies.

The rest of the party presently caught them up, and they all returned to camp. By this time the reply by heliograph had come through ; it was :

"On no account attack Wa village ; come back quietly." With a characteristic gesture Scott put the instrument out of action, and had the posts torn up, to prevent any more of that tomfoolery coming through, and declared his intention of wiping out the village above whither the miscreants had retreated. It is only fair to say that when the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, heard of this action he fully approved of it.

But there was some demur within the British camp. Renny-Tailyour and Stirling both backed Scott without reservation, but another officer, with the Durhams, was very hesitant. In Scott's own words : "What I was afraid of was, that if we didn't start, the men would go off and do it themselves, they were so wild to avenge the disgrace. So I ordered them all on and took full responsibility. I had a special guard of fifty of the Durhams, and I said that if the officer in command refused to give the necessary orders, I would go with these men myself. I expected to be broke over such flat disobedience at headquarters certainly ; but it was quite imperative the Wa should have an immediate lesson. It would never do with the Chinese there to let such an incident pass, or to let General Liu go alone. Just as we were starting they all came in and agreed."

The *Rangoon Times* correspondent says :

We were told that the other Wild Was (doubtless the Chiefs of the Pet Ken) were exceedingly angry with their fellows for having killed two British, and terribly afraid of what would happen to them.

During the evening it was arranged with General Liu that we should operate on the 27th against a group of villages situated on the water-shed while the Chinese

would work in other directions. Our force consisted of 40 Durhams and 150 military police. Progress was at first slow owing to the thick jungle that had to be carefully worked through. The party on the right, after a steep climb on to a ridge, were able to clear out a stockade. At this point the party had four casualties : two bullet and two panji wounds. We were disgusted to find on working round to the front that the Chinese had got in front of us, and that the stockades were in full blaze. We made a detour round the burning village, and attacked another, where we found another Chinese party almost out of ammunition. A Gurkha Sepoy was shot dead, but the Subadar of the Myitkyina Battalion killed the Wa who had done it and drove others off the body of his fallen comrade. No further opposition was offered, and both parties returned to camp before sundown, having given the Was a lesson they will not forget.

Mr. Scott had a close shave, a slug passing through his sleeve, happily merely bruising his arm.

About this incident Scott remarks :

Stirling was with me and looked after me like a nurse-maid ; he never left me. When I was hit he pulled me backwards into a thorn-bush. I had told the officers I took full responsibility for the action, but when I got back to camp and the helio was restored, there was a message through from Curzon via Fryer saying, " Local officer in charge must be allowed some discretion."

The Commission did not stop its work after this tragic incident, but went on until April 21, and parted at Mong Ma, some 15 miles inside the Chinese border.

The net result was that the Chinese stuck to their *idea* of the treaty line which was quite wrong, cutting natural features everywhere, and dividing the Wa country in two, so that neither country can deal drastically with it.

We adhere to the *actual* line as shown in the Agreement, which has been more or less completely mapped, which is one good result of the tour.

The difficulties had not been lessened by the fact that General Liu had been supplied with a map which was supposed to be a tracing of that attached to the Agreement of 1897 as supplied by our government. But it was false in many particulars. For one small item it placed the state of Hsipaw east of the Salween in the heart of the Wa country. Who supplied the map must have known it not to be a true copy, but Gen. Liu quite naturally believed in it, and none of our assurances could make him change his view. Throughout the tour Liu was led by the more energetic Chen, who was a "Doctor" of the Hanlin, the great academy of Chinese learning, but he had not the most elementary ideas of the use of a map except that it was a foreign piece of uncanniness employed to annoy simple Celestials, so no doubt the false map appeared to him a brilliant counter-stroke to render void this ruse of ours.

Longitude and latitude have proved a serious stumbling-block to the Chinese Boundary Commissioner and his following; as these terms are essential to a correct description of a frontier, it is to be regretted that one of them at least had not a glimmering of their significance before undertaking frontier work.

Mr. Scott tried to persuade Gen. Liu to accompany him to the spot where the boundary line first touches the Nam Ka, there to erect a joint cairn. But he refused, so Mr. Scott went and set one up independently (*Rangoon Times* Correspondent).

Scott's own opinions about the whole business can be seen in his writing many years later :

The result of our shuffling may be seen in all the trouble we have had with the Burma-China frontier.



*Chan Bridge over the Mekhong between Yung Chang and Tali
The bridge sways with mule traffic so that the animals have to be taken over a few at a time. Elephants
cannot cross. The caravan track makes a hairpin bend to avoid the precipitous descent*

IDEAS ABOUT THE FRONTIER

Long before we began the definite settlement of this—the Burma-China Boundary Commission was gazetted thirteen years after we had taken over Upper Burma—we had given up all the concurrent rights, lapsed rights, claims, and what not, which might have formed valuable assets in a general settlement. There was nothing really left but the putting up of cairns in inhospitable hills and complicated paddy plains . . . we had been humble and accommodating everywhere to the east and south-east, but we were firm as adamant about conical peaks and precipitous ranges where there were no inhabitants but independent and semi-barbarous hillmen. We did not mind giving up the wide plain of Chieng Sen which had been a granary for the country all round about, we shrugged our shoulders indifferently when we heard of the square miles of tea gardens in Keng Hung. . . . Meantime the Chinese had not been idle, but they worked on the ground. . . .

When therefore the Commissioners met on the ground they found that the high conical peak which had been decided in Whitehall as our limit, was—as might have been expected—a noun of multitude, and secondly that there were a surprising number of Chinese posts about. . . . However, a passable frontier line was agreed from the neighbourhood of the selected peak down to the Mekhong. The frontier exists on maps and was formally intimated to the Chinese Government, but it is absolutely ignored on the ground. . . . We lost our chance of securing a good frontier by our faint-heartedness in the first few years after the Annexation, when we gave away land with both hands to anyone who chose to claim it. If we had had a little common sense or enterprise like the French, the Wa country might have been an *enclave*, and we could have taken up the management and control of it when we chose. As it is we have not even got the whole of the Wa country but we have the whole

responsibility for its behaviour—sooner or later we shall be called upon to keep our Wild Wa in order, it may be at a time that is not convenient for us.

Government did in this case recognize Scott's firmness and administrative ability by granting him the K.C.I.E., and the line he marked is known in Whitehall as the Scott line.

Even as I write alteration and revision of this line is being carried on, though nothing about it appears in the Press. We are, as a nation, terribly afraid of being accused of "earth-hunger."

CHAPTER XV

ROUND THE WORLD

China and Examinations—Treasures from Peking—Japan, Vancouver, Salt Lake City, Niagara—Superintendent Southern Shan States—Daily Life at Taunggyi—the Chiefs' School

THE year 1901 found Scott in China. As early as December 1886, the Government of India had felt it to be advisable that some of their officers should know Chinese. The Chinese were still a bogey, or rather the idea of the decennial tribute was, and the minds of those in authority were much exercised over a difficulty which was in reality without form or substance. So in order to encourage the study of Chinese, Government offered to any officer who should pass a certain examination in that language, the reward of special leave on full pay for six months either in Bhamo or China for the purpose of studying further, and the man who managed successfully a higher standard examination was to receive also a reward of Rs2,000.

The moment that he had breathing time Scott qualified for the first part of the programme and then went to China, which had always had an attraction for him since his first visit there as a newspaper correspondent.

He had had certain advantages in learning the spoken language by his meeting the Chinese envoys on the frontier, but Chinese is notoriously difficult, and he had yet to learn with a steady grind the innumerable characters. There is still in existence a box about the size of a boot-box full of neat little packets of pieces of paper an inch square with a beautifully written character on each.

When he was working at these characters in Peking in October 1901, he writes in his diary :

Went through a lot of characters with not very brilliant success. Worked at them for the rest of the day. Came to horrible grief in writing sentences. Worried away at characters until I was quite stupid. Very dismal business.

Over to the Legation (for examination). There was one very nasty phrase, "Tentative and probationary regulations," which gave me some trouble. There were 39 characters and three sentences and I got three characters totally wrong, and about five or six partly wrong. However, I did two-thirds anyway, and some of the characters were stupid things, "ugly" and "extinguish" and "languid." Then back to lunch and in the afternoon did Tzu Erh Chi reading and translation both ways, and for conversation gave T'ang an account of my experiences on the way up with some coarse touches which put both Campbell and T'ang in good humour. Then translated a despatch into English ; not particularly hard. Finally translated Chinese sentences into English, "indemnity" and some similar words landing me clean. However, there also I fancy I qualified. There remains the English *Viva voce*.

Again :

Read idioms for to-morrow's examination till I was stupid.

Campbell did not turn up until close on 12. There were only five sentences, but some of them were disagreeable—"They'll send a message by telephone." "Flags were all half-masted in token of condolence." "Can't understand your fancy for that man. If I were you I would keep clear of him." Deuced catchy things for

special phrases. However, I made old T'ang understand the lot.

Later :

Exam. works out at 516 out of 700 ; 91 out of 100 for Chinese into English.

Having passed, he was free to enjoy the rest of his six months' special leave, which he did in characteristic fashion, by going round the world. However, before leaving, he sent off to his brother many cases of beautiful and costly things he had picked up in Peking. As he often explained,

after the Boxer rebellion the Chinese Empress and some of her court officials went off in a hurry, and left a lot of poor beggars absolutely helpless without food or money. They had been kept and pampered all their lives, and were incapable of doing anything for themselves. Naturally they sold the art treasures out of the palace to get bread. These belonged to them as much as anyone else. I bought quite a lot of things.

It may be taken for granted that whoever else got bargains Scott paid top prices for everything ! The most curious and interesting thing he bought was the pall which had been used at the funeral of the last Emperor who ever had a state funeral. In describing this he wrote :

When the old Empress dowager and the Emperor, Kang Hsu, fled from Peking, on the relief of the Legations besieged by the Boxers in 1900, they left so hurriedly that a vast quantity of property was abandoned in the Forbidden City. The greater number of the Palace servants were left behind and no provision was made for their maintenance. There was a certain amount of money and the granaries held a certain amount of rice. This, however, was soon exhausted, and the Palace staff had

to provide for themselves as best they could. They did so by selling articles from the Palace collections and storehouses. This could not be done openly for there was an Allied Nations Guard over the Forbidden City to prevent looting. Also the property could not be taken to any of the Foreign Legations, for these would have been bound to arrest the persons who brought them. I was living at the time in the Erh Tiao Hutung, close to the City wall, and it was known that I was buying curios of all kinds. Therefore, various Palace servants, eunuchs and others, lowered articles over the walls by ropes to friends outside who brought them to me.

Among these were the three pieces of embroidery which form the Imperial Pall. They were sold to me simply as embroidery without explanation. They are, however, so utterly different from ordinary Chinese hangings or wall decorations, that I showed them to J. W. Jamieson (the same man who was on the Chinese Border with him), now Consul-General in Canton. He caused inquiry to be made through my Chinese teacher, who was assured by the head of the eunuchs (not Li Lian Ying, who was then at Sian, with the Imperial party) that it was not only the Imperial pall used at funerals, but the actual one which had covered the coffin of the Emperor T'ung Chih, the Empress's own son, who died in 1875.

On the main piece, covering the coffin, two dragons fight for the black pearl, the common device on the title-page of Imperial books. The colouring of this splendid piece, which is ten feet eight inches by six feet four inches, is mainly red gold, and the dragons are worked in gold thread, the scales being graduated. The sky is above and the sea below, with lotus flowers, waves, crabs and fishes in it. The two side pieces, which are exactly half the size, are in blue and gold. The dragons are of course of the five-clawed Imperial breed.

He got other things too.

The Temple of Heaven is in a wide park in the Chinese city, three miles from the walls of the Tartar city. It is walled round, and foreigners were not allowed inside in Imperial days. In the centre is the Tien Tan, the Altar to Heaven, where, once a year at the winter solstice, the Emperor, alone and barefooted, worshipped Heaven. The altar is an imposing circular terrace of white marble in three stages.

Opposite this is the Temple of Prayer for the Year, the triple-roofed circular building, covered with the magnificent blue tiles placed there by the Emperor Chien Lung. It shelters the altar, above which, in shrines, are ranged the tablets to bygone emperors. On the ledge before this were ranged the incense vases of the same deep blue.

The Indian Cavalry Brigade was parked here during the Boxer rebellion. To save the vases from being smashed by idolatry-hating Musalmans, these were removed to the British Legation, where eventually they were sold by auction in pairs to generals and Ambassadors. I was lucky enough to secure three. Two blue and one white. The white vase, I am told, but am not sure, is for the last deceased Emperor, white being the mourning colour in China. There were 70 or 80 of these vases. Sir Alfred Gaselee was among those who got a couple. Subalterns and such small fry were not allowed to bid.

Another of the treasures he secured must be mentioned because it is unique. It is a panel picture painted by the Dowager Empress herself and measures 7 feet 5 by 3 feet.

Tzu Hsi, the Empress Dowager, universally known in China as the Old Buddha, was noted for the excellence of her writing of Chinese characters. She painted large specimens on sheets of paper, the size of a blackboard,

and these were presented to Mongolian and other chiefs in return for presentations of musk, agate snuff bottles and furs. The mounted picture was brought to me in Peking in the form of a scroll, and its authenticity is proved by the seal at the top. I was told that it was painted by her in her retirement at the Summer Palace under the western hills. She gave up direct rule when Kang Hsu came of age, and only directed Government by letter or by personal orders, when she ordered the luckless Emperor, the third of her wards, to come to her in her retreat.

This picture represents a favourite cunuch, said to be Li Lien Ying—Cobbler's Wax Li as he was called, for obvious reasons. He was the head of the Summer Palace staff. He is represented as a scholar with books, ink and brushes and so forth. The antithetical "balanced couplets" on each side of the picture may be translated. "Not hot, not cold, see the clear moon," and "Little wind, little rain stir the hangings."

Scott got, besides many other wonderful pictures, some of the rare Chu'an or horizontal scrolls, never offered to tourists, and only to be had, as he used to say, "after a revolution, when they come on the market." These are often confused with the much more common vertical scrolls of which there were so many examples in the recent Chinese exhibition.

Scott also bought fine ivory carvings and many unusual things. Besides two large exquisitely carved cabinets, red and black, one of which was presented on his death to the British Museum, and is now on view at the Bethnal Green branch. He used to say this one was the finest carving he had ever seen in China, and that now, under a Republic, there will be no more like it. It is only in the infinite leisure of an Oriental court that such works of art can be produced.

He was very unfortunate in two instances. A case packed with porcelain arrived smashed to atoms at his



Curios from China

Wonderful ivory carving and a ju-i of cloisonné work on copper, set with semi-precious stones: jade, amber, etc.

brother's place at Cambridge, and two others in which he had packed some magnificent sable coats (mandarins) that he had secured, together with some priceless jade, never reached the ship at all ! He had sent them down for embarkation in the care of a man he knew, who had twelve cases of his own, and though the dozen arrived safely, the two buffalo hide cases belonging to Scott never turned up. There was acrimonious correspondence about it for some years.

Forsyth Scott, the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, must have had moments of dismay when the extent of his brother's purchases became known to him. Fortunately he had an exceptionally large house. Scott remarks in his diary that he had just sent off nineteen more cases, making in all thirty-eight, to this long-suffering brother !

The pall and the picture and some other things are still in the little Sussex house.

Scott, always abstemious, found during his social entertainment in China, a "distinct nuisance the amount of whiskies that accompany any sort of show."

Again : "I was introduced to a heap more men whose one idea was to offer a drink immediately."

On the way to Tientsin Scott travelled over the scene of that tragic and abortive attempt to relieve the Legations, when Admiral Seymour, hemmed in, with the lines torn up in front and rear, and without provisions, was forced to make a difficult and ignominious retreat. As in so many other cases, the British started off, ill equipped and under-estimating the difficulties of the expedition.

In Tientsin, as in Peking, Scott was fêted and welcomed. He had travelled so much that he was continually meeting men he had come across somewhere or other on the world's surface. On to Chemulpho he went, making notes all the way. Down the Korean coast. Over to Japan. At Nagasaki for a day, then the Inland Sea, Kobe, Osaka, Tokyo, Nikko, Yokohama. He suffered the usual tiresome incidents of travel ; one of which annoyed him particularly. He discovered that his handbag had been skilfully cut through the leather,

and several things abstracted, either in the hotel or on the train. Among them was an unusual pair of evanturine sleeve-links.

Then over to San Francisco and so to Salt Lake City. He sums up the main fact of the world-known settlement in his terse style :

There were six Mormons in 1830, and in a quarter of a century they increased to over a quarter of a million. Joseph Smith, who started the sect, was twenty-five years old then. He was a farmer's son, born in Vermont, and he was joined, two years later, by Brigham Young. The two were tarred and feathered, but in little over the year, thousands from Europe joined them. Brigham Young and his brother Hyrum were shot by a mob in 1844, and the "latter-day saints" then moved from Naunoo under Joseph Smith to Salt Lake City in Utah (1847). Smith died in 1877. They fought with the Federal Government until 1890, but then Congress proscribed them and Utah became a state in 1891.

He went the usual rounds :

The tabernacle simply monstrous. Splendid acoustic properties. Heard the old man whisper 200 feet off at the far end of the building, also a pin drop. The old Mormon men of over forty or thereabouts still have their dozen or two of wives, but the younger lot are restricted. Apparently the wealthier ones had a house for each wife, which accounts for the rows of tiny little houses.

The mountainous route formerly ran around the north end of the lake, but nowadays an arrow-straight run cuts across the gigantic sheet of water. This came after Scott's time. Still further in the future was the marvelous drive of Sir Malcolm Campbell, who in 1935 set up a new racing record for the world of 301 miles an hour over the bed of the vanished Lake Bonneville, which forms an incomparable flat.

THE CONFIDENCE TRICK

Scott went on to Denver, and fell headlong into one of those characteristic American booby-traps from which all his experience of life did not save him.

At the hotel met P—— and W—— (men whom he had talked with on the train). Still got business, but introduced me to a Judge, and another man took me off, ostensibly to see by what train I should go, and then by the way into a "mining bureau" where I was to get specimens. Another Judge, Brown, here. They professed to have been interrupted in a game of single poker, and began again. H—— joined in, won, and then shoved some of his chips over to me, "for the fun of the thing." I won on the first hand. Then got a good hand to start with, and was forced up in the "seeing" until the Bureau man raised it to four hundred dollars. He had clearly a weaker hand than mine, but I was not going to bet 400 dollars (£80) on it, and would have let the money slide, but H——, who had got out, offered to put on 300 dollars and did. Like a fool I put up the rest, and then it appeared that the judge had threes against my twos, pairs. He accordingly scooped in the lot. It was very exasperating, and I could not make out whether the whole thing was not a plant. I inspected more of the town, cursing and meditating over the matter, and left by the four train for Chicago.

He was not much impressed by Niagara, having seen falls, many and various, on the turbulent rivers of Burma and the Shan States. Moreover, it was bitterly cold, so that icicles hung everywhere, and the wind was perishing.

Heard about ten times during the day of the woman who went over the Falls about five weeks ago. She and her barrel are now on show travelling about. An elderly lady who mortgaged her farm to get the barrel built, and was picked up about a hundred yards below the Falls, a good deal bruised but nothing serious.

He went across the Atlantic via New York and arrived at Liverpool on December 18, to hear from Forsyth that his K.C.I.E. had been gazetted in the Birthday Honours List (November 9, 1901).

He was but a short time in England, as he left again for the East on January 31, 1902. Meantime he patronized the Savage Club, met heaps of old friends and watched football.

When he got to Burma he found that Sir Frederic Fryer, still Lieutenant-Governor, had sent down to the quay to meet him, and wanted him at Government House for a good talk.

Scott had been appointed to succeed Hildebrand as Superintendent, Southern Shan States, which, by the way, is a ridiculous title, more suggestive of a Sunday-school treat than the ruling over thousands of people, and regulating the management of many thousands of square miles of undeveloped or partially developed territory. It is altered now to Commissioner.

Hildebrand was just the same as ever. He was delighted to be going home, but not so his daughter, who, with his wife, was out with him. Scott went on a little run round to give them time to get away, and then went up to Taunggyi, where the Residency now was.

In his Report for the year he gives a handsome tribute to Hildebrand, which was only correct :

The chief change in the administrative staff has been the retirement of Mr. A. H. Hildebrand, C.I.E. With the two intervals of furlough he has been continuously in charge of the Southern Shan States since their administration was taken over by Government. Their progress has been great ; the loyalty of the Chiefs is undoubted ; the material prosperity of the people has been largely increased ; the cultivation of wheat and potatoes promises them wealth when a railway furnishes them means of getting the produce out of the country. All these benefits the Shan States owe to Mr. Hildebrand. He is proud of his success, and has reason to be proud of it.

ARRIVAL AT TAUNGGYI

Scott's welcome at every place he went to was enthusiastic to a degree. They had not forgotten him and were radiantly glad to have him among them once more.

When we got within range of Taunggyi, bands, yaza-mats, and flags at intervals for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Two triumphal arches, a legend : "Welcome Sir James George Scott, K.C.I.E.," nosegays, girls and men with scent-sprinklers and so forth. Got one in the eye with something less than a quart of Bridal Bouquet Bloom or some such stuff. The place is exceedingly well laid out. Residency looks very imposing both from size and situation. Something like a Metropole hotel at a sea-side resort as far as relative size is concerned. Very nice flower garden, quite gay. Huge crowd, with the band, invaded the grounds and sat before the house while I gave the Sawbwa and the administrators and infants refreshments and moral sentiments. Got rid of these, only to be raided by a bevy of all the girls of the place with bowls of flowers. Much too shy to do more than put their hands to their faces and giggle when they were spoken to.

He had bought Hildebrand's furniture and effects without bargain or quibble, at a stiff figure. But he had to wait a few days before those things of his own, which he had left in Rangoon, came up. When they did arrive there was disappointment ; the things packed and stored had been ruined by the damp, the white ants had eaten much of the books. "It is heart-breaking trying to keep things out here, and especially so for a person like myself who is hustled about from year to year."

It was now that a curious incident occurred. A German appeared out of the nowhere.

Just as I was sitting down to breakfast Herr Lomer "Plenipotentiary of the Museum for Ethnography (*sic*), Leipsic," turned up. I had had a letter from the Secretariat about him. They seemed suspicious of him. He

seems, however, a respectable person. Travelled all over Baluchistan last year. I gave him a room.

It turned out that Lomer was an artist, and one who had a very unusual gift of catching the personality of a sitter. With some difficulty he persuaded the busy Official to give him half an hour at a time for four days, two hours in all. He worked in water-colours with a piece of sponge for a pad instead of a brush, and the result is excellent. The picture is reproduced as the frontispiece. No photograph has ever caught the expression and features of Scott like this. The wide nostrils, the wise eyes, the setting of the bones which make the characteristic outline of his face. The picture was subsequently rolled up in a bamboo and sent to the long-suffering brother at Cambridge. It emerged, to give delight many years later.

When he had settled in a little, Scott set out to make a visit to Yaunghwe and some of the other chiefs who remembered him. The old scheming chief who had complained that he was not loved, was dead, and his son had turned out a hopeless bad lot and was also dead, so Saw Maung, who had been the original Sawbwa before the British took charge (when they found his brother in possession), was reinstated.

He was delighted to see Scott, and escorted him with pride through his vastly improved state, and to his magnificent new Haw, having first entertained him with bottles of pineapple and orange syrup and pine-apple and jack-fruit preserve, made by himself. "Said the former were temperance drinks but they did not taste like it." The new Haw was made of

brickwork with a highly geometrical garden in front. It was brightened by coloured chromolithographs of the German Emperor, the King of Italy, Abdul the Damned. Photos of the Sawbwa himself and Sir Frederic Fryer. At the back of the throne, side by side, pictures of Queen Victoria and Mindon Min.

The Sawbwa agreed to have his portrait done by

Lomer, but appeared to be "by no means unacquainted with the charges made by portrait painters for likenesses."

Then on to visit Mong-pawn.

The Sawbwa met me at the bridge, which is a fine big affair. He looks a good bit broken, but is as full of talk as ever. Had brought out a Victoria which he had bought down below somewhere. Very seedy-looking, but no doubt a source of immense pride up here. Insisted on my getting into it, and he got in with me. A lot of the road was loose earth and it was rather bumpy in other places. But the glory of the thing was that it was there, and the fact that a lot of people had to push and haul at the wheels was an insignificant detail—he is having a highly ambitious new palace built, stone-work below and wood above. The town now laid out with the same broad streets and spaced houses as Yaunghwe. The bazaar quite a spacious place, with sheds and a raised floor. A very large bear accommodated in one row.

On again.

Up the valley some miles on the eastern side to about the level of where the invaders were in 1887 the first time we got to Hopon. Then east into the hills. Road very well constructed—with Mong-pawn as contractor. He is childishly proud of it. Lot of very heavy rock-work on the eastern side.

It was extraordinarily interesting to Scott to go over this ground again. It was all so different from when he had first plunged into it sixteen years before. Then he had had to break through tangled jungles, and walk up swollen streams. Speaking of those days he said, "travelling was always a discomfort, and sometimes a martyrdom." Without maps or precedents he had had to do the pioneer work. Interviewing recalcitrant chiefs

and suspicious headmen in unknown tongues. Now he was greeted as an old friend and honoured guest, remembered by everyone. His name was a household word from end to end of the States. He had laid the foundation-stones of trust in British good faith, and that once done, and well and truly done, had endured. Now peace reigned where constant petty warfare had been the rule. As he went on he found everywhere around the evidence of a real desire on the part of the chiefs to improve their states. Roads and bridges were pointed out with pride. Scott recalled how he had been in this place in 1888 and in that he had camped in 1892. That great pipul tree was exactly the same as ten years ago.

Then he had scrambled about by himself, often literally by himself, having out-run his baggage and escort, not knowing what he should come upon or whom he might meet. Now he was welcomed, and little tents with scarlet and blue decorations were ready for him to occupy on his arrival.

He had much to hear too. About that wonderful journey to Ceylon made by a large party including the Monè and the Kengtung Sawbwas and their ladies and followers.

What fetched the Myosa most, however, was the miles and miles of cocoa palms. He thought less of the tea plantations, and had nothing to say about the worship part of the business, though they visited the sacred city of Anuradhapura and climbed Adam's Peak. They seem to have chartered an electric car in Colombo, and to have gone for a voyage into space. As I was going he showed me a cart which he had bought at Taunggyi as a family chariot. Very proud of it, though it is nothing more than a middling to moderate jolting cart. The Myosa's two wives had also been to Ceylon. Former must have been good-looking, and was painted up for the occasion, but a fearful betel mouth. Number 2 was of the demure, featureless, plump type. They had both

been sea-sick going out, and both were anxious to know how much the cost of a passage to England would be.

The local Sadaw (Abbot) came in to see me. 44 years old, 24 Lents. Quite eloquent in praise of the peaceful days now. A man can go about alone, he can sleep where he pleases, nobody will touch him. In his youth he and his fellow-monks had to bucket from place to place during the civil wars. Down Saga way it was especially bad owing to the raids of the Red Karens. They found Pongyis particularly lucrative captures, for they could sell them at Zimmè for 300 rupees.

Scott was attending to "Appeal" cases, and doing "officials" all the time. He went on to meet Stirling, Kiernander and Inman. The foremost, now Superintendent Northern Shan States, and just the same loyal, reliable friend he had always been.

On the way, one of the Government elephants was delivered of a baby in the night, "lively little youngster about 2½ feet high. Mother and child will have to stay a couple of months here, before they are fit to come on to Taunggyi." He borrowed an elephant from one of the Sawbwas. I do not know if it was the one who, a little later, "had eaten up twenty plantain trees." The luckless "Elephant Jemadar" was fined in consequence.

There was much to tell and hear. It was said that the Chinese had now several posts right in the Pet Ken chiefs' country. The Sawbwa of Loi Lon, whom he (Scott) had failed to meet and whose correspondence he had impounded, was holding his own, and was now on friendly terms with old Ton Sang.

All the time as he went Scott was anxious for his mails, and got letters and papers from his brother. He was, as ever, keenly interested in the world's news generally. National and international affairs alike held interest for him. His diaries are speckled with references to Government changes and European rumours, as well as the various aspects of sport. His long residence in the East had not in the least dimmed his keenness. He comments on the South African War, on Rhodes' Will and the

scholarships. He yarned away with Stirling in great comfort of mind. There had been Wa raids into Mong-lem in which two Lem heads were taken, he heard, so it was clear that the Wa chiefs had not all given up their vile practices.

In spite of all he had done and seen, Scott had found time to write the article on Burma in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* supplement issued in 1902.

When he finally got back to Taunggyi there was the Chiefs' School to open. This was primarily for the sons of Sawbwes and Myosas, but the sons of leading officials were also admitted. Fortunately there is no caste to hamper matters as in India. As the number of boys could not in any case be large, it was proposed to run a day school in a different section for the sons of Gaungs (Heads) of bullockmen, often very wealthy people, traders and the like. "At the opening five sons of Chiefs came from the Myelat, three from the Central division, with many applications for the sons of officials. From the Eastern Division about eighteen boys including a number of officials' sons. The Karenni Chiefs have not been persuaded to send anyone."

From Kengtung the solitary pupil was the son of Sao Nang Tip Htila, the sister of the Kengtung Sawbwa. She and her sister were really remarkably clever and well-educated women, and they made their influence considerably felt in the opening up of trade in the States. Tip Htila had been married very young to the Myosa of Keng Kham and by him she had this one son. She had got a separation from her husband, and soon after married again. The second husband was dead. She was left some property by him and traded with great success, taking up teak extraction and contracts for government roads. She travelled a good deal.

Her sister, Sao Nang Wen Tip, was even more remarkable. She had married the Sawbwa of Keng Hung, a very weak young man whom she soon left. She carried on commercial enterprises with Siam, and was even mentioned in the official reports :

Relations with Siam were extremely good. Sao Nang

Wen Tip travelled extensively in Northern Siam for purposes of trade. Traders with the Kengtung State, with passports, have gone and returned freely in considerable numbers. In March the Siamese authorities wrote to Sao Nang Wen Tip asking her to endeavour to arrest some dacoits who had plundered the Treasury at Muang Fang of R8,000. She has established herself in Muang Fang Noi, a place which is her own creation, and seems likely to become a town.

The falling off of trade with Burma may be considered to be balanced by the largely increased trade with Siam. The old distrust dating from Siamese attacks on Kengtung in the middle of last century seems to have quite disappeared. This appears to be largely due to the enterprise of Sao Wen Tip, the Sawbwa's sister. Besides travelling in Siam she traded extensively with salt from the French, and silk and coconuts from the Lao country, selling them cloths in return (Annual Report).

Both the sisters had gone on the trip to Ceylon.

The Myosa of Keng Kham, with another wife and smaller son, came to see Scott about his elder son's entry to the Chiefs' school. He was willing to pay the fees and acknowledge the boy as his Kyemmong or heir-apparent, and Scott thought that that was all that should be expected of him, though the mother was vehement in claiming R150 a month for his keep, and very desirous of getting such payment to extend for the whole period of his eleven years that were past! The matter was ruled against her.

An unfortunate incident marred the start of this school.

In the afternoon Drage brought up news that the little Pindaya boy, who was here yesterday, is dead. It appears that on one of the windy days of last week, a door blew on to him, and cut him slightly behind the ear. The wound healed up but he got feverish, and died this

afternoon. It was very sad, for he was a nice little boy in himself, and his death will scare all the mothers of prospective pupils.

It turned out later that the lad's skull had been fractured. This was an inauspicious beginning in a land where omens are carefully considered.

D. M. Gordon of the Commission was in charge of the school. Scott says of him :—" Looks more like a sailor than anything else, and quite different from what I had pictured. Seems a very good man and is taking the whole thing up with enthusiasm."

When Scott went to open the school formally he found a whole crowd of parents come from afar, and there were actually fourteen boys as boarders.

From the beginning Gordon very sensibly set his face against the boys having a plurality of loafing attendants, or indeed any. Tip Htila had considered seven about the right number for her son, and he was only the son of a Myosa.

Scott's life now was very different from past years. The life of any sort of diplomat is not, and cannot be, a comfortable one, there are worries like thorns about his path. All day long he was interviewing people, being terribly bored by many, settling disputes, smoothing down wounded pride. His fine new house was the centre of all the life in the place. When he arrived he had "dined" the whole station, and he seldom had less than half a dozen guests to dinner, and anyone passing through, stayed with him as a matter of course. The servants grumbled and demanded extra bakshish.

Now, instead of starting off at a moment's notice across unknown country, he decided appeals, advised his Assistants and read their reports. Of these "Browne's is out and away the best."

Taunggyi, standing so high, has a cooler climate than many other places, and European fruits can be grown there ; it was always mentioned to any globe-trotter as "the place where strawberries grow." There was a fine garden and some orchard trees. Scott was interested in all these things, especially in the Taunggyi lilies, some of the

POSTPONED FESTIVAL

bulbs of which he sent to England, but they never did well in that climate.

When the day for King Edward's coronation was fixed, he arranged for a grand tamasha. Fireworks and a band had come up on elephants the day before, when he had a wire telling him that the whole thing was postponed on account of the king's illness. It was difficult to know what to do. The Sawbwa of Yaungbwa had spent the whole day decorating the Durbar hall. Very many had come in from great distances to be present. Understanding the mentality of these people, which is in some ways remarkably child-like, he realized the bitter disappointment wholesale cancellation would cause.

So he racked his brains. "I said we would turn the celebration into a prayer for the King's speedy recovery." On the day itself:

21 to breakfast, 23 to dinner, took photographs of the lot after breakfast, which went off fairly well, though some of the dishes were cold. Then down to the Durbar Hall, where there was a huge gathering of people. Then, after a few words from me explaining the situation, the prayer, which had already been read over, was read before a brocade-draped shrine where the portraits of the King and Queen were framed in flowers. All the people: Shans, Taungthus, Taungyos, etc., in their best clothes knelt and shikkoed, and all the Europeans stood up. Prayer lasted about ten minutes. Then we looked on at a Zat pwe for a bit, then off to the sports ground. Over at six; just time to look in at the club, then to change, when they all turned up for dinner.

Tip Htila was the only lady present among 24 men. She had needed a little persuasion to make her come, but bore herself with extreme self-possession; she and Yaungbwa seemed to enjoy it most of all.

In spite of the fact that he was now over fifty, Scott still played football. He got up teams here at Taunggyi.

The Ghurkhas have got into vile selfish habits. Some

of them would be good players if they did not always keep the ball to themselves. Three Burmans turned up. All good. One, Mg Lugale, formerly centre forward for St. John's College, Rangoon, really first-class. I got a nasty kick in the side which bothered me a bit. At the club the talk was all about the football.

In spite of his side they had a practice game the next day, "Probables against Improbables, but the Improbables had much the best of it."

The great match, for which they were preparing—Fort Stedman against Taunggyi—came off the day after the curtailed and altered Coronation ceremonies.

Huge crowd at the football ground. Band and so forth. As I expected, the Punjaubis and others ran themselves out in the first half. They had the wind and the slope with them, and distinctly had most of the game, though we nearly scored two or three times. The wind dropped when we changed over, and was at best fitful. Almost at the beginning one of our backs tipped the ball into our goal, but after that Scovell and Robinson played up splendidly and the ball was hardly ever out of the Fort Stedman ground. Scovell got one goal and afterwards Mg Lugale got another, so we won. I got rather knocked about as usual, a kick on the thigh, a smash on the side of the head, and a chunk of skin off the temples. It was a very fast game. Had a football dinner, and then everybody came in afterwards, and a sing-song of a noisy subaltern's description went on until one. I was glad, however, that the songs were merely noisy and not offensive. . . . I suppose they enjoyed themselves.

Among other ideas for improving the livestock of the country was a cattle show. One of the Chiefs was fiercely indignant when he found he was set down as judge of poultry, but was placated on being installed also as judge of ponies. Whereat he promptly gave two firsts to his own Official Adviser. Among other difficulties Scott

mentions how hard it was to get the chiefs to take any interest in ordinary agricultural operations as being beneath their dignity. When a chief called on him, and he raised the question of paddy land and orchards, it was simply passed over, not answered at all, as unworthy of notice.

One day he found waiting to see him three Shan ladies, the mother, one of the wives, and the sister, of the young Sawbwa of Mawk-mè who had succeeded his father, and was only a lad of fourteen or so.

They had come to say that he had fever constantly, which I interpret to mean a disinclination to go to the school. He wants to read the Ubade, the codes, at home and so improve his mind ! They stayed and reiterated this view for quite an hour, and on mail day too. It is certainly a bit irksome on a married man to go to school, but the Office order must be carried out.

The ladies came again about two days later, with the maddening persistence of the Oriental :

They made a dead set at me to get the Sawbwa out of going to the school, but I managed to persuade them that there was no help for it, and he must go. Got them away within the hour.

This was a sample of how time was squandered.

Petition from the gardener that Maung Si is down upon him and he will be dismissed. The cause of the row is that the gardener wrote an anonymous letter, and flung it into the other's house. The purport of it was that my table-boy intends to abduct Maung Si's daughter, a girl of not more than nine or ten. After this, came the lugale wanting commissions such as he got in the old days when we first came up, to gather information. After him came the Medaw with her daughter and daughters-in-law to be photographed. They stayed about an hour as usual. Then came the Pwe-la headman, who says that

if he takes back Ma Myin after paying the R4,200, his life would not be a long one. He also refuses to give her a monthly allowance instead of the lump sum.

In spite of all this he is able to record : " Two stories accepted by Blackwood ; but they did not seem to cotton to the military ones."

Though a great deal had been done in Burma in the way of opening up communications, there was much that had been left undone. Scott was always sore about the penuriousness of the Indian Government authorities in regard to Burma. He rejoiced when it was known that at long last Burma was to have separation.

He speaks of " a country like Burma so rich in waterways so poor in all others," though he realized the many obstacles to be met with in those waterways. Still, the French had set to work on the Mekhong, and done very much better than we with the Salween.

As for railways :

The point to be kept in one's eye is that the Government of India can only be got to allot money to Burma with the very greatest difficulty and at intervals which imply the most enthusiastic belief in the longevity of the human race, and the inactivity of our neighbours and rivals. It is a fairly generally known fact that one, if not two, notable British companies were prepared to start building the Southern Shan States railway several years ago [this was in 1910], when the Burma railways company declined to enter upon construction, but the Government, which has about as much enterprise and assiduity of action as a man in a diving dress on an Alpine slope, or a sea-lion in the Sahara, referred the matter to the local authorities concerned, who, in the intervals of brilliantly original remarks about wild-cat schemes, and inquiries for exact trade statistics, lost sight of the whole thing in a wilderness of Secretariat babus, white and black and parti-coloured.

W A T E R - P O W E R

Scott deplored often the lack of enterprise in other respects.

It seems criminal to let the enormous water-power in the country run to waste. Two miles south of Keng Kham the Nam Hpang in one of its branches, with a volume of water equal to that of the power station on the American side at Niagara Falls, plunges between two and three hundred feet sheer down. The Teing falls, some thirty miles south, across the plateau, with five times the volume of water, have a height of close on five hundred feet. The Teing falls alone, with no great number of turbines, would supply electric light to every capital in the Southern Shan States, and draw Pullman cars up to Kengtung.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DELHI DURBAR FROM THE INSIDE

Howdahs and Trappings—Minor Wives—Sawbwawas and Myosas—Train from Thazi—Sights in Calcutta—Jewels dropped in the River—The Shan Chiefs blazing in Gold—The State entry—Investiture—All the Celebrities—Native Chiefs' Retinues—Visit to Buddha Gaya—Perambulators and Suit-cases

CAREY (Sir Bertram Sausmarez Carey, K.C.I.E.) was in charge of the Burma camp at the Delhi durbar. Scott himself had to do the arrangements for the twelve chiefs who were going from Burma. Here is the sort of official letter he was receiving as the time drew near for the great undertaking :

The L.G. agrees to your staying on for a few days to accompany chiefs to Agra, etc., provided there is no urgent need for your return.

The L.G. leaves it to you to settle the questions of dress, uniform, and so on, of Shans.

I may mention that *we* started the carpet slipper obsession. At the Hsipaw Sawbwa's funeral we noticed that Yaunghwe, though very gorgeous down to the feet, was shod in carpet slippers. We told Carey that carpet slippers should be tabooed at the Durbar. The L.G. agrees with you that — should not take a lesser wife.

Browne writes to him :

Carey wires that elephants of Kengtung and Monè should be gaily caparisoned with trappings of Shan or Burmese design. I understand that Kengtung has pro-

vided suitable trappings but that Monè has not. If this is so, please wire and write immediately to Deputy Commissioner, Mandalay, asking him to have trappings made in time to take to Delhi.

Scott to Headquarters :

Are these *nazars* absolutely forbidden? Yaunghwe has got a couple of gold scabbarded dhas which he wants to present at Delhi, and I hear others are preparing presents characteristic of Shan art. There is an idea that H.E. is eager to get things for the Indian museum.

I return your account of the Shan chiefs with a few corrections. Most of them think of taking ladies with them except Mong-pawn, who is like the Irishman who did not take his wife on his honeymoon because he could not afford it.

Later he writes to the Secretariat :

I should like to point out that the view you take of the title of Sawbwa is not that taken by the Shan chiefs themselves. In the first place, in Shan—their own language—they are all Saopa—Sawbwas and Myosas both, and are always so addressed. The only difference is that Sawbwas, real Sawbwas, are habitually addressed as Saopa—long, great Sawbwas, while the Myosas are so addressed only by their own following and by people who want to get something out of them.

The Burmese custom seems to have been invariable. The chiefs of great states were always called Sawbwas but chiefs of other states of any size got the title of Sawbwa when they grew to a certain age. The thing is no doubt a matter of sentiment, but sentiment has a very great deal to do with a man's conduct, and if a chief thinks he is slighted he might make himself obstructive.

You will therefore see that I demur to both your premises.

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The Shan chiefs look upon extent of territory and length of years as being of equal importance, and an old Myosa, unless he is obviously of no importance, is looked upon as a person of whom the Government has no very high opinion or he would have been made a Sawbwa. At the very beginning of our occupation Mong-pawn made a statement that King Theebaw was going to make him Sawbwa if he had not been deported. The state is very small, so is the revenue, and the chief would always have been called Myosa unless he was an old man. The present Mong-pawn sawbwa is a man of great force of character. In Burmese times he would probably have been deposed or put to death for this. If not, it is only about his present age he would have got the patent of Sawbwa. As it is, under our system, his son will become Sawbwa after the father, but other small chiefs will feel aggrieved.

We are too much inclined to take the Indian chiefs as a model for the Shan chiefs.

A new generation will no doubt grow up who will be resigned to those ideas, but in the meantime some of the survivors from Burmese times will feel they are badly treated. I'm glad you have sent up Sawlawi's name for Sawbwa, someone told me "he was getting too old a man to be merely called Myosa." I note you intimate the recommendations of the sort are to be made very sparingly. You evidently consider the title a greater honour than a decoration. The Shan chiefs' view is quite the other way.

I think the plan of marching the chiefs straight from the Rangoon steamer to the Howrah station much the best. They will probably want to see Calcutta, but everything will be less strange to them on their return journey, and the task of looking after them will be less onerous then.

I think it distinctly desirable that I should travel with

the chiefs, and help Browne as much as possible. They will be as difficult to herd as Highland cattle.

As to the Howdahs, the two Sawbwas will no doubt come in here sitting in them, and will arrive at Thazi ditto. I don't see how they can be sent on ahead. They are bulky, but not very heavy things, and some of the baggage can be stacked inside them. Anyhow, before reaching Rangoon I do not see how they can be packed to go by goods train. Ordinarily these people do not have much baggage.

Of one "timorous and doubtful Sawbwa" he says :

I find he has been sounding Mong-pawn, that blatantly loyal and boastful old gentleman, as to whether the British Government has not got up the Delhi durbar for the special purpose of decoying and securing the persons of the Shan Sawbwas !

I fancy there will be a lot of wild X tales in our Shan States shortly, of the kind believed at Bangkok, and in other credulous places. If it were not for that I would reply that I should certainly like five or six days in India after the Durbar. I have never seen the Taj and I should like to see Buddha Gaya. [This referred to a new Burmese Pretender who was said to be hovering on the Eastern border.]

As a favour we may permit Yaungghwe to wear the bedroom slippers (which haunt C——'s dream) on the steamer, and in the train, but nowhere else.

I should like to take a clerk since there may be some correspondence, if you can possibly find room for him. He would have a man to cook for him, and I would stipulate that this person should speak Shan. You see Browne knows no Shan, and the Kengtung, Monè, Mong-pawn and Gantarawadi (Sawlawi) following, will speak nothing else. I shall take two personal servants,

one who speaks Shan and Burmese, and will be useful in looking after our charges.

I see that Drage is very angry with the Kengtung Sawbwa—he is very new to our ways, and was anxious not to disgrace us by his turn-out at the Durbar. To spend the Rs29,000 on his elephant fittings was carrying the regard for the honour due to him a trifle far, but the fault might have been worse. A trip home would probably do him much good. Deal gently with him if you can manage it, and don't deprive him of the necessary funds.

The Monè Sawbwa has been very hard to start, but I think he will be in to-morrow or next day.

Tip Htila came to discuss when and how to go to the Durbar. Brought a lot of women with her; two of them are going to start trading, and have brought ten thousand rupees with them. Want to take it down in bulk since they can't get notes here. Told them it would not be safe on the railway. They had better get a supply bill on Rangoon, but the thought of the expense—fifty rupees—did not please them.

Scott received telegrams from headquarters the same evening :

They think now that the Shans will look very inferior in their howdahs. Should have thought of that before. They have spent money enough. Kengtung about a thousand rupees. More telegrams asking when I start, and where I can be caught by wire on the way. Another, saying the whole crowd will be dropped at Buddha Gaya. This will prevent them and me from going on to the Taj, which is rather a sell.

Then, after a difficult start had been made, and they were actually on the road :

Kengtung Sawbwa and party and carts off at 3.30 in

the dark before me. I started at seven and, going slow, got in before them. There are 28 women, found them straggling, and some of the older women and pongyis in carts. The Southern Hsenwi Sawbwa has, I am told, fifty wives and is called "the flower round which the ladies flutter." Sawlawi and Yaunghwe went on two days ago. Browne making all arrangements for entraining. Wire from Private Secretary asking me to stay with the L.G. and go on with him to Calcutta. Pointed out I can't do that.

The thugyi at NampanDET came in with a petition, and took charge of all the Kengtung people's arms, the frontier being just beyond here. The said people are very fagged. Fairly heavy mist, which was as well, as it kept down the dust. Had a huge number of pack-bullocks to get through on the way.

At Thazi. 17th December. Train fares came to over three hundred and seventy rupees. 42 third-class, whom we got off by the one o'clock train after a good deal of rushing and hustling. The rest to go on by the mail. Then a blear-eyed old thugyi from somewhere, who came and literally cried for joy at seeing me again. Rather embarrassing. Had to dine at Thazi. Fearful crush in the train. Fortunately a compartment was reserved for the Kengtung ladies. Captain Penny, Fowler of the Chin Hills and self were together. A derailment somewhere caused delay, and it was 11 a.m. before we got into Rangoon. Went off to Government House. Did not see Fryer till tiffin, when I had first food that day except for a slice of bread. Met Thirkell White and Bayne.

The next day they went on the steamer,

Out seeing that patent leather shoes and black stockings were bought. Browne desperately busy. Came on board at last minute. Got bad ear-ache. Yaunghwe

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and Mong-pawn to meals after we started, the others not. Kengtung and Gantarawadi turned up later. South Hsenwi encircled constantly by the five wives he has brought.

They arrived in Calcutta on Christmas Eve, and Scott tried to show them some of the sights : the Zoo, the Stores and a circus.

The next day a maid-in-waiting in the Kengtung party, dropped a basket overboard into the river. In it was all Tip Htila's jewellery, which she valued at 15,000 rupees. The basket tipped up and emptied itself into the water.

Arranged with the Chief Officer for divers, and, after getting to the station, the Captain as well. Awful crowd and a lot of sharp tempers there. G—— wanted his wife in our carriage and there was some bother about it, but got that settled. Then somebody hit my orderly on the nose, and there was an awful row. He is a Pathan and wanted blood. Then a terrible business squashing in the followers, 10 in a carriage, poor devils ! Bayne brought with him my new uniform which had not been ready when I left Rangoon. Thirkell White, Todd Naylor, Lowis and I played bridge all day long in the train. Train very late, specials all over the place, and dinner detestable. On the 27th reached Delhi at 12. Had breakfast in the big tent 60 feet long. Very cold, not enough stoves and too much officiality. In afternoon rehearsed the investiture. Next day saw the elephants caparisoned and the mahouts dressed, and the Shans coached. Down to the camp. Simply miles of tents.

Burma the farthest of all, opposite Bengal. Kengtung looking very dissipated. Monè being shampooed. Tip Htila very down about her jewellery. Told her she could ride in the procession to-morrow. Hsenwi with all his wives still round him. Thamakan drinking cough mixture. Told them all not to be late to-morrow. Took



By permission of Messrs. Bourne & Shepherd, Calcutta

At the Delhi Durbar

*Four of the Southern Shan States Chiefs in their magnificent gold coats : Mongpawm, Kengtung, Monè, Yaunghuwe
Standing behind : three Karen Chiefs : Centre, Gantarawadi (Saulaw), with Bawlake and Kye-bogyn on each side of him*

STATE ENTRY

in Mrs. Thirkell White to dinner. As lively and charming as usual. Young Fryer laying down the law ; Lady Fryer consulting me about cushions and curtains, etc.

All off at nine except the Fryers and myself. I had a brougham to myself following in the wake of the escort. Fryer introduced me to the Maharajah of Cashmere, and I took him to see the chiefs. Also a good many others. They were quite the effect in fact, and roused the most attention.

Menpes in his Durbar book says of them : " They were wearing solid gold dresses, belling out like pagoda roofs, and headgear of blazing gold."

Yet though he said this he did not do anything like justice to the Shan contingent in his pictures. The two chiefs he depicts look little, old, humpy, insignificant men. He has not got either the clothes or the colours right. Even with the Shan followers he is not happy ; no one would recognize them as Shans.

The illustration given shows the chiefs in full glory, brilliant in gold and jewels.

The State entry, 29th December. Curzon and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught much struck, like the rest, with the dress of the Shan chiefs. Got the Sawbwas safely on their elephants. Was with the Kengtung party. All along the route we were snapped by hundreds of cameras, and in several places the populace clapped us. At the Jumna Masjid two elephants ran away, and several people had narrow escapes. Enormous crowds at the Chandni Chauk. Arches, flags, " Singers sing God save the King." Lasted till 2.15. Had lunch with the Careys, then back to the Burma camp. Apparently they resent being so far away. The weight of Moné's dress is tremendous. These stiff gold dresses are unlike anything else. Tip Htila wore gold bracelets notwithstanding her loss. Each weighed 10 lbs. pure gold. Altogether I think Burma scored to-day.

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Lady Fryer very gracious, talked with Hall and myself after dinner. Next day after lunch to call on Duke of Connaught, Hesse, Lamington, Barnes, Barrow, Kitchener, Northcote, Assam, Central Provinces, Ampthills, and Sindan. After dinner I was roped in to play bridge with the Thirkell Whites and Baynes. Bed at 12 again.

31st December. Up about 7 and off at 8. The L. G., young Fryer and Carey rode on ahead, and I went down in a carriage. Doosed cold, but hundreds of people about. We rehearsed the presentation ceremony, Carey doing the Viceroy and I the Duke of Connaught. In the middle of it the Duke himself rode up with the Duchess. It was a very singular coincidence. He smiled benignantly and returned our salutes. Yaunghwe and Hsenwi bringing their wives in court dress with wings and tails. Can't sit in a carriage and can't sit in chairs. Discussed the policy of introducing stools or cutting the backs off the chairs. Finally decided they must just come in ordinary dress, and keep the other for the garden party; Sawbwas reluctantly agreed. At lunch sat alongside Mrs. Wingate. Just as we had finished, an irruption of Shan ladies, two carriages full, in desperation for cream and lip-salve to repair the ravages of wind and sun! Took them to the Chandni Chauk, and bought them Hazeline snow and Lanoline, time about. They also bought a lot of face powder. Got back about five and sent them off home. At dinner made my peace with Mrs. Wingate.

Jany. 1st, 1903. The brougham did not come till 9.30, so all the chiefs were seated when I arrived. Fryer does not get the Grand Cross. Rather a pity. Thirkell White gets his K.C.I.E.; very pleased at my effusive congratulations. Harvey Adamson gets a C.S.I., most people surprised. Monè gets his C.I.E. All our lot delighted. Seems to be a smaller list than expected. Terrible long wait. But the massed bands were magnificent. The

INVESTITURE

Imperial cadets very handsome, and the Gordon Highlanders absolutely perfect, and machine-like as a Guard of Honour. The heralds, six English, six native, beautifully in tune, contrasting markedly with the flourishes which some of the chiefs sound all over the place. The Burmans thought the thing which struck them most were the kettledrums. Splendid things for a pwè ! Maxwell and Lord Curzon perfectly audible, but the latter's speech sober rather than brilliant. The congratulations of the Chiefs rather a long business. Kuch Behar, the Begum of Bhopal, young Patiala, and our Shans got most of the cheering. Doose of a business afterwards getting the carriages, which all fell on me, since Mrs. Carey was quite worn out, and I light-heartedly sent Browne off with Kengtung in the first carriage. The others were only discovered at intervals, and very long intervals. Consequently when I got my own brougham, was hopelessly blocked, and did not get back till five. Got hold of Carey and asked him to arrange food for the ladies and others, who will come to the garden party and stay on for the fireworks. He arranged for a High Tea. At dinner took in Mrs. Bayne, who had a lot of conversation. G—— got me in a corner to prose to me in the smoking-room ; I had just escaped him when Sir Frederic Fryer caught me in a passage and said that H.E. especially hoped that the Shan ladies would come to the garden party. As I had already arranged it, I rather resented that. Bed at 12 again.

Next day at ten off to the Investiture. Rehearsal. In the Gazette Kengtung and Hsipaw get nine guns salute. Lot of worry getting placed. My partner proved to be an Afghan, and a very good sort, talking English. Very polite in his manner and pawky about his fellow-countrymen, who do everything "on the spot." Told to get 5,000 camels immediately, he produced 2,000 the next day, "by thrashing the people." Took them to the

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Political, who said, "Damn your eyes, why did you bring them so soon?" "Damn your eyes! I am a Pathan and I know what 'immediately' means. If I had had more stocks and you had more room in your camp, you should have had the whole 5,000 last night," I told him.

Rehearsal took a long time. Back to lunch. Found a guest of Todd Naylor opposite me. At 3.30 off to the garden party. Some American ladies interviewed the Shans. At the garden party the Duke really cordial, the Duchess rather lofty. H.E. official. Back to the smoking tent, where a tea of sandwiches and macaroons laid out. All the Shans smoked green cheruts. Ladies greatly interested in Yaunghwe's mahadevi, who, this time, wore her court dress. My tent invaded afterwards by Mong-pawn and Yaunghwe till Browne and I, who had dined out, came back. Off a little after eight for the fireworks. Along the Chandni Chauk by inches, and eventually a dead stop. Just on ten I took the Kengtung ladies on foot half a mile to the Masjid offices. There they said there had been a row about ham sandwiches on the state entry day, and now all ladies were expected to take their shoes off! We therefore sat on the steps and had a very fine view. Fireworks really very fine. Started back at 11. Terrible crush, and jostling so bad that we took refuge in an old native's shop, who furnished us with cigarettes and wouldn't take any money. After a bit got a policeman and struggled on with him in front, with two of the ladies in the middle between us, and other two hanging on to me behind. Eventually got to the carriage, but it was past one when I got in and they had 6½ miles further to go. I gave them all my wraps. Desperate experience. I heard that the only English lady who went to see the fireworks was Mrs. Lowis, and she went to the R.A. mess.

Next day did a memo : for Bayne on Extra-territoriality

in Siam. Also telegrams about Kengtung forests. Sir Edmund and Lady Barrow came in the middle of it, anxious to see the Shans. After lunch went to the Assault at Arms. Riding very good. At the Investiture Curzon 25 minutes late. My left-hand man, a truculent-looking Baluchi. Great trouble in getting him to his seat and making him stay there. Ampthill of Madras, tall and athletic, in great contrast to Northcote, short and fat. Lady Curzon simply blazing in diamonds. Connaught looked infinitely more regal than Curzon, who, however, did the investing very impressively. All the Sawbwas there except Monè, who was utterly worn out. Yaung-hwe desperately cast down because he has not got nine guns like the others. Kengtung does not want to go back to his home until he can get rid of his mahadevi. Afraid of his own mother, who will abuse him for leaving her, as she is the chief queen at home. At supper great congratulations on being invested at last.

Next day. Kitchener right opposite. His criticism of the state entry was: "only wants a — clown." No sooner back than J—— called, quite recently married, a widow with several daughters; retires in five months' time, and "starts a new life"; very anxious to "leave a stock" behind; going to Contrexeville for repairs. Lots of the maharajahs are very indignant about precedence, and particularly at riding behind Lady Curzon. After lunch went to the Press and Consular camp. Everard and Mrs. Cotes; met Valentine Chirol, much older than I had thought. All want to come down to our camp, including Mortimer Menpes.

Then down to the camp. Monè has a very bad cold and is absolutely broken up. Went back to find Yaung-hwe in my tent. He is pitifully cut up. Can't venture back to his state, he says. Too great a slight, when the others are given nine guns and he is not. It is a shame. He is the most intelligent, enlightened, and

energetic of all the Shan chiefs. Saw Bayne about it at dinner. Promised to put it before Barnes, who is to see the L.G. to-morrow. Developed a nasty sore throat myself.

Yaunghwe got his nine guns, but not until the following September. A day or two later

the review of Native Chiefs' retinues the most curious and gorgeous sight of all. Gorgeously caparisoned elephants, camels and horses, howdahs, carriages drawn by four and by two elephants and camels (Rewah conspicuous). Men in chain-armour and helmets with native shoes and Wellingtons and ammunition boots. Bands with native and European instruments and weird trumpets and conches. Elephants and horses and men that danced, and had stage sword-fights. Nabha's hawks and hounds. Silver and gold carriages, howdahs, palkis and chairs. Cavalry by the squadron. Two Cashmere giants about eight feet high, and a Nabha dwarf. Men on stilts. The most extraordinary of shows. We slumped our Shan retinues, and they looked curious, though certainly not magnificent. Got back early. No presents are to be allowed.

There was still much to go through : the garden party, the state ball, a good deal of polo. Scott characteristically suggested a cricket match, but there was no room for it. Summing up at the end he says, " Most of the ladies would like the show over again, all the men are precious glad it is over."

There was not time for the trip to Agra as planned, it could only be Buddha Gaya, and it was rather an experience to go there with such devout Buddhists as the Shans. Scott himself travelled with C. C. Lewis, who writes novels about Burma, and his wife. Their train was pushed aside, and they were very late. The first night they did not get dinner until ten. The next day they should have been there by two, but were four hours

MIXED PURCHASES

late. There were gharis waiting, but an awful fuss about baggage. Reached the actual place about nine.

After a preliminary run around they found the Kengtung party, among others, worshipping at the lower shrine ;

they didn't go up to the Upper Shrine, but went round to the Baudobin and shikkoed in the open. The Sawbwas and Burmans had arranged to subscribe R10,000 to build a zayat to commemorate the Delhi Durbar. Breakfast at the Dak bungalow and then on to the railway station. Whole place in excitement over the arrival of the Viceroy at 5, but we got away at 3, after being raided for bakshish by quite half the town.

In Calcutta the Chiefs spent a happy time at the Stores, buying all manner of objects :

dressings-bags, saddles, spirit kettles, and a whole lot of similar stuff they could have got quite well and at less cost in Rangoon. Monè bought a dozen perambulators—he has no children. Sawlawi bought eight suit-cases, he thought them so convenient. The Monè Sawbwa also took back a bull-dog.

When Curzon asked me what had most impressed the Sawbwas at the Durbar, I told him that one of them had said it was the number of white women. He had had no idea there were so many white women in the world.

CHAPTER XVII

THE LAST LAP

On Tour in the Shan Hills again—Scott's Writing Life—Portrait on the Savage Menu Card—His Swan-song—Amazing Variety of Subjects in the Newspapers—Retirement—Special Constable—War Losses—Dash to the East again—Option of Hundreds of Square Miles—Home once more—Withdrawal to the Country—The Pongyi's Prophecy fulfilled—He gets to know his own Country—Garden Work—Old Friends—the End

SCOTT was back in the Shan Hills and out on tour in February. It was all very different from what it had been in the old days of scramble and surprise. He was greeted with cordiality everywhere, and the chiefs were eager to show him the improvements they had made in their states.

For now there was no more inter-state fighting between them, but rather a feeling of brotherly emulation. Incursions and alarms of various sorts there continued to be : elephants were stolen, opium smuggled, forest laws side-tracked, raids committed over the border, but the states were progressing along the right lines. Scott comments in his own fashion :

there were still some dacoities and serious crimes, but most of them were of the type produced by civilization rather than the want of it. The action of some chiefs is too suggestive of that of King Stork, and others of that of King Log.

In John Hassall's sketch of Scott, when he took the Chair at the Savage Club some years later, he is depicted writing. This shows Hassall as a man of observation ; Scott's hand always found the pen, and he was never happier than when he sat down before a blank sheet

and the ideas began to flow. This menu sketch is a microcosm of Scott's life. There is the Chinaman at the Border signpost ; there is the handling of teak, one of the most important industries ; beside Scott are the surveying tools, marking tape and compasses, on the ground is the linked chain of the survey work ; he is sitting on a bag of gunpowder, and is defended by men of a native Indian regiment ; the temperature is indicated by the hovering swarm of flies, and above all he is writing on a pad on his knees oblivious of his surroundings.

Scott did not write many books in the course of his long life, but his literary activity was shown in the multitude of articles and sketches he poured forth. His first and greatest book, *The Burman*, has been already commented on in its own place. It was followed by *France and Tongking*, and then, only a year later, came a small volume not much known, called *Burma as it Was, as it Is and as it Will be*. It is packed with fact, and Vincent A. Smith, C.I.E., in the *Oxford History of India*, says of it, "For a good account of the intolerable provocations of Theebaw, see *Burma*, it is a little book of permanent interest." It is even now used as a text-book in schools in Burma.

The Upper Burma Gazetteer took up all the surplus writing energy that was left after writing the weekly summary and Annual Reports, for the next few years. Then came *Burma : a Handbook*, in which Scott did for the country what he had already done for the people. This is still in use, and ran through several editions, though he had absolutely disastrous luck in his share of it, two of the publishers who had it successively going bankrupt ! However, it is still obtainable (see Bibliography). He continued for many years to send short stories to Blackwood, which the "critic on the hearth" said were not stories, but sketches. He was unfortunate in his fiction attempts. He fell between two stools. He took his incidents straight from life, bearing the impress of truth, and then nullified their vital interest by suppressing the names of people and places and substituting others. They were not short stories, and did not contain

any twist in the tail ; they ended in a mere tailing-off, which is like life and considered the right thing now, but still they lacked something from their complete anonymity, and did not carry the weight of actual experience or any enlightenment. The disguises were no doubt at first dictated by his official position, but after he retired he still continued them ; he had an invincible objection to writing of himself, and the first personal pronoun was all his life abhorrent to him. He could not bring himself to use it if it could possibly be avoided.

The first book of pure fiction in which he collaborated was a boys' book of adventure, *In the Grip of the Wild Wa*, founded on his own experiences, but as it was fiction and did not keep strictly to the truth, he refused to allow his name on the title-page. After this at intervals he wrote several novels in collaboration, but his efforts were usually directed to toning down the excitement by such phrases as : " Oh no, they wouldn't touch them," " No danger at all," and so forth, which rather tended to minimize the thrills.

Mr. Fisher Unwin commissioned a *History of Burma*, which duly appeared, a weighty and learned book, but caviare to the general, since the terrible Burmese names of the long line of kings, which came before the British occupation, made it bizarre and difficult to most people. This was published in 1924 and so enabled him to end up fittingly with the Reforms Act of 1922 when the Province became a Governorship with an elected Parliament, and Sir Harcourt Butler as the first Governor.

At the same time the Shan States were Federated, and removed from the jurisdiction of the Legislative Council, though under the same Executive Government.

Scott then attempted a novel of his own, about a jewel robbery in Burma called *Why Not?* but was unable to get the right thrill into his pages, though the club scenes are life-like.

During all these years he was busy with other work, articles in the *Asiatic Quarterly*, the *Contemporary Review*, the *American Geographic*, and a serious study of Indo-Chinese religions in the *Mythology of All Races* brought

out in America in many volumes. Besides contributing sketches to Blackwood, he wrote in the other two old-established worth-while magazines, *Cornhill* and *Chambers*, which still publish distinctive work, amid the flourishing jungle growth of the many patterned jazz variety in the newer sort.

It was not until 1932, two years before his death, that he brought forth his second greatest book, *Burma and Beyond*; it was indeed his swan-song. In it he did justice to the outlying peoples of Burma, with whom and for whom his whole working life had been spent, and whom he loved with a deep and abiding affection. This book contains many of his wonderful photographs taken under every imaginable difficulty. His vast collection of photographs has indeed illustrated not only his own books and articles but those of many another, often without acknowledgment, as in the *Upper Burma Gazetteer* and *The Pacification of Burma*, where many of the illustrations were Scott's own property done at his own cost, and freely given.

Apart from all this there was another large field of literary activity in which he must have written hundreds of thousands of words.

This included his contributions to the *Rangoon Gazette*, which ran through many years and are of permanent interest. His articles sometimes appeared as leaders, sometimes under other headings, and were distributed about the columns of the paper. These were of course unsigned, so that unless anyone had the wit to recognize his racy, vigorous style they were not known to be his. A very large section of these papers dealt with Burma under various aspects, keeping *au courant* with the reports of various departments and analysing them with experience and understanding. That one might expect, but what is absolutely astonishing is the range of subject, and originality of treatment, of the rest.

Pick a few of the titles at hazard: "A Year with the Gackwar," "Sea Dyaks of Borneo," "Anthropometry a Test of Race," "Radium," "The Turkish Woman," "Suicide," "Afforestation," "Murder no Crime," "Disease Germs," "Dogs," "Gyoptere," "Likin,"

"Insect Pests," "The Morgue," and so on. These are not treated superficially, as by a man who had concocted them from an encyclopædia, but with a wealth of illustration and reality which shows that he had picked them out of his own experience. He did a vast number of reviews also.

During the War Scott continued to write his weekly *Gazette* article, but then of course his subjects were those directly or indirectly connected with the War.

Directly war broke out, he was one of the first to volunteer as a Special Constable, and he was proud to declare he never missed one day off duty for the four years. He was living in London then, having retired in 1910, and was called out for night raids, and to deal with the dreadful scenes of panic which followed air alarms, and the still more dreadful scenes in the Tube stations crowded with panic-stricken refugees. He was attached to the St. John's Wood sub-division, at first called Portland Town Division, under Dr. E. Climson Greenwood. Six people were killed by a bomb a hundred yards from its headquarters in March 1918. Scott was as proud of his Police medal as of anything he ever won in his life.

After the War he had to reconsider his position. His pension was very small. The war losses that were crippling so many fell heavily on him. The greater part of his savings was taken from him. The investments in the East on which he had relied were all in commodities, tin or rubber, and these were under a cloud. The great tin-mines which, during the War, with splendid patriotism, had produced nothing but wolfram required for making munitions, were almost ruined, and being reconstituted with fresh capital, left practically nothing in the hands of the original shareholders.

Scott's assets were down to vanishing-point in other directions. Directorships of companies were drastically cut, and naturally the older men had to go first. It was a black outlook. It was necessary to do something to mend matters, and he resolved to retire to the country, now that nothing held him any more to London, and thus he hoped to be able to economize.

But first the romance of business gave him what he

considered a splendid chance. A large cotton combine in the north had taken fright at the idea that we were dependent on America chiefly for the raw supplies of long-staple cotton. This meant that we might be cut off or squeezed out at any time, and it was obviously desirable to establish independent sources within the Empire. Thus was formed the Burma-Shan Company to acquire options for development in the Burma and the Shan States. The Shan States have grown cotton from time immemorial, but though it was short-staple and only for local consumption, there seemed to be no reason why long-staple cotton should not do well there. Scott, known to be the person who had most influence with the Chiefs and the Government out there, was approached and the proposition put before him. Would he go out and try to get large areas suitable for the purpose? Expenses would be paid in any case, and if the company developed as it was hoped, there would be substantial payment in cash and shares.

Would he? Of course he would. It was a job requiring a tremendous amount of energy, and he was no longer young, but he did not hesitate for a moment. He dashed off at the earliest possible chance "to make our fortunes."

It had been difficult to get a passage at all, and only achieved by special influence in the end, for the ships going east were packed with those who had not been able to move during the preceding years. The ship he went on was one taken off the Allan line route to supplement the eastern service; it had been taken as it was, personnel and all, and naturally the stewards were at sea in two senses, and this in a ship where every square foot was occupied did not make for comfort. There were seventy-five children on board and measles broke out among them. Scott tried to keep away from the "tainted air," and escaped this time. But it was all misery.

Having crossed India by rail, he landed in Rangoon and thereupon began one of his marvellous rushes from end to end of Burma, and up into the Shan highlands. After having run around Burma proper, he turned his

attention to his own Shan hills. The business man, who had been sent out with him, here went homewards to urge the company to get on with it, as the prospects were splendid. Scott tackled the rest of the tough proposition by himself. He was not an agricultural expert, neither was his whilom companion, but they had been promised that an expert should come out. In fact, they had expected to meet him in India, but no one had come. In all his letters to the company Scott is urging this first and foremost. He cries out for this man. Others are crowding in to win concessions, it is essential to take steps to show Government that the company is in earnest.

Scott was *persona grata* with officials and chiefs alike. He got all he asked for, promises of fifty square miles and more in the most promising state, but certain formalities had to be observed, and he could do nothing without backing.

His usual bad luck held.

It is most unfortunate that when I have just come up the Lieutenant-Governor is holding a Durbar here. That means that all the chiefs will come to headquarters, and the settlement of possible cotton areas will be rendered very difficult for a time. By the perversity of circumstance H.E., instead of staying the usual three days, is staying on till the 7th of April. That will mean that a good many of the chiefs will stay on in Maymyo too, either with grievances or applications. There is also the additional inconvenience that the Political Officer is being changed. (This was the position he himself had held, and the two men—Stirling who was retiring and Thornton who was succeeding him—were both his firm friends. They were all three photographed together standing on the steps, "Past, Present, and Future.")

A tragic occurrence proved a further hold-up. Good old Yaunghwe, Scott's friend of thirty-two years, lost both his wives in one week. The chief wife, the Maha-

devi, who had been his constant and devoted companion of 30 years, and the younger and "favourite" wife. This meant that it would be indecent to intrude on Yaunghwe, who must be given time, yet he, and Lawksawk, were in far the best position to give what was required.

Scott did all that anyone could do, and far more than most would have been able to do. He suggested in long letters to the Burma-Shan Company what steps should be taken ; he gave them information as to locality, means of communication, development of canals, possibilities of water-power and so forth.

In one letter he says :

The D.C. advised me to go by car and procured one for me. Unfortunately it stuck in a sandy nullah, and it took the chauffeur, my servant and myself over two hours to get it clear. Then from 4.30 to 6.30 I cantered over some waste land. Next morning I was riding over five and a half hours over a dry sandy loam tract. Unfortunately, though the land is excellent for the purpose, there are no compact blocks to be got. I therefore decided to make no application. The preparation of the map would have been a lengthy process.

He quickly discovered that his age told on him.

The weather is very hot ; on both days when I was out the shade maximum was 100°. I should not have minded that forty years ago, but as it is now, the result is I had to have water compresses on my head that day and ice the next.

In another letter :

Then I received from Mr. Thurston (who had been with him at first) your letter of the 12th Feby. This is presumably intended to be a development of your cable. It shows even more clearly than the cable that you do

not understand the situation. Government is always prepared to give free grants of land for cultivation, but requires that proof shall be given that the person to whom the grant is made has the means to develop it. The larger the grant the more imperative it is that there shall be proof that the land is not being taken up as a mere money-making speculation but as a serious development proposal. . . . I think I have convinced the Financial Commissioner that the Burma-Shan Company is in earnest about cotton cultivation in Burma. We have shown him our power of Attorney.

Again :

You say you cannot undertake obligations to spend money on land until you have an expert's opinion. Granted. Then why have you not sent out the expert? Neither Mr. T. nor I ever pretended to know anything about the cultivation of cotton. We left England with no other pretence than to get the land. We have redeemed our promise.

The lands applied for are all near, or reasonably near, lines of transport. They are all lands strongly recommended by the officers of the Agricultural dept., who are the only approach to experts here. The Government is quite prepared to accept a modest beginning, as a proof of intention to put all possible land under cultivation as soon as may be.

Yaunghwe.

I arrived here on Easter Monday, and found, rather to my annoyance, that the Lieutenant-Governor, instead of leaving the Shan States that day, had come down on a two days' visit to the Sawbwa. There were two state dinners, to both of which I was asked, and I had some conversation with H.E. (Sir Reginald Craddock) at both. . . . I am confident that when the applications

come up from the Financial Commissioner the L.G. will write "approved" immediately.

Scott not only procured the land in abundance, but he found an excellent man, an expert, who was willing to give up his present job if the company would take him on. He had the advantage of knowing the land and the languages.

Scott had the necessary maps made, and wrote out applications in Shan and Burmese. He left no stone unturned and his qualifications carried him through triumphantly in an embassy where most men would have been utterly helpless. He had a gleam of encouragement in receiving a copy of the Burma-Shan Company's Articles of Association which he was able to show to the Lieutenant-Governor, and he believed that something was really going to be done at last. It was one of his most outstanding characteristics that once started on anything he hammered away at it with dogged persistency, and in every letter he reiterated the need of sending out an expert agriculturist.

You will notice that I have promised on behalf of the Board that an expert—not necessarily a cotton expert—but certainly an agriculturist with a knowledge of soils, is to come out to select the initial plot as early as possible, and prepare it for planting.

His own credit was involved in this. For he got large areas promised by both Yaunghwe and Lawksawk, and they promised it on the strength of what he said. But the rains began, and there were still no signs that the dilatory Board meant to take action. Scott says despairingly in his letters that it is too late now in the season for an expert to come, he will have to wait until November when the country will again be open. He offers, in one of the last letters before he himself left the country, having got more than all he had been required to get, that he himself would come out again in November if it was essential, and go round with the expert. He was terribly worried by the inexplicable slackness in taking

action when there were signs all round that other companies, with more firmness of intention, if not more financial backing, were pushing in. There was no lack of money behind the Burma-Shan or he would never have committed himself. The firms fostering it were all immensely wealthy.

However, he had as yet no idea how he was to be let down, and he arrived back in England puzzled but quite sanguine.

Then came his usual luck. The big wealthy well-established firms who had asked him to act for them, began that indecision to which he had been accustomed in other spheres. They got cold feet. Was it certain that long-staple cotton would grow there? They were told it was almost certain it would, and that they had only got to try, it would not commit them to any great expense initially. Also there were many profitable sidelines, sugar, tobacco and so on, which could be made into paying propositions while the ground was being cleared to a large extent. The Board kept on holding meeting after meeting, and the result of each was an agony to Scott's sensitive soul. He was almost ill over it. Then at last, in the autumn, they turned the whole project down. They paid his expenses certainly, but that was all. The financial disappointment was in itself great, for Scott knew that in a few years the project would have paid and he had reckoned on something for his old age, but this was nothing to his humiliation. He was raw over it. That he should have been placed in such a position was agony to him. He had had no doubt himself as to the stability and definite intentions of the company, or he would never have taken up the job. He had pledged himself for their action, and now he considered he had made himself contemptible throughout the whole land of Burma. "I shall never be able to show my face in Burma again," he cried. "I promised that the company was in earnest. I vouched for them, and they will think I am a miserable deceiver."

It was all the worse because some of the chiefs had told him of other people who had got concessions and never done anything about them, and he had answered



Sir George and Lady Scott at Thereaway

in pride and good faith that his company wasn't like that.

But the areas he had selected had now to be passed on to others with more enterprise and are this day flourishing expanses of sugar and many another crop, bringing in good dividends.

After this there was nothing for it but retrenchment. The country house in Sussex proved an unexpected solace, and it may be said that for the rest of his life, some sixteen years, Scott was truly happy. It was a new experience altogether, and one he had never visualized in anticipation. After a fire of chaff from his many friends, who could not picture him, with his amazing vitality, cooped up in a remote village, he got off.

"See you back next year,"

"Don't forget to exercise the bee,"

"Take the turkey for a walk," they shouted after him.

Scott threw himself whole-heartedly into the new life. "For the first time in my life," he said, "I am let alone to do what I like, and not ordered about here, there and everywhere."

He developed an unexpected talent for landscape gardening, and laid out a piece of fresh land in an original and striking way. He pored for hours over seedsmen's catalogues making up lists. He, however, always posed as not knowing a dandelion from a polyanthus, and protested that all he did was navvy work. With his beloved newspaper and his pipe and his garden, and some writing, he was really happy. He often recalled that curious prophecy of the Pongyi's that he would be unlucky until the last part of his life.

He supported all forms of village sport and activity. Once when he was asked to take the Chair at a Conservative meeting he found the M.P. he was to back was Sir William Bird, whom he had last entertained in Peking in 1901. He said not a word as he shook hands and took his seat, and it was Lady Bird who, springing up excitedly, claimed recognition.

He was happy in his friends—new ones, living in the village, some of whom had been in the East like himself, and the old ones who came down by car to explore,

and found him a genial host. One of the great days in the year was strawberry time, when many turned up for lunch and stayed to eat strawberries afterwards under the orchard trees. Some from Burma sought him out: among them Stirling, Pennell, Graham and Breithaupt.

To him had been granted the supreme gift of personality, so that no one who had once met him could forget him. His dignity was at all times great, so that none could take liberties with him, but with it there was something that inspired affectionate admiration in those who knew him. They felt the great depth of kindliness beneath the sometime causticity of his manner. Though the fiery spirit remained to the end, it was irradiated by kindly humour. Being so well endowed himself he was sometimes scornful, and never learned to suffer fools gladly, or indeed anyhow, except by a determined silence, but so much sincerity shone from him that he was forgiven.

There were occasionally long drives up to Scotland in the little two-seater car, right through the English countryside, and he declared that he had never before had time to get to know either country. The Borders, the Highlands, the Western Islands were all visited in turn. Also, his birthplace in Fife. Whatever place we arrived at, however remote it was, his first thought, before even the roof over our heads for the night was settled, was to go off and find a newspaper and some *Players' Medium Navy Cut* for his pipe.

He had all a Scot's horror of demonstration, but with it a curious sensibility. It was a trouble to him to the day of his death that if he came across any sentiment he could not control his voice. In the long evenings of many years reading aloud, old favourites and new discoveries—if he ran across any pathos, there was a sudden break in the deep voice, throat-clearing, an elaborate pretence of cleaning his glasses, and sometimes: "What a fool I am!"

He lived until April 1935.

The curtailment of activity through his growing physical inability as the years rolled on was very grievous to his

THE END

proud spirit. Independence had always been one of the root characteristics of his nature ; to give, to help and not to take or be helped was the groundwork of his vigorous personality. To the very end he hated dependence, and to the very end he retained his clear originality, never stating the obvious or muttering bromides.

The greatest gift of God had been granted him, perfect companionship and understanding.

Those children of God to whom it has been granted to see each other face to face, and to hold communion together, and to feel the same spirit working in both, can never more be sundered though the hills may lie between. For their souls are enlarged evermore by that union, and they bear one another about in their thoughts continually, as it were a new strength.

When he was confined to his room, looking out to the quiet Downs, while the fragrance of the sweet white narcissus rose up through the chubby blossom on the apple-trees outside, his mind wandered far and wide, going again through many of his experiences, and flitting from scene to scene brought up out of the well of memory.

Once, when he had lain silent but not asleep for a long time, I asked him of what he was thinking, and he answered with quiet emphasis :

“ Of many, many things.”

THE END

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